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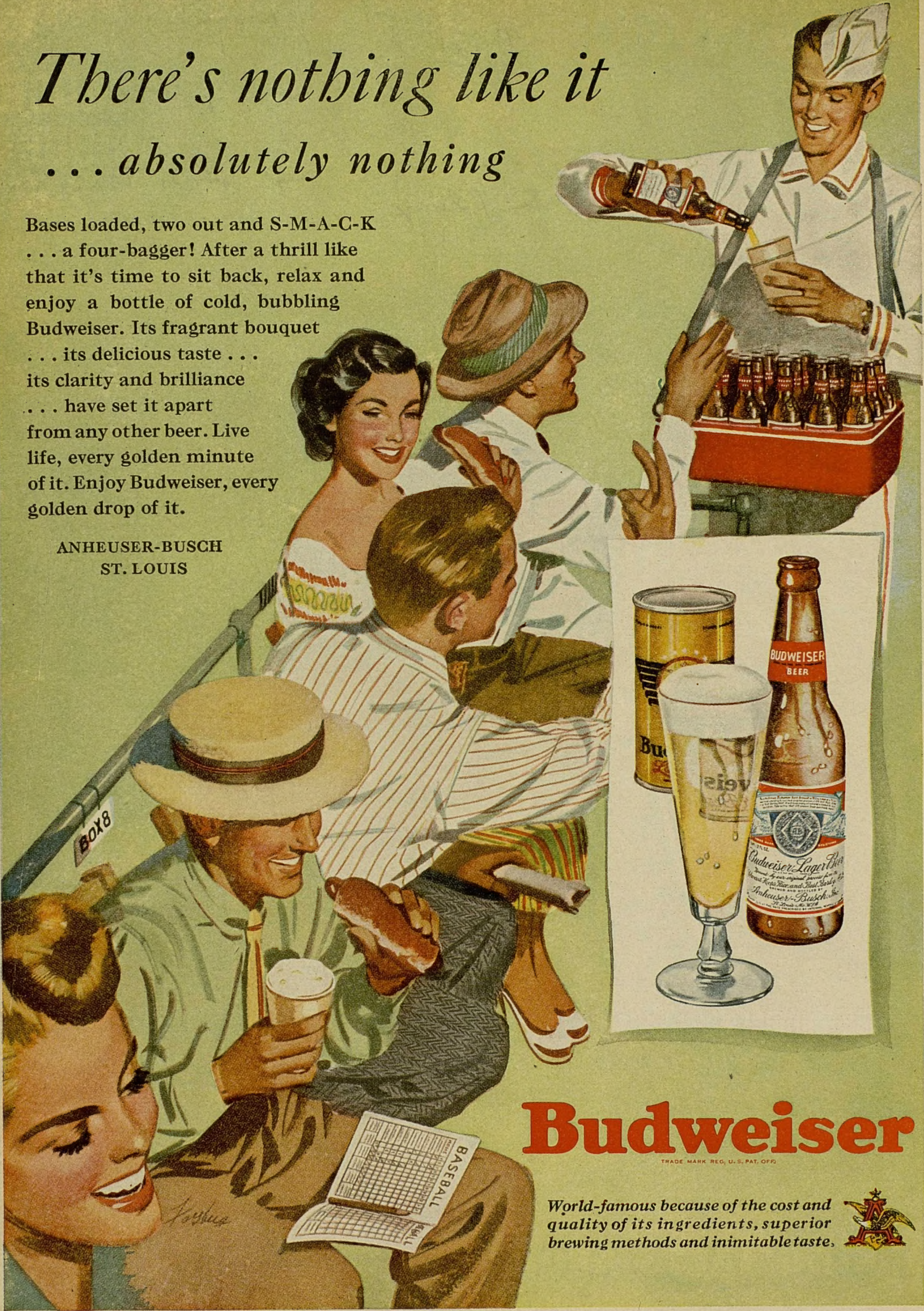
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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

◆ Magazines are edited in New York but read in America. That is why, in our search for stories you will like, we must occasionally renew our acquaintance with the vast land west of the Hudson.

We recently returned from traveling thousands of miles through this land. We talked with millionaires and taxi drivers, movie stars and waitresses, railroad presidents and haberdashers.

May we review a few high spots?

◆ An American Airlines DC-6 wings us into the blue from New York's LaGuardia and sets us down two hours and ten minutes later in Detroit; seventy minutes later in Chicago. Routine? Sure it's routine. American industry is forever making the spectacular routine.

◆ We pass through sun and snow and rain on Union Pacific's crack City of San Francisco streamliner. We're late, but the delay permits us to view the snow-covered Sierras in daylight. Neither the Alps nor the Andes can compare with the magnificence of the High Sierras.

As we start the sharp descent to the Bay cities, there is snow almost to Sacramento, to the delight of skiers and the dismay of Chambers of Commerce.

◆ San Francisco, as seen from the Oakland ferry, continues to be the most awesome of America's cities. No city produces so profound an effect—often moving to tears those who see it for the first time. Little wonder Jack London, Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, and other great writers found inspiration here.

◆ Southern Pacific's Morning Daylight to Los Angeles is unlike any other train in the world. Conductors wear bright carnations. A soft-spoken voice over a public-address system informs passengers of points of interest along the way.

The view is an advertisement for the American way of life. To see children wave going to school, motorcars on highways, and peaceful California homes and farms is to see an America Stalin would never show the Russians.

◆ Hollywood is in a soul-searching mood — recovered, psychologically

Liberty
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

at least, from its loss of foreign markets and the box-office drop at home. Television is no longer the bugaboo to the movie capital it was a year ago. Indeed, producers now look to it as their ultimate salvation – predicting television will ultimately require four times the output theaters now require. "Every home a theater!" is the battle cry.

Hollywood is still a magic town. No factory city—which is what it is—has such beguiling employees. We greet Dorothy Lamour, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and others as long-lost friends and are so greeted in return—casual greetings being unknown in Hollywood.

◆ We go to Las Vegas, Nevada, staying at the Last Frontier, where for as little as four dollars a day you can live in one of the world's most luxurious hotels. Las Vegas gambles twenty-four hours a day seven days a week. There are even slot machines in the grocery stores, and with the unlimited supply of cheap electricity from Boulder Dam, Las Vegas doesn't even turn off its spectacular signs in daylight.

◆ A group of us in the club car of Santa Fe's Chief are indulging in the usual beefs Americans are privileged to air—taxes, the abuses of labor, government, and so on.

A young Canadian is listening.

"Maybe *I* shouldn't discuss politics with you," he begins, "for I am a Canadian. But I've seen Communism at work. Nothing you ever read or heard can do justice to the living hell Communism really is."

The train is stopping. Someone spots the sign—Newton, Kansas.

"In the last ten years," the young Canadian goes on, "I've been in India, China, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, France, Germany, Yugoslavia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia—"

"— and Newton, Kansas," a flip young lady interrupts.

"— and Newton, Kansas," the Canadian repeats, gazing out the window at a track worker. "I tell you I'd rather be that bloody pick-and-shoveler out there than be the Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia."

There is a long silence.

"We have so much," muses a man across the aisle. "I wonder if we're smart enough to keep it."—*D. B.*

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The National Joy Smoke

WHAT IS *YOUR* BUSINESS "BLIND SPOT"

?

Business activity is running at flood-tide! Authorities say the greatest era of expansion ever known is just ahead. Right now—today—there are more top-flight positions than there are men capable of filling them.

And here's the reason why: Responsible, high-salaried jobs demand men who are familiar with the whole structure of business—Accounting, Finance, Production and Marketing. Men with "blind spots"—those whose knowledge is limited to one or two departments—are severely handicapped.

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The Institute's program of executive training is described in the fast-reading pages of "Forging Ahead in Business." You may have a copy of this stimulating 64-page booklet, free and without obligation, simply by returning the coupon below. But please do not send for the booklet unless you are genuinely interested in self-improvement. Its appeal is limited to men who are looking ahead and who seriously intend to move ahead. For men of that type, "Forging Ahead in Business" has an inspiring and informative message.

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Please mail me, without cost, a copy of the 64-page book—"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS."

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Liberty WASHINGTON

BY STACY V. JONES

ARE YOU A SQUARE PEG? The public employment service has a little-known national clearinghouse for professional and white-collar people that may interest those gentle readers dissatisfied with the outlook in the home town. A recent summary showed more vacancies than applicants among electrical, aeronautical, civil, and mechanical engineers, general accountants (junior), field directors, nurses, physicists, production planners, and draftsmen.

Postwar industrial changes have displaced many specialists, but they may find calls for their talents in new or reviving industries elsewhere. Employment officials expect continuing opportunities this year in aircraft manufacture, steel, construction, and public shipyards. The clearinghouse is maintained at Washington by the U. S. Employment Service. The federal government turned the local employment offices back to the states after the war, but still pays all their expenses.

The place to register is not Washington, but your local employment office. If there is no attractive job in your home town, the file containing your qualifications can be forwarded to an office reporting a suitable opening, and find its way to the right personnel manager's desk.

There is also federal-state clearance machinery to route manual workers to vacancies in other cities.

Some people are just plain unhappy in their present jobs and would do much better elsewhere. All employment offices have counselors to advise applicants who have started up blind alleys, can find no market for their specialties, or are looking for their first jobs. Four hundred of the offices have proficiency tests (trying out stenographers, for instance, on dictation) and aptitude tests.

The job dictionary which every employment office uses lists 23,500 occupations. Somewhere among them there should be a congenial task for everybody.

COPYRIGHT Your poem that everybody admired so much can be copyrighted, but not until it's printed and placed on sale bearing the copyright notice. The Copyright Office has to turn down thousands in manuscript form, but reminds the disappointed authors that, until published, manuscripts are protected by the common law.

If the poem constitutes the words of a song, however, it can be copyrighted with the music in manuscript.

Books, periodicals, lectures, plays, music, maps, works of art, drawings, photographs, prints, labels, and movies can be copyrighted. But titles, ideas, plans, systems, and blank forms cannot. During the war 150 different musical compositions were copyrighted, all bearing the same title: Remember Pearl Harbor.

Copyright protection is good for 28 years. In the twenty-eighth year it can be renewed for another 28; otherwise the work becomes part of the public domain and the copyright cannot be revived.

You don't need a lawyer to copyright something. Send a sample of the work to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C., and ask for the proper application form. When the completed form is resubmitted with the work and the fee (four dollars in most cases), the copyright certificate is issued within five or ten days.

Your application will be filed with millions of others, covering works by such authors as Winston Churchill, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Eugene O'Neill, Irving Berlin, and Adolf Hitler (for Mein Kampf).

AQUATIC SCHOOLS Apply now if you're a good swimmer and want to enter one of the 35 or more Red Cross aquatic schools this summer. About 3,500 men and women will finish ten-day courses in water safety, first aid, and accident prevention in June or August, and return to their own communities or go on to summer camps as qualified teachers. A stiff curriculum, with half the day spent in the water, is combined with the customary camp social events. There are also five special schools that train camp counselors in handling rowboats, canoes, and small sailboats.

The minimum age is 18, and the cost is about $40, often paid by a sponsoring Red Cross chapter or other organization. The schools are operated on a national scale, but application should be made through your local chapter.

RURAL ELECTRICITY If you have a place in the country that's still in the kerosene-lamp era, ask the nearest power supplier (which may be a private power company or a farmers' electric co-operative) on what terms service can be extended to it. Then if there's no power near by, or the cost seems excessive, ask the advice of the Rural Electrification Administration.

The REA has been lending money for rural power lines and equipment since 1935, when only 11 per cent of American farms were electrified, and gives itself half the credit for bringing the present percentage above 70. Most of the 1,000 REA borrowers are co-ops, but a few are commercial power companies, power districts, or municipalities.

There should soon be a power supplier within easy range of almost everybody, except in the plains states and the Southwest, according to REA, and outside those areas there's no incentive to form new co-ops. The REA can supply general information on co-ops, but they are independent of the government and are organized under state laws.

The REA has no branches. Its address is Washington 25, D. C.

TV, AM, FM, AND ALL THAT You're familiar with broadcasting, because it enters your home, but there are 50 other kinds of radio stations subject to regulation by the busy Federal Communications Commission. Radio follows us from the cradle to the grave: among license applications have been one from a Texas diaper service that wanted to rush its trucks to clamoring mothers, and another from a large Chicago cemetery that needed radio to direct funeral corteges.

Family walkie-talkies for short distance, house-to-barn and kitchen-to-car communication in the country should be with us as soon as engineering difficulties and the regulations are ironed out. Until then, no public use is being authorized.

Several nontechnical FCC pamphlets are on sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C. The FCC's very limited control over programs, and its relationship with the stations and the public in this regard, are described in Public Service Responsibility of Broadcast Licensees (25 cents). Radio: A Public Primer is 10 cents, and An ABC of the FCC is a nickel.

If you're really interested in becoming an operator or getting a station license, write the Secretary, FCC, Washington 25, D. C., for a (free) list of FCC publications. The FCC does not distribute lists of radio stations but can furnish names and addresses of trade publishers who sell them.

SORRY Apologies are due the more than 1,000 Liberty readers who wrote the Federal Housing Administration in Washington for copies of the booklet, The FHA Plan of Home Ownership, mentioned here in December, and had to wait two months or more. The FHA is sorry, but the pamphlets, which it had expected in mid-November, were not delivered by the Public Printer until late January.

WHO ARE THESE 700,000 MEN THEY CALL "KNIGHTS"?

Whether you are a Catholic or not, you should know the truth about the Knights of Columbus.

Is it, as sometimes rumored, a secret society with designs against our government? Do its members really take an oath to destroy non-Catholic institutions and to promote Catholic political power?

If such rumors were true, the Knights of Columbus would not deserve the friendship and trust of non-Catholic citizens, which it invites and merits. Actually there is no more thoroughly American organization than this fraternal order of Catholic men.

It is composed of plumbers and lawyers, farmers and doctors, business men and scientists — of Catholic men at every level of the social and economic scale. Some are rabidly partisan Democrats, others equally staunch Republicans. On political and public questions, they "choose up sides" with all the freedom and enthusiasm of any other citizens.

The Knights of Columbus was formed in 1882, by a small group of the men of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut. They had met, at the invitation of Father Michael J. McGivney, not to form a national fraternal society, but to "render mutual aid to the members of the parish and their families."

In the years that since have ensued, the Knights of Columbus has grown into a fraternal order of 700,000 members, spread over the United States, Canada and other countries of the Western World. But its purpose of "mutual aid"... and its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism... have remained unchanged through those 67 years.

Millions of dollars contributed by the American people have been spent by the Order for the relief of victims of fire, flood and famine... for the support of Christian youth work... for aid to Christian education. In World War I, and immediately thereafter, $44,000,000 was expended by the Knights in support of our troops and in the rehabilitation of veterans. Even after all these years, veterans of the first great conflict still remember the Knights of Columbus huts in France with their friendly invitation: "Everybody Welcome — Everything Free."

Nearly one out of every six Knights served his country in World War II, and many laid down their lives.

Despite these and many other signal demonstrations of its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism, some people have the most absurd beliefs and suspicions about the Knights of Columbus, just as they do about the Catholic Church. Even today, misinformed people give publicity at times to a false alleged Knights of Columbus oath which has been proved to be fraudulent, and which scores of others have been forced publicly to admit is untrue.

This message... and others explaining Catholic* beliefs and practices... are published by the Knights of Columbus so that our non-Catholic neighbors may judge us as we really are — not as we are often misrepresented to be. We believe that truth, as Lincoln said, "is generally the best vindication against slander."

If you would like to know more about the Knights of Columbus... about the ideals, history, achievements and aims of this international society of Catholic men ... we shall gladly send you free an interesting pamphlet on the subject. Write today for Pamphlet No. 9—L.

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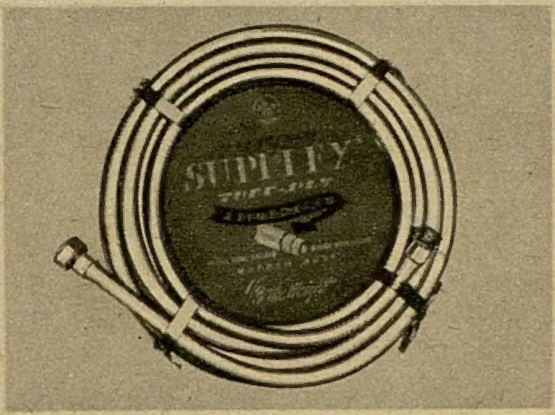
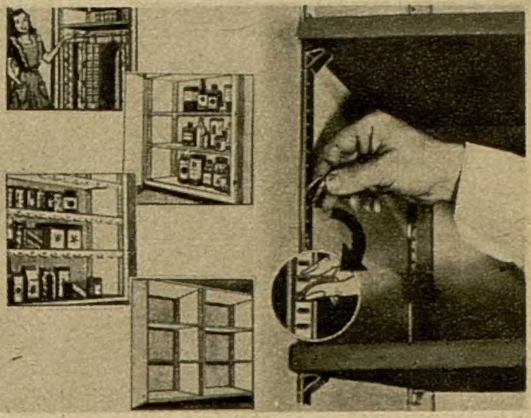
Liberty SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY

This month we've been shopping for men, ferreting out new aids guaranteed to speed you through appointed chores and make you the wonder man around house and yard

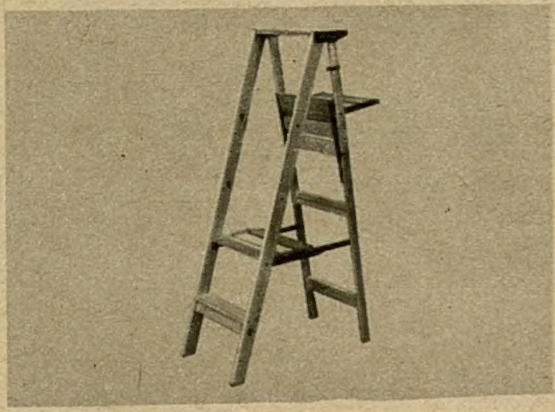
By EILEEN BURKE



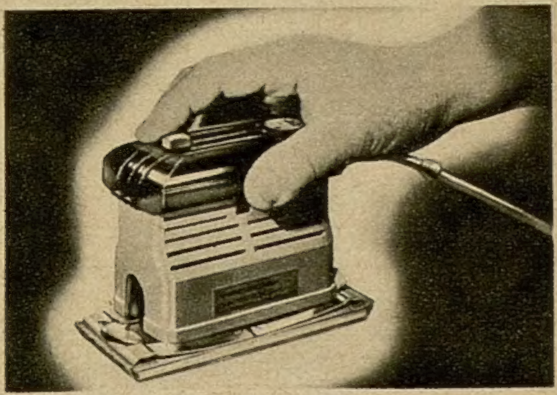
Run the car over this Supplex plastic garden hose, drag it over cement or gravel, expose it to icy weather or scorching sun—it's reinforced to withstand rough treatment, yet light enough for children to handle. Nickel-plated brass couplings. Department and chain stores; 50-foot length, $7.95.



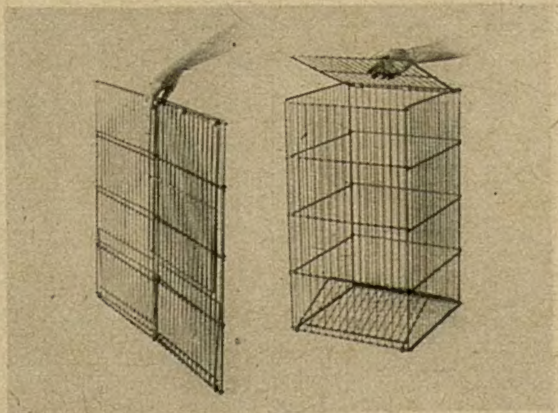
Family clamoring for extra shelves? Impress them by installing Level Shelf supports in jig time. Package includes four 24-inch perforated metal strips, nails, and 16 clips. Nail strips to wall and insert clips at any spot. Respace shelves by changing clips. Hardware and department stores, $1.98.



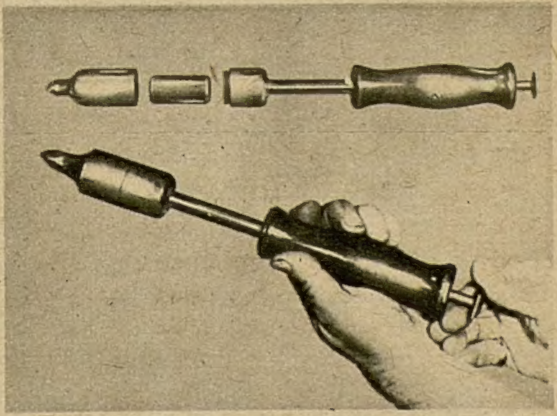
Speedier, safer brushwork when you paint the kitchen this spring, with a Shur-Foot steel-braced ladder. Three hinged platforms swing up when not in use; offer a firm foothold and substantial shelf for pails. Department and hardware stores; 4½-foot model, $9.50; 5½-foot, $10.50.



Set up a neighborhood car-polishing business—after practicing on the family vehicle—and let the Moto-Sander pay for itself. It's a light, compact machine with changeable sandpaper and sheepskin pads, equally good for effortless polishing or sanding. Hardware and department stores, $14.85.



This Fold-Flat galvanized-steel-wire rubbish burner is made to order for limited back yards. Opened for action, the bottom panels form a tunnel to insure the proper draft for quick burning. Close-spaced wires keep bits of burning paper from flying out. Department and hardware stores, $3.95.



If you've progressed from tinkering to craftsmanship, here's the Quik-Shot nonelectric soldering iron, heated by a chemical cartridge inserted in it. Indispensable outdoors; safe indoors. Six interchangeable tips available. Hardware stores; iron, tip, and four cartridges, $5.95.

All prices are approximate.

Liberty SHORT CUTS TO BETTER LIVING

EDITED BY NANETTE KUTNER

◆ Madeleine Carroll, the blonde English star who has made such a hit on Broadway in the play, Goodbye, My Fancy, appropriately starts us off with a short cut for Easter.

"It's really for Easter bonnets," says Miss Carroll. "I find that the gay artificial-flower-bedecked hats are charming enough, but *after* Easter comes the problem. The flowers lose their freshness. That's where my short cut comes in: Put your hat in the refrigerator and the artificial flowers will perk up!"

From a cash-and-carry housewife:

EASIER SHOPPING

I shop with the baby on one arm, a big paper sack on the other, and a crammed-full shopping bag dangling from my wrist. So I put a cardboard shoebox in the bottom of the bag. The shoebox reinforces it, keeping the bag upright when I set it down.—*Mrs. C. P. Monroe, Louisville, Ky.*

CAR STARTER

Thanks to a Detroit garageman, we have no trouble starting our car. He told us to coat all wires with colorless nail polish. It protects them from dampness.—*Mrs. Floyd Murphy, Ludington, Mich.*

CLEANING SHRIMP

To clean shrimp in double-quick time, remove the black lines with a crochet hook.—*Andrea Gaffney, Yakima, Wash.*

REVIVING STAMPS

When a postage stamp has lost its sticking quality, rub it on the dampened gummed flap of an envelope.—*Earl H. Murphy, Syracuse, N. Y.*

CRUMB CATCHER

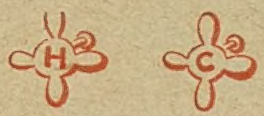
For the crumb-catching areas on my electric toaster I bought a small hollow rubber ball in the dime store. I enlarged the hole, then used the ball as a blower to dislodge all the crumbs—with no damage to delicate wires!—*Catherine M. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.*

STAIRWAY GUARD

To keep my grandson out of the basement stairway, I use a card table. I put screen-door hooks on opposite undersides; eyes in the doorway.—*Mrs. Joseph E. Smith, Des Moines, Ia.*

HALTING STEAM

To keep bathroom fixtures from steaming up, run the cold water into the tub *first*. This works, also saves cleaning time.—*Mrs. Ruth H. Bickford, Camden, Me.*



HOME PERMANENT

When giving myself or friends a home permanent wave, should I run short of curl papers (and I invariably do), I find all the extra ones needed (the thin, strong, pliable kind) by cutting up an old dress pattern.—*Mrs. L. E. Dees, Dallas, Texas.*

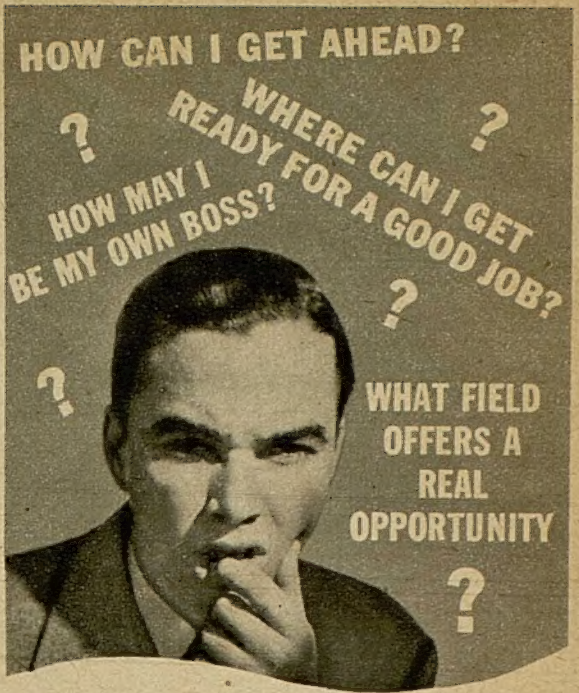
INVALID TRAY

When someone is ill, move the sewing machine beside the bed. Its drop leaf makes a bed table.—*Mrs. Lucille Ziegler, Vandyne, Wis.*

FOR SWEATERS

Because my children complained that their sweaters and woollies itched, a nurse told me to put a teaspoonful of glycerin in the rinse water. Wonderful!—*Eves Dahrouge, Asbury Park, N. J.*

For each Short Cut published, Liberty will pay $15. Short Cuts must be from your own experience or observation, and the source given. Address contributions to Short Cut Editor, Liberty Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York City 19, N. Y.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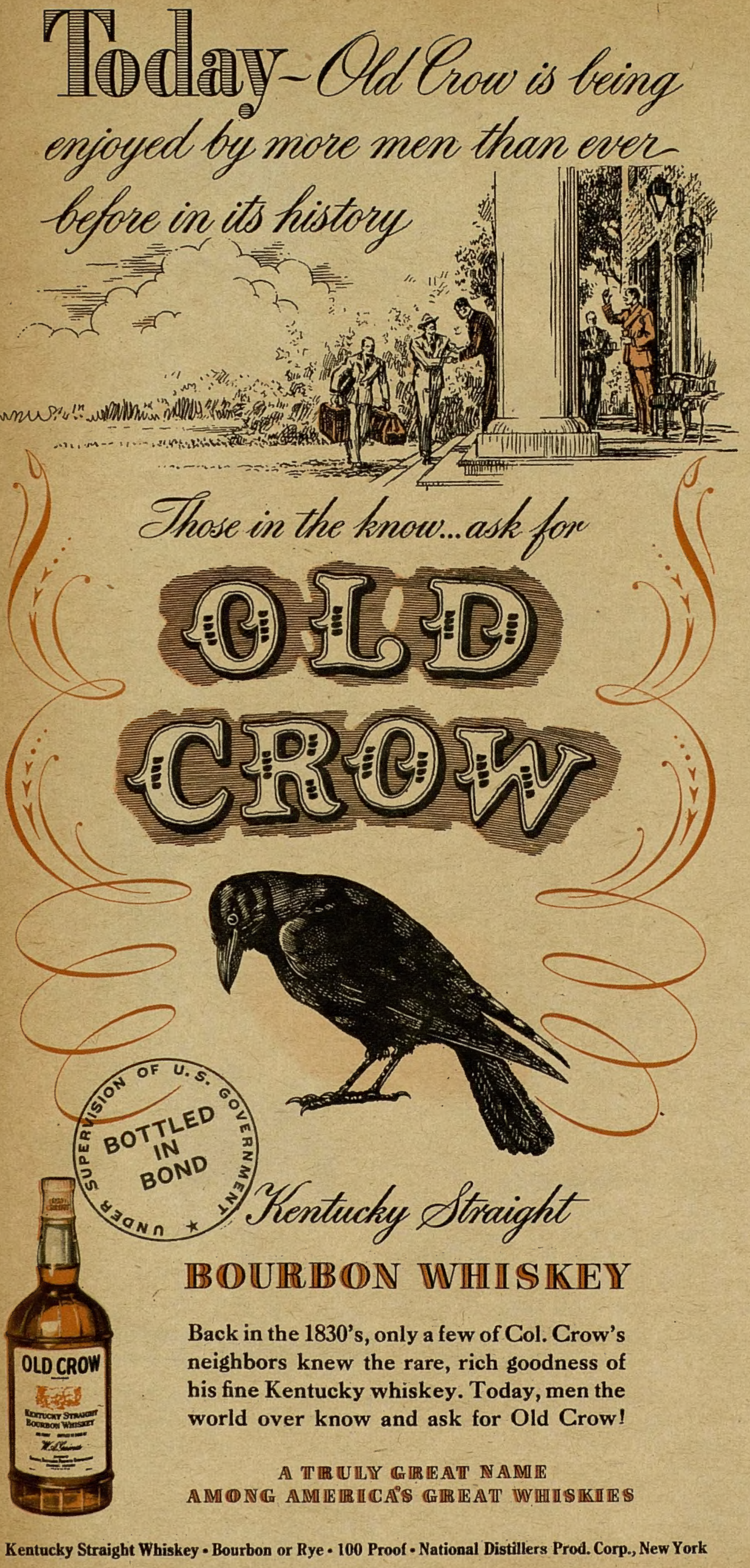

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Slants on the Slave Girl

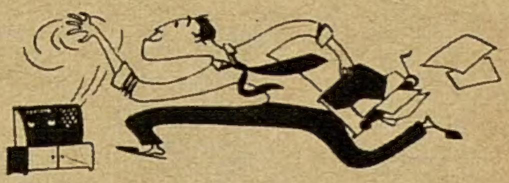
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Your publishing of I Was a Soviet Slave Girl (February) is a public service of first-rate importance.

Your service to an informed American opinion is the greater because, alas, Russia's slave-labor camps were not just a wartime creation. They are living history—1949 history—and Americans need constantly to be reminded of that tragic, too-often-forgotten fact.—*Carlton F. Wells.*

San Anselmo, Calif.—I Was a Soviet Slave Girl is so far-fetched, it is ridiculous. How could a human being live through such conditions? An ox couldn't survive them. Let us be sensible.—*W. M. Brooke.*

No, the Free Air

Hollywood, Calif.—Liberty readers among my fans have been offering tongue-in-cheek congratulations right and left since you ran H. Vernor Dixon's Point of No Return (February). Seems they all knew I was about to get my name in a national mag. By the way, if Dixon picked the name Steve Allen out of the air, did he pick it out of the air on which I broadcast?—*Steve Allen, CBS.*



The Pneu Look

Oakland, Calif.—So "Vivacious Joy Lansing has that natural look" (January, page 12). Yeah, natural as of now—in this day of accentuation of the architectural feature made famous by one Jane Russell.

The gals don't all have to be Janes, though. For sweater-sweet'nin' they merely go to the nearest five-and-dime (useterbe) and—er, russell 'em, at four bits. The pneumatic types come higher, both financially and architecturally.

That sentence inspires me to rewrite your bottom caption on page 12: Joy has that *PNEU Look!*—*Addison N. Clark.*

VOL. 26, NO. 4. ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Liberty ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ APRIL 1949

stop the traffic in GIRLS!

Here are the shocking facts about white slavery in the postwar world—so shocking that the United Nations has declared war on the powerful syndicates behind it

By HARRISON FORMAN

reading time 14 minutes Women are being bought, sold, and transported from country to country in such alarming numbers that the United Nations, at the recommendation of the U. S. delegation, has begun a world-wide campaign to suppress this growing international traffic in women and sex.

Where do these girls come from? How is the white-slave traffic organized? How much is the take, and who gets what? And what measures are, or can be, taken by the individual nations to control this menace? These are only a few of the questions to be explored by the United Nations, which alone, because of its international character, can effectively do something about suppressing a social evil that panders to the basest of man's passions and battens upon the misfortunes of hungry, war-weary peoples.

The task won't be easy, for the merchandising of sex has become a huge international business in the postwar world. Pimps, madams, and white-slave traffickers have been highly organized into powerful syndicates with world-wide connections. Some brothel chains specialize only in girls of superior quality for the limited but highly lucrative

(Continued on page 45)

Drawing by Willard Downes

not the type

"We've tried the parks and they're not good enough. We'd like to take our love indoors for a change." A tender tale of Manhattan by a modern O. Henry

By MATT TAYLOR

Illustrated by James A. Ernst

reading time 26 minutes Eric Grant had a twelve-o'clock appointment and he was there on the dot, beating the gun on his lunch hour to make it. He wore his double-breasted blue pin stripe and a conservative shirt and tie. Nothing flashy today, he'd decided. The role was that of a well-groomed, sedate, and proper young business man. He held the script in his hands, riffling the pages.

When they called him inside, he would pretend to be reading the lines, but actually he had memorized his two important scenes the night before. He had rehearsed them for the last time at three in the morning, studying himself in the small mirror above his bureau, getting the effect from the shoulders up, reciting quietly because his landlady slept in the adjoining room. Satisfied at last, he had smiled and said softly, "That does it!" Then his face hardened and he'd added grimly, "It better do it! It better!"

They kept him waiting. People entered and left the inner office, but he was not summoned. At twelve thirty a girl joined him. She was slim and attractive and as meticulously turned out as he was. He did not know her name, but he knew her face. He had seen her around in producers' waiting rooms.

He knew dozens like her by sight—smart, poised young women who wore their clothes like a smooth lacquered polish. They sat around, as he did, in different anterooms in different side streets off Broadway. Occasionally he talked to some of them, but it was never very gay or very prolonged talk. Producers' waiting rooms are silent rooms, peopled by well-dressed puppets with impassive faces who sit on small chairs. When the doors of the inner offices open, the puppets come alive. They turn their heads quickly and the eagerness in their eyes betrays the tension underneath. Then the doors close and they put on their masks again and the waiting goes on. Some day, each one feels certain, the door will open for him or for her.

Eric smiled and nodded at the girl. He felt like talking today. He felt fine. This time he had an appointment; they had sent for him. The girl smiled back—she had memorized his face as he had hers.

"Hello," she said. "We meet again."

"Seeing Reeber?" he asked.

"I have a twelve-thirty appointment." She made it sound like a small boast.

"Relax," Eric told her. And he matched her importance with "My appointment was for twelve."

"They're always pretty busy when they're casting," she said knowingly.

He glanced at the script that lay in her lap. "You reading for a part in this new show?"

She nodded proudly. "For Alicia, the young wife. And you?"

He grinned and slid across the two intervening chairs to sit beside her. "Alicia, my love," he said, "meet your husband, Walter."

"You'd be just right as Walter," she told him approvingly.

"I can see you doing Alicia. In that second-act scene—"

"The third act's better. It—"

"Better for you. That's your baby, that scene."

"The second act's yours," she countered. "But I have a few good lines." Her excitement was mounting; color showed in her cheeks. "Better look out. I may steal your scene."

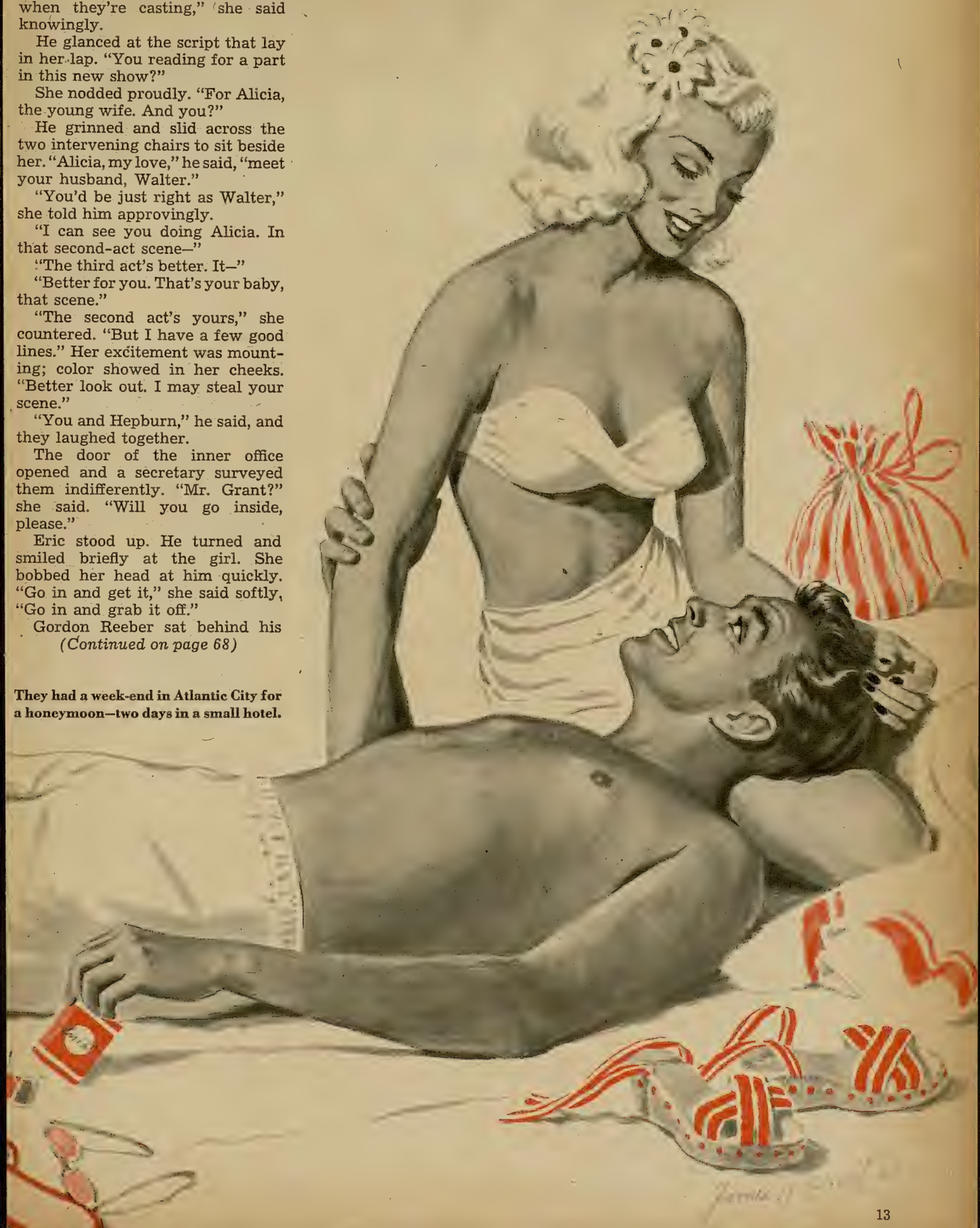
"You and Hepburn," he said, and they laughed together.

The door of the inner office opened and a secretary surveyed them indifferently. "Mr. Grant?" she said. "Will you go inside, please."

Eric stood up. He turned and smiled briefly at the girl. She bobbed her head at him quickly. "Go in and get it," she said softly, "Go in and grab it off."

Gordon Reeber sat behind his

(Continued on page 68)



They had a week-end in Atlantic City for a honeymoon—two days in a small hotel.

HOW TO

Unless you want to learn the hard way, there's more to buying a building site for your dream house than cash on the line. Here's what to look out for

By ED CUNNINGHAM

reading time 13 minutes Just after the war a young married couple in North Carolina bought a building lot in a new subdivision. Material shortages delayed their building plans. Finally the contractor said he was ready. Then came the letter from a local bank.

"The subdivision developing company has gone into bankruptcy," the letter said. "Consequently we are forced to foreclose our blanket mortgage on the property."

Mortgage? What mortgage? The company had said nothing about a mortgage. There must be some mistake.

There was, but the home planners made it.

Like many other unwary property purchasers, they had not bothered to investigate the land title. A routine check by an attorney would have revealed the encumbrance on their property. Instead they saved a $25 legal fee and lost a $1,500 investment.

Defective titles are just one of the hundreds of pitfalls awaiting the uninformed lot buyer. Other factors, such as zoning restrictions, drainage, boundary lines, and neighborhood influences, should get equal scrutiny. Otherwise you'll learn the hard way that there is more to buying a lot than what you see on the surface.

First, investigate the company commissioned to sell the land you want. Is it a financially sound firm? Check with the local Better Business Bureau or Chamber of Commerce. Such organizations can't recommend or condemn, but they can tell you who runs the company, when it was established, and whether there are previous complaints against it.

The National Association of Real Estate Boards, together with state regulatory laws, have eliminated the more brazen swindles. But there are still some shady operators who are especially active in the 13 states which do not have licensing legislation—laws which permit revocation of the selling privileges of flagrant or repeated offenders.

Rule No. 1 in buying a building lot is not to sign any papers until you are sure you are dealing with a reliable concern. And before you buy, go alone to the neighborhood where you plan to buy, so you won't be distracted by a sales talk. Go on a week-end when your prospective neighbors are home. Do the people next door act and look as though they would be congenial? Are the children on the street unduly noisy or mischievous?

The best time for an on-the-spot check is early spring or late fall, when there's no snow or foliage to cover up neighborhood defects. Another good time is right after a rainy spell. It gives you an opportunity to look over the area's natural drainage.

Stop in the neighborhood grocery or drugstore. Clerks and customers can give you authoritative answers about snow-removal service in winter and whether the storm sewers are adequate after a summer rainstorm. Ask them, too, about year-round street cleaning and road repairs.

Some communities charge for garbage and trash removal. Your grocery-store acquaintances will know about that, and also how good the service is. Check on milk and mail delivery or, in lieu of the latter, a convenient branch post office.

What about railway express and

DON'TS

1. Don't sign any papers until you have checked real-estate firm's reputation with the local Better Business Bureau.
2. Don't buy in a neighborhood which has too many "For Sale" or "For Rent" signs.
3. Don't buy in a neighborhood which has no zoning laws.
4. Don't buy without having a title search made.
5. Don't pay more than 20 per cent of the total amount you plan to spend for your entire home—10 per cent to 15 per cent is better.

department-store delivery service?

Public utilities and street improvements must be considered too. Are electricity, gas, and telephone services available? What about water mains, sewer systems, paved streets, sidewalks, and curbs?

If these are not available, you will have to furnish your own. These additional costs should be figured in the total purchase price of the lot. Where there is no gas main, bottled gas is a convenient and reasonably inexpensive substitute. But getting light and phone lines extended to your property may prove costly.

The cost of independent water systems varies throughout the country. A 30-foot well may be adequate in some regions; in others you may need one 100 feet deep. Costs range from four to eight dollars a foot, depending on the condition of the soil. With the well, you will need a water pump. That costs around $350.

If there is no sewer system, you will need a septic tank. A 500-gallon tank—the recommended size for a family of five—will cost about $60 plus installation. Don't forget some states have minimum distance regulations regarding sewerage units' proximity to wells and rivers. Heavy clay or marshy areas demand additional precautions on installation of a septic tank.

Check on whether the streets give ready access to main highways. Closed-end streets are ideal for homes where there are youngsters. They make for safe days and quiet nights by eliminating heavy traffic. However, be sure such a street is wide enough for fire trucks. And to play safe, make sure there is a fire-alarm box and a hydrant near by. Besides fire and police protection, another important consideration is adequate street lighting. Check up on railroad crossings, lakes, ponds, and such hazards, especially when there are small children.

Don't forget transportation. Even if you have a car, you and your family will need convenient and cheap public transportation. Figure your home-to-work travel on a time, not a distance, basis. Schools and churches must be considered too. Do neighborhood schools meet state standards, and can they be reached conveniently and safely? What about parks or playgrounds so your children won't have to play in the streets? How about shopping centers, a library, theaters, and other places of amusement and recreation? Make sure there is a doctor in the neighborhood too, and that near-by swimming pools and beaches have health-department approval.

Always remember this old real-estate adage: "You can always improve the house but you can't improve the neighborhood." It's a wise admonition for the average home planner who probably will spend the rest of his life there.

An excellent indicator of any neighborhood's future is the ratio of owner-occupied homes. Too many "For Sale" or "For Rent" signs are often danger signals. Excessive tenancy turnover means the neighborhood is on the downgrade. Another warning signal: small, mediocre-looking houses adjoining older, unpainted, and once-pretentious homes.

The city or town clerk's office can tell you about a neighborhood's zoning restrictions. Are commercial and industrial encroachments specifically forbidden in single-family-house residential areas? Otherwise you may awaken some morning to find an auto junk yard beside your property. It happened recently in a Wilmington, Delaware, suburb to the owner of a $15,000 home. He thought the city's zoning laws applied to the suburb. They didn't.

Ask the city clerk, too, about setback lines. Formerly specified only in individual deeds, setback lines are now often included in zoning codes. Without them, an adjacent home builder can edge closer to the sidewalk, cutting off your view and, perhaps, the breeze from the river and the sunlight on the veranda. Minimum lot size restrictions also are important. They are your

(Continued on page 48)

BUY A LOT

DO'S

1. Select an "improved" building site — one with electricity, gas, telephone, water, sewers, paved streets, sidewalks, curbs.
2. Check proximity of railroad and bus service, also schedules.
3. Check tax rate and other possible assessments at tax collector's office.
4. Get an architect's opinion on whether the plot's size and shape are suitable for your proposed building plans.
5. Have a survey made to establish exact boundaries of your property.

THE MIRACLE

God moves in a mysterious
way His wonders
to perform

By C. H. MALMSTEDT

reading time 9 minutes The sun of Acapantzingo rose red. A new Mexican day was beginning. A buxom woman with grief-stricken eyes and the gait of one who has for long lived and worked in the country strolled down the yard, an aluminum pail in her hand.

It was barely six o'clock, but already the farmyard life was beginning its day: the cows stirred, arose; the horses looked up alertly; a cock crowed behind the barn. At the side of the rice shed a young burro with shaggy coat tugged at the rope which held its foot. In the distance the haze typical of a Mexican winter morning hung over the mountains, and in its gray aura the white house by the gate lay half awake, somnolent in the feeble rays of the rising sun, its windows still shuttered.

As the woman walked, the sole sound from the house followed her. It was the crying of a baby, muffled, gasping, barely audible. Losing touch with the woman, it seemed to hang momentarily on the light wind, then faded and died to the rustling of dry corn stalks across the road. For all of it, the baby might suddenly have been dead, the climax over.

By the rice shed the buxom woman stopped beside the young burro, patted its neck, rubbed its satiny nose, then stood immobile, her arms limp at her sides, weightless, with the empty pail. She watched the rising sun, and a moment later, when it was clear of the misty ridge, she gave the animal a final pat and walked off toward the big zapote tree where the mother burro stood tugging at the end of her rope.

Illustrated by H. Winfield Scott

It was as it had been for two months, the two burros tugging, from sunrise to sunset, one toward the other, the mother anxious to give her milk, the young one straining to receive it.

"Good morning, Burrolita," the woman said as she reached the mother. She stood and looked at the animal, then said softly, "Be a good girl, Burrolita. Have patience. We love you, but we love our baby too." In her grief she sounded like a very little girl.

In answer, the animal stood still before her, ceased its tugging, but its long ears fell back swiftly. For a moment the woman looked at the animal as if in indecision, then patted its rump.

"I know," she said. "I know, *amiga mia,* but please help us once more."

As if moved by her words, the burro lifted its ears.

"It may not be long," the woman said. "It may not be long, my friend."

And with that she squatted beside the animal and placed the pail under it.

◆

At noon the sun was high over the white house when the doctor came. The woman met him at the door, and presently a man with bloodshot eyes and a weary, half-angry countenance appeared beside her.

"How is it?" the doctor asked.

The man and the woman said nothing.

"Any better?" the doctor said, then seemed to see the answer in the two faces before him. He went into the house without another word, and the woman followed him.

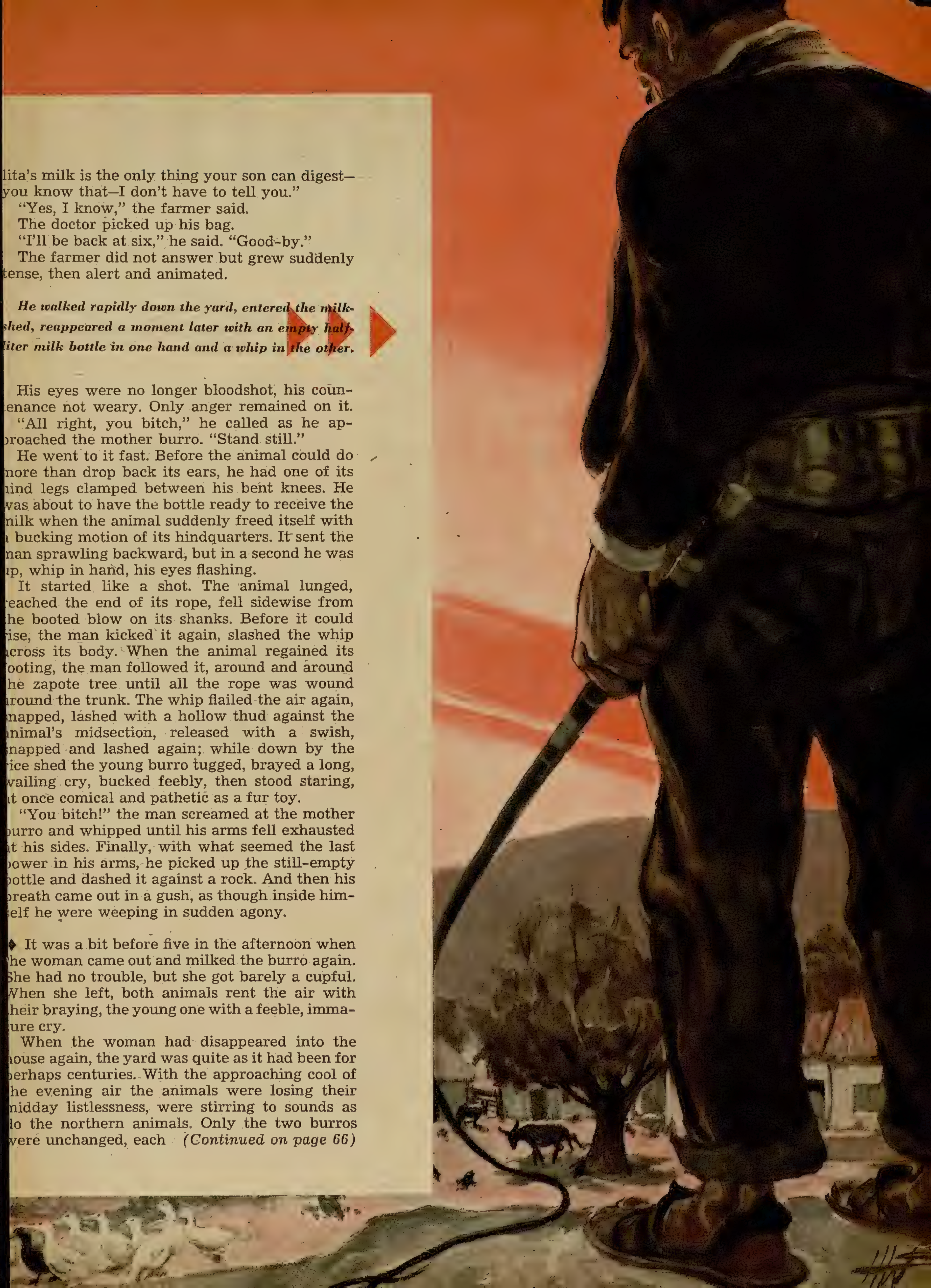
When the screen door had slammed behind them, the farmer walked slowly to the knoll in the center of the yard and stood looking at the distant mountains.

Before him the scene was the same as always, the somnolent activity of a Mexican afternoon: down at the flats an Indian was spreading rice on a huge *petate;* by the woodshed a dark-skinned boy was breaking twigs over his knee; a flotilla of ducklings waddled quackingly into the irrigation ditch; a horse neighed in a distant pasture; at their ropes the two burros tugged toward each other, the mother and the young one. A small bird with a bright red belly flew by.

Later, when the doctor came out and stood beside him, the man opened his mouth as if to speak, but then closed it and remained silent while the other studied him.

"It may be all right," the doctor said; and, nodding toward the mother burro, "It all depends on her.

"I know," he added, when he saw the farmer looking toward the young burro. "But Burro-



lita's milk is the only thing your son can digest—you know that—I don't have to tell you."

"Yes, I know," the farmer said.

The doctor picked up his bag.

"I'll be back at six," he said. "Good-by."

The farmer did not answer but grew suddenly tense, then alert and animated.

He walked rapidly down the yard, entered the milk-shed, reappeared a moment later with an empty half-iter milk bottle in one hand and a whip in the other.

His eyes were no longer bloodshot, his counenance not weary. Only anger remained on it.

"All right, you bitch," he called as he aproached the mother burro. "Stand still."

He went to it fast. Before the animal could do nore than drop back its ears, he had one of its ind legs clamped between his bent knees. He vas about to have the bottle ready to receive the nilk when the animal suddenly freed itself with bucking motion of its hindquarters. It sent the nan sprawling backward, but in a second he was p, whip in hand, his eyes flashing.

It started like a shot. The animal lunged, eached the end of its rope, fell sidewise from he booted blow on its shanks. Before it could ise, the man kicked it again, slashed the whip cross its body. When the animal regained its ooting, the man followed it, around and around he zapote tree until all the rope was wound round the trunk. The whip flailed the air again, napped, lashed with a hollow thud against the nimal's midsection, released with a swish, napped and lashed again; while down by the ice shed the young burro tugged, brayed a long, vailing cry, bucked feebly, then stood staring, t once comical and pathetic as a fur toy.

"You bitch!" the man screamed at the mother urro and whipped until his arms fell exhausted t his sides. Finally, with what seemed the last ower in his arms, he picked up the still-empty ottle and dashed it against a rock. And then his reath came out in a gush, as though inside himelf he were weeping in sudden agony.

◆ It was a bit before five in the afternoon when he woman came out and milked the burro again. She had no trouble, but she got barely a cupful. When she left, both animals rent the air with heir braying, the young one with a feeble, immaure cry.

When the woman had disappeared into the ouse again, the yard was quite as it had been for erhaps centuries. With the approaching cool of he evening air the animals were losing their nidday listlessness, were stirring to sounds as lo the northern animals. Only the two burros vere unchanged, each

(Continued on page 66)

REVOLUTION

Arkansas has changed from a backward state to one of our most progressive. Liberty assigned a noted native to return home to see what it was all about

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

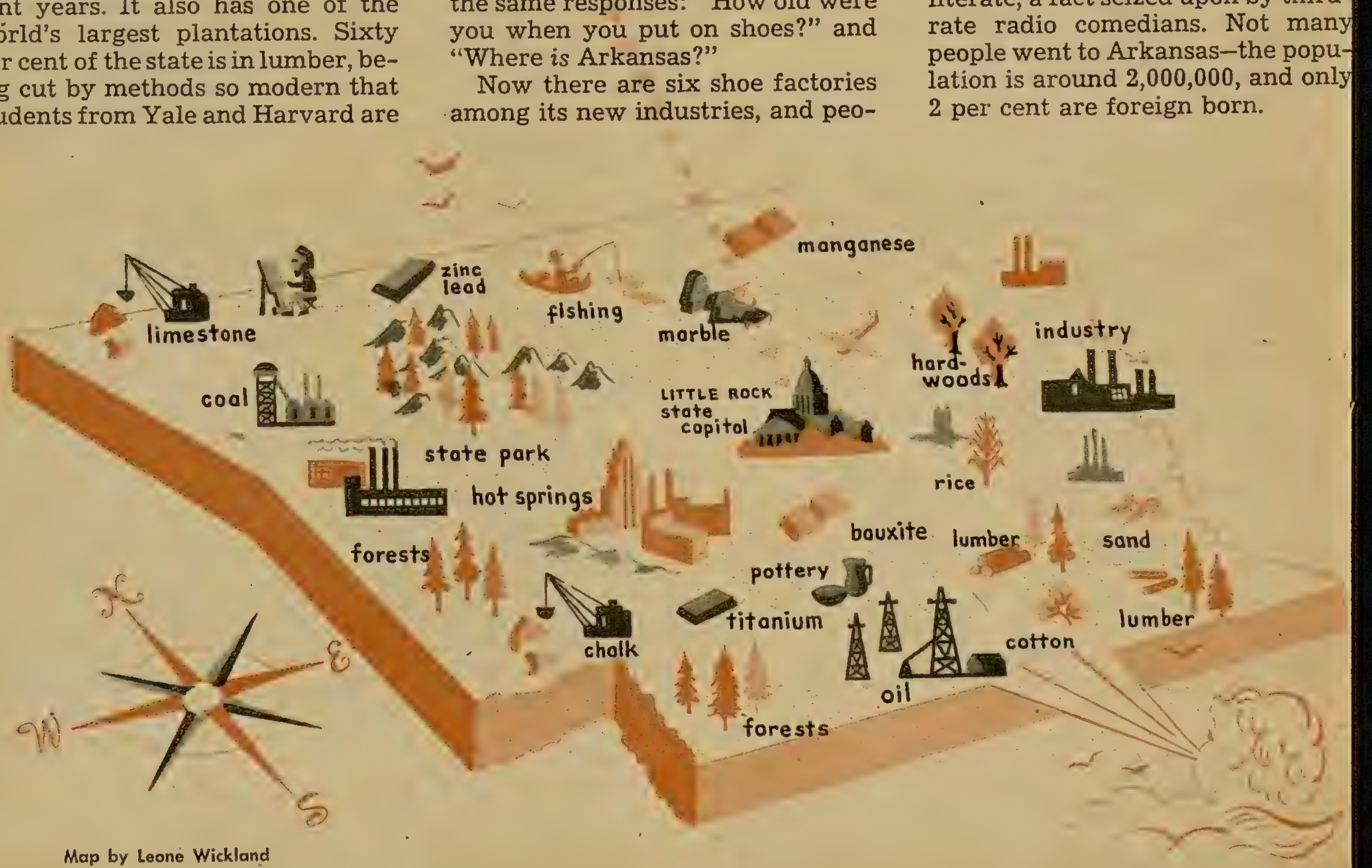
reading time 13 minutes Arkansas, once the least-known state, has in the past five years gone through an exciting bloodless revolution. It has emerged from a sleepy agricultural commonwealth into a busy, wide-awake state which breathes a spirit of progress. Changes, especially since the war, are taking place all over America, but this metamorphosis of Arkansas is unique. Maybe Arkansas had farther to go.

Though it has always had unparalleled riches, they were unused, unsung. Now people are beginning to hear about Arkansas. Until now the fact that Arkansas has 96 per cent of the bauxite in America hasn't meant anything. Today it is being turned into aluminum ingots right in the state. And Arkansas has America's only diamond mine where 50,000 diamonds were mined in recent years. It also has one of the world's largest plantations. Sixty per cent of the state is in lumber, being cut by methods so modern that students from Yale and Harvard are studying there. Arkansas has 42 kinds of minerals, as well as the oldest and largest national hot springs. Its mountains and thousands of miles of streams are being made accessible to tourists because of good roads and modern and inexpensive hotels, cabins, and lodges. There are opportunities in Arkansas not only for the folks at home but for new people and new industries.

Whenever I've said, "I'm from Arkansas," I've always met with the same responses: "How old were you when you put on shoes?" and "Where *is* Arkansas?"

Now there are six shoe factories among its new industries, and people are learning the state's location.

Arkansas is not a western state, as most people believe. It is in the exact south central part of the United States, and is bordered by Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Missouri, Oklahoma, and a bit of Texas. On the east, the Mississippi River brings it rich delta lands. It has been one of the poorest of states, and poverty is never the cause of pleasant publicity. As a result, it has been one of the most illiterate, a fact seized upon by third-rate radio comedians. Not many people went to Arkansas—the population is around 2,000,000, and only 2 per cent are foreign born.



Map by Leone Wickland

IN ARKANSAS

Lately I had heard a lot of talk about Arkansas.

"It's changing!" I heard, and wanted to believe. After all, it is my home state. So I went back to find out.

Now I want to shout about it. During the past five years it has changed from a backward state to a shining example of what brains and energy can do. The farms boast new machinery and are producing bumper crops. The cities and towns are comfortable, modern, peaceful, with good-looking shops and houses on tree-lined streets. There are hundreds of new factories where the valuable minerals and clays and oils are being processed.

The keynote to the new Arkansas is a pleasant, hospitable informality. Living is inexpensive compared to most areas. There is a sense of peace in the new factories, the sleek little towns, the green countryside.

I felt the change the minute I landed at Little Rock's modern airport, and in the city's hotels. The old Marion Hotel has been modernized at a cost of $1,000,000. The Sam Peck Hotel, owned by young Sam Peck and his pretty wife, Henrietta (who is the granddaughter of the fabulous M. S. Cohn, the only man the Indians would consent to use as a mediator), has a dining room, complete with waterfall, where you get a marvelous dinner for $1.85—the best hotel meal I've ever had. In Little Rock there are half a dozen other hotels nearly as good, as well as busy streets and smart shops.

◆ Little Rock is the capital and, of course, the center of the state's activities. It has the second-to-largest high school in America—a $1,500,000 structure that is spread over three city blocks and gives special courses in agriculture and science, issues a splendid magazine, and has unique courses in public speaking via a daily radio program, and a prize-winning band.

In Little Rock there's a Museum of Fine Arts that cost $70,000. A Museum of Natural History and Antiquities is housed in the building where General MacArthur was born. The city has a Civic Music Association which brings in excellent talent, an opera company, a ballet guild, and a state symphony which gives 40 concerts a year throughout the state. Nearly every town has a comprehensive entertainment program, including Little Theaters, orchestras, and chamber music.

Fort Smith, my home town, shows another side of Arkansas. A pioneer town, where Cherokee Bill, Belle Starr, and a thousand other outlaws were brought to trial, industry has taken the place of lawlessness, and the environs bristle with factories. Garrison Avenue, the wide main street, still bears marks of the past. Over the one-story false fronts of chromium and plate glass are the old rococo buildings. The old Opera House, where virtually every fa-

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Arkansas's scenic wonders are being made accessible to tourists by means of good roads and inexpensive hotels and cabins. These visitors are examining the beauties of Blanchard Springs.

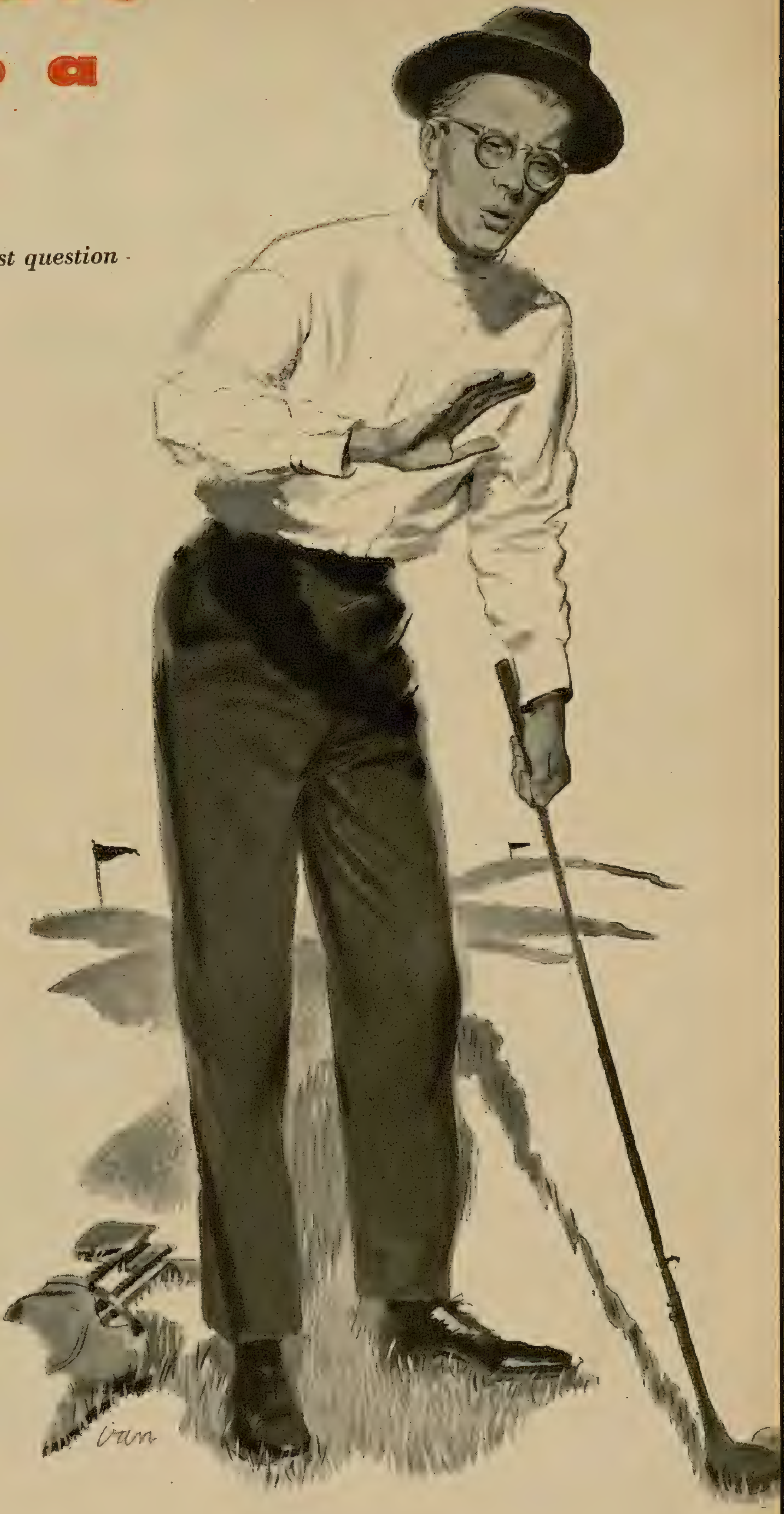
Leonard and Reynolds

The state, rich in a variety of minerals, has 96 per cent of all the bauxite in America. The bauxite is turned into aluminum right in the state in big ingoting mills like this one.

The curate Plays to a Twelve

When the Reverend arrived, his first question was, "What's your handicap, Mr. Sterling?"

By H. J. TEMPLE
Illustrated by Van Kaufman



reading time 33 minutes I love to tell this yarn to people. They always enjoy it, even if they know nothing about golf. But when I tell it to golfers, they go nuts. It is the story of a preacher—in fact, he is the curate of St. David's-on-the-Lake, the church to which I make a large annual contribution, and in which (shades of Life with Father!) I was confirmed. My wife always says, "The church we stay away from is St. David's-on-the-Lake."

However, I am a vestryman just the same, and when we needed a new curate, they put me on a committee to help make a selection. I will not go into the details of how we finally picked the Rev. Robert Ralston Jones. His credentials were pretty terrific, except his failure to enter the Chaplains' Corps during the war. He had been turned down by both branches of the service because he was underweight. Our committee decided we were not buying our clergy by the pound. The military service would have added a little to his color, but a more decisive factor was his statement over the long-distance telephone that he played golf. I liked the way he sounded and told him so.

He had been somewhat vague when I laughingly asked him about his handicap, so I was not too sure he knew what a handicap was. When I inquired the name of his course in Chicago, he said it was the municipal links in Jackson Park. He could not afford a private club while attending Seabury-Western Seminary.

That was why I made up my mind

to get him an honorary membership at Raleigh Hills. Our rector, the formidable sourpuss known as the Rev. Lawrence Lash, never availed himself of his club privileges, so the notion of taking on his golfing assistant at our club appealed to me. Dr. Lash had denounced us from the pulpit. One of his scorching epigrams that I had to admit was rather neat went like this: "You cannot make a threesome out of golf, gambling, and God, and threesomes have no rights at all, so I am told."

The rector was quoted as saying that Raleigh Hills was no place for women and children and ministers, and that laid him wide open for some pretty broad cracks from our little crowd at the club. We call ourselves the Aces, and I confess to being a charter member.

Usually the rector picks his own curate, without consultation with the vestrymen, but his previous selections had been such a moldy succession of stuffed shirts that he had had to let them go in face of the avalanche of criticism. This time he had told the vestrymen to pick one and the twenty-six-year-old Rev. Robert Ralston Jones was the result.

I volunteered to go to the station to meet the train, an offer which Esther, my wife, regarded as so commendable that she decided to go along.

"You will give him some cockeyed notions, Alex," she said. "I'd better go with you to counteract some of your nonsense."

I spied our quarry as he came up the long ramp from the train level. He was carrying two suitcases and had a thin canvas bag of golf sticks slung over his back. That sack probably cost two dollars when new. The clubs looked like relics that Harry Vardon threw away, and as he came closer I saw there was only one wooden club in a cluster of four rusty irons.

My wife greeted him first.

"I am Esther Sterling, Mr. Jones; and this is my husband, Alexander Sterling."

"Say, I'm terribly grateful to you for meeting me," he gasped, wringing our hands with a sweating palm. "It is good to meet you, Mr. Sterling, after trying to picture what you looked like from our telephone conversation."

"Do I look as bad as I sounded?"

"Alex," said Esther, "help Mr. Jones with his luggage."

"I'll take his suitcases, but I wouldn't be seen dead with that golf bag."

Mr. Jones' emaciated face broke into a broad grin. His blue eyes popped wide behind his glasses and he looked at me with an ingenuous challenge.

"I bought those clubs at a second-hand store on Sixty-third Street. What's the matter with them?"

"Did they pay you to carry them away?"

"I gave them five dollars for the clubs and they threw in the bag."

"If you paid five dollars for those relics you got cheated."

"Please, Mr. Jones, don't let Alex bother you. He's irresponsible."

"He looks pretty choice to me," was the hearty answer.

◆

We loaded the Rev. Robert Ralston Jones into the car and started uptown. Esther insisted on doing the driving and made me sit alone in the rear seat. I noticed that Mr. Jones was so skinny he could have fitted into that offensive little golf bag of his. He looked like a million preachers, but talked like a youngster who knew his way around. Esther let him have a fast barrage and he gave her that wide-eyed attention that is always flattering to a marathon talker.

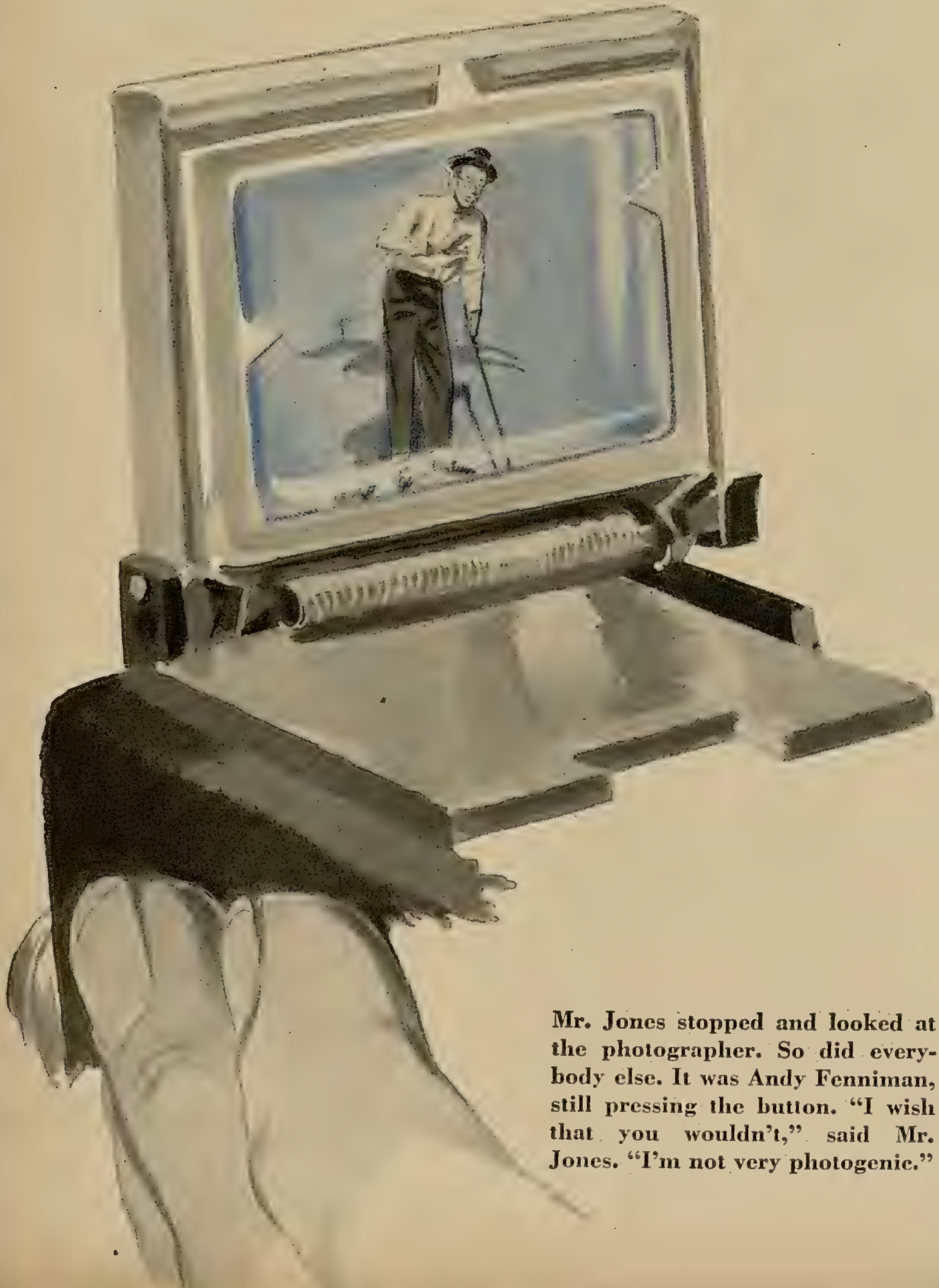
The first time she stopped to take a breath, Mr. Jones turned around to me and asked, "What's your handicap, Mr. Sterling?"

"Don't cater to his weakness, Mr. Jones! Golf conversation is *out* in the Sterling family. Try again."

His straight up-and-down face was scarlet, but he smiled widely and let her have it.

"That's my weakness too, Mrs. Sterling, so Mr. Sterling and I belong to the same fraternity."

(Continued on page 72)



Mr. Jones stopped and looked at the photographer. So did everybody else. It was Andy Fenniman, still pressing the button. "I wish that you wouldn't," said Mr. Jones. "I'm not very photogenic."

moving pitcher

Johnny Sain has won more games in the last three years than any pitcher in the majors. This is how he does it

By ARCH MURRAY and HY TURKIN

Baseball to Sain is a business—not a game or anything to joke about.

reading time 12 minutes A scrawny kid stood in the middle of an Arkansas sand lot. His side was leading by one run, but now the other team was up for its last licks. There were two out and two on, with the big clean-up hitter coming up next. The kid was in a tough spot.

Suddenly he shouted, "Hold it, fellas! I'll be right back." Both teams watched in amazement as he raced across the street to the white-frame house where he lived. Silently they asked themselves had Johnny gotten scared?

They couldn't have known Johnny very well. All he wanted was a bit of advice. He bounded into the kitchen where his father was having dinner. "Hey, pop," he panted, "show me again how you throw that curve ball!"

His father, a former semipro pitcher, showed him. Johnny took it all in and raced back to the lot. The fortified 13-year-old threw three curves just as his dad had showed him. The clean-up hitter took three big futile swings and the game was over. From that moment on, the curve ball was the biggest thing in the life of John Franklin Sain, Jr.

Sain used that curve last fall to win the first 1-0 World Series game in a quarter of a century. He used that curve to win 65 other games since returning from navy service late in 1945—so that for the last three years he won more games than any other pitcher in the major leagues. In brief, Sain has used that curve to become baseball's No. 1 pitcher.

Yet Johnny Sain of the Boston Braves seems to be the star nobody knows. In the official program for the All-Star Game of 1947 he was erroneously listed as "Jim" Sain. His teammates shrug blankly when asked for any anecdote about the strong and silent mountaineer from the Ozarks. For awhile he was the forgotten man in the money department too, until a sudden burst of generosity by his bosses last summer caused them to tear up his contract and offer him a new one calling for the highest salary ever earned by a National League pitcher: $35,000.

Baseball has become the national pastime only because of the glamorization and personalization of its headline heroes. Yet Sain the man remains relatively unknown, while Sain the pitcher is the rave of the sport. It's the tall and taciturn thrower's own fault, and he readily admits it.

◆ "Maybe I've got the wrong idea," he told us in a slow, thoughtful drawl just before spring training this year, "but I never really enjoyed a good laugh during a game. I just never found anything to laugh about. It's always been a living for me, from start to finish. Baseball, when you get right down to it, is just like any other business. When you have a good day in business, you feel good. Only it's tougher in baseball, because chances are if you have a bad day, it's really a bad one."

That's his philosophy in a paragraph: utter and complete concentration. In fact, he recalls that when he returned home after beating the Dodgers in the 1946 opening game, his bride of a few months was in tears—because he wouldn't wave to her in the grandstand during the game. Johnny just shook his head, hugged her, and said, "Honey, when I get out there on the hill, nobody exists in front of me except three people: the batter, who is my enemy; the catcher, who is my friend; and the umpire, who—well, he's just a fellow with a job to do."

His quest for perfection even carries over into batting. Rated the best hitting pitcher in the majors, he once hit safely in 14 consecutive games. Since it's all-important for the man at the bottom of the batting order to be able to bunt, Sain has become a master at the art, so that last year he became the first pitcher ever to lead the league in sacrifices. He has struck out only four times in the last three seasons. In one of his rare clubhouse jests, Sain wisecracked, "I'm glad I don't have to pitch to a hitter like me!"

$35,000 headache for N. L. sluggers.

Up in Boston they lapse into this slang sentence to explain their star pitcher's lack of color: "Sain ain't sayin'." But that goes both ways. Never a braggart when he wins, he won't complain or alibi after a loss. Perhaps his sorest test came in 1946, after he barely missed a "perfect" game, when three of his teammates each stopped one step short of a pop fly by Grady Hatton of Cincinnati and let it fall at their feet for a fluke double. No other Red reached base all day. When a writer tried to console him afterward by opining that the ball should have been caught, Sain stifled that line of attack by observing, "I can't squawk. Sometimes those fellows have caught drives for me that they didn't figure to."

During the rough pennant stretch last year, Sain lost only three games in the last six weeks: 1-0, 2-1, and 3-2. Yet he never carped at those heartbreakers, recalls Freddy Fitzsimmons, ex-Giant pitching great who coached the Braves last season. Fitz adds: "The thoroughbred manner in which he took those tough losses reminded me a lot of Carl Hubbell. Sain is just like Hub too, because when you want him most to win for you, he wins. That was Hubbell's watermark."

Long John may join King Carl in another fashion. Cold-blooded odds makers rate Sain a cinch to win 20 games this coming season. If he does, he will have forged a "score" of triumphs for four successive years, a feat accomplished by only two other National Leaguers in the era of the lively ball: Hall-of-Famer Hubbell and the ineffable Dizzy Dean.

From the foregoing you might gather Sain is somewhat of an automaton, catapulting his curves with peerless precision. But there is a genuine heart inside that magnificent six-foot-two, 185-pound pitching frame. Though he doesn't make friends easily, once he does, he is a friend for life. He has never forgotten the ones who gave him a lift on the long haul to the big leagues. Ever since he first came into big money, Johnny has always taken good care of his family.

Nobody in baseball works harder than Big John, nor rests harder. "When the Braves are not at the ball park," says teammate Earl Torgeson, "look for the softest chair and the most shade, and there you'll find Sain."

Frank McCormick, the veteran first baseman who hung up his mitt after the World Series to manage in the minors, relates: "On the team's long train rides, Big John never joined in the card games with the players. He'd spend most of the time sleeping, giving the impression he was conserving his energy for his next pitching job."

So here is an unusual sports hero to whom baseball is strictly a livelihood. Let the other guy have the thrills and the laughs. He'll take the dough. Why the cold realism? It all stems back to the long, bitter battle he had to reach the majors.

◆ Shifting the golf-ball-sized cud of tobacco that is one of his trade-marks on the hill, Sain confided: "Some writers complain I'm too money hungry in my salary dealings. But just remember that in my seven years of pro ball before I enlisted, I averaged only $1,000 a season—and that includes one year in the majors."

The gangling ridge runner from down near Wabbaseka Mountain in Belleville, Arkansas (population, 411), will never forget his tortuous odyssey in the minors. At the age of 17 he signed with a certain Class D club, but mysteriously wound up with another. Baseball Commissioner K. M. Landis forthwith *(Continued on page 60)*

No Night for Violence

THOSE WHO WATCHED THE NOOSE TIGHTEN AROUND JOHNNY HART'S NECK SAY WHAT THEN HAPPENED WAS A MIRACLE

reading time 25 minutes The trouble had been brewing for some time. Five years to be exact. It came to a head on a Sabbath evening late in March. It was no night for violence. The last of the snows had melted. Crisp shoots of winter wheat were thrusting through the ground. The night was rich with promise of things to be. The echo of church bells still lingered in the air. But before the lynch mob was dispersed, practically all of Stillwater's adult population found themselves involved.

Perhaps old man Eichleberger best understood what happened. And he never told anyone. They wouldn't have believed him if he had. He was a dirty, evil-minded old man. Miss White, the Stillwater librarian, said so. There was some foundation for her charge. He *was* careless of his person. And the walls of the little room he occupied in the rear of his store *were* lined with books the library board had banned.

The pot came to a boil with Johnny Hart's return on the train from Kansas City. There was no crowd to meet him. He had not expected there would be. He had half hoped that Grace would still care enough to be there. But it would seem she hadn't.

He stood a moment looking up Front Street, feeling the gun cold and solid against the hard flesh of his stomach. It was a pleasant feeling. After the past five years of nightmare, the gun at least was real.

There were no new names over the store fronts, Hart noticed. There were no new buildings, with the exception of the granary of which Grace had written. Some hopeful fool had pitched a tent in the shadow of the granary, and over the tent's dimly lighted marquee a tattered banner proclaimed:

BIG TENT REVIVAL TONIGHT
COME PRAY WITH US

That, Hart thought, was a laugh. Stillwater might stand in the need of prayer. But it preferred more direct action.

His eyes returned to the single cab at the curb. It was the same Ford he had driven, five years older now, with Ben Gandy at the wheel. Gandy slipped from behind the wheel and held out his hand. "Hi, fellow. It's good to see you."

Hart accepted the offered hand gratefully.

"You were lucky," Gandy grinned. "If you hadn't been in the jug, you'd have got caught in the draft like I did. They had me out in the South Pacific. You should ought to see my scar."

By DAY KEENE

Illustrated by Herman Giesen

He was describing it in detail as Sheriff Henderson drove up and parked behind the cab. The elderly man had been drinking and his voice was shrill. "You mind your p's and q's now, Johnny," he warned Hart. "I don't want any more trouble with you. You understand?"

One of the loafers on the platform laughed and Hart felt his ears go red. He couldn't afford to lose his temper now. He had waited five years for this. "Yes, I understand," he said quietly.

The cracked bell of the M. E. church ceased tolling. Hart picked up his bag again. Nothing mattered but seeing Grace and having a talk with Charlie.

Charlie had wanted Grace, of course. Undoubtedly by now he had her.

That was why she hadn't written this last year. That was why she hadn't met the train. The gun in his belt suddenly hot against the perspiring flatness of his stomach, he hurried up Front Street in the direction of Charlie Gilmore's feed and implement store.

◆

It was five minutes after eight when Cass heard the two reports. It was gunfire, not too far distant. There was no mistaking the sound. He got up from the bench where he had been sitting fingering through a hymnal and walked out under the marquee.

Old man Eichleberger, the bookstore man, popped his head out of the doorway of his store, looked up the street, then drew in his head again. Four youths came out of Tony's poolroom. Two men crossed from the railway-station platform to join the group in front of the poolroom. Cass watched a moment, then walked back into the silence of the tent.

It all had seemed so simple in a foxhole with tracers cutting patterns through the night. God had been very real and personal. His future path had seemed so plainly marked. Now he wasn't so certain. Even the Glory and the Vision had begun to fade. The righteous didn't need his message. The sinners didn't want to hear it.

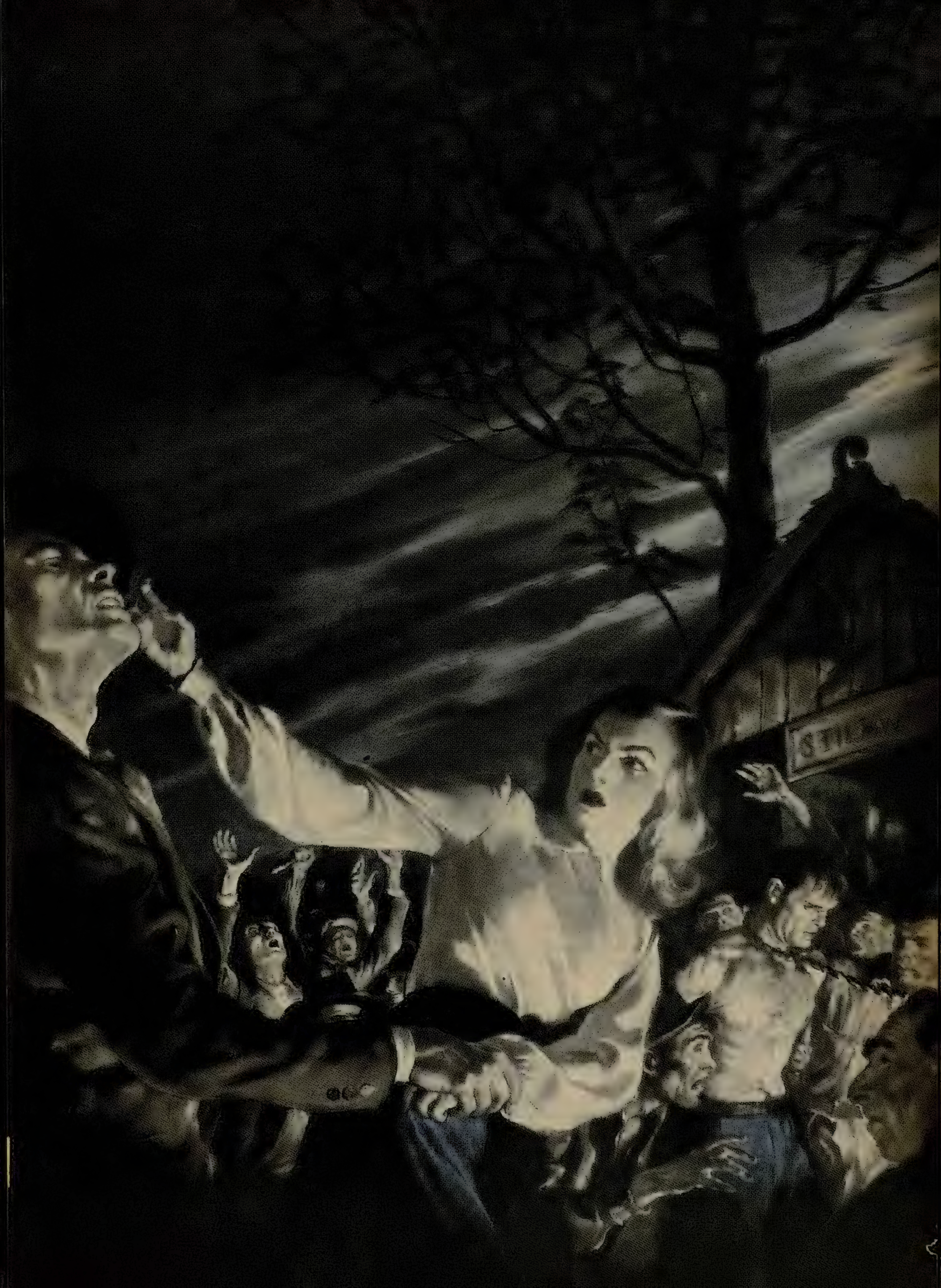
Cass's eyes were thoughtful as he lifted the side wall of the tent, and entering the trailer parked behind it, put a pot of coffee to boil. With Front Street teeming with people, there had been no crowd last night. There would be no crowd tonight. He had been foolish to hope that Stillwater might be different. It was the same story here as it had been in any of the dozen towns in which he had pitched his tent.

Perhaps he had made a mistake. Perhaps his own past sins were too great for him to carry the message to others.

One thing, however, was certain. The old life was out forever. He studied his fingers, amused. They had earned him a lot of money in the past. They could make him more money in the future—if he would allow them to. But he wouldn't. The police of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and way points would

(Continued on page 61)

Gilmore took her by the arm. "Get out of this, Grace," he ordered. She turned, raking the nails of one hand down his face. "Keep your hands off me."



Irene Dunne accepts the Protestant Motion Picture Council's Annual Award plaque naming I Remember Mama the picture of the year. Vincent Trotta (left), art director of the National Screen Service, and Rutgers Neilson of RKO examine the plaque.

Hollywood's Character Reference

By ELIZABETH WILSON

Whenever Hollywood wants to impress the rest of the country with its refinement, it always points to Irene Dunne

reading time 9 minutes Any day now, 1,932 picture people will turn in their ballots for the actress giving the best performance in 1948. The polls indicate that Olivia de Havilland will cop the Oscar for her brilliant job in The Snake Pit. But in 1948, polls fell flat on their faces. So the Irene Dunne rooters are keeping their fingers crossed. It could happen again. With I Remember Mama and Life with Father to her credit last year, Irene could easily do a Truman. A gentleman, by the way, she conspicuously did not support in the last election.

Irene Dunne, one of Hollywood's loveliest and highest paid stars, is long overdue for an Academy Award. No other star has made so many consistently good pictures as she has. Since 1931, 18 of her films have played New York's Radio City Music Hall, the highest honor that can be bestowed on a picture. No other star, not even Metro's Greer Garson, can equal this record. When The White Cliffs of Dover played the Music Hall (her sixteenth film to be so honored), she received a congratulatory letter from manager Gus Eyssell, which she keeps among her keepsakes.

This is her fifth time up for an Oscar. She was nominated in 1931 for Cimarron, but Marie Dressler won it that year with Min and Bill. Miss Dunne was nominated in 1936 for Theodora Goes Wild, in which she played her first comedy role. Luise Rainer won it that year for her acting in The Great Ziegfeld. Miss Dunne was nominated again in 1937 for her work in The Awful Truth. Again the award went to Luise Rainer, for The Good Earth. In 1939 Irene was nominated for Love Affair (her favorite film), the one in which she and Charles Boyer made pink champagne a national must. That year Vivien Leigh won, in Gone with the Wind. This year Miss Dunne has been nominated for the RKO-Harriet Parsons production of I Remember Mama.

No one in Hollywood has piled up a more amazing record of versatile achievement—Back Street, Showboat, A Guy Named Joe. She has played romantic roles steeped in glamor, and she has played roles completely devoid of glamor, as witness her simple heart-warming Norwegian mother in I Remember Mama. Drama, comedy, musicals, she has never turned in anything but a perfect performance. Why, then, does Hollywood pass her by at award-giving time? Commentator Jimmie Fidler, in a recent broadcast, summed it up best: "I'm inclined to think that the very smoothness of her work has kept Miss Dunne from getting the acclaim that she has actually earned. She acts with such effortless ease that she doesn't seem to be acting at all. She's like certain great gridiron stars who handle all their assignments to perfection, and miss out on the All-America selections because they don't grunt and groan loud enough to be heard in the stands."

1939 **Love Affair, Irene's favorite film, won her a nomination but not the award. Vivien Leigh won it that year.**

1931 **Dunne fans raved about Cimarron and Irene won a nomination. However, Marie Dressler got the Oscar.**

1937 **Miss Dunne's acting in The Awful Truth seemed a cinch for an Oscar, but Luise Rainer won once more.**

Hollywood has always been a push-over for grunts and groans, screams and tears. Irene Dunne is not an exhibitionist either on the screen or off.

1948 **Irene Dunne has been named this time for I Remember Mama. Her rooters have their fingers crossed.**

Whenever movie people want to put their best foot forward and impress the rest of the country with their refinement and respectability (usually the morning after one of their problem children has landed in the pokey), they always say, "Now take Irene Dunne . . ." Through the years Irene has become Hollywood's best character reference. And Hollywood couldn't ask for better. Irene has been married to the same husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, since 1928. She leads a normal, healthy, happy family life. There has never been any gossip about her. She can always be counted on to do the right thing and say the right thing. She has never used the wrong fork, literally or figuratively.

1936 **Theodora Goes Wild was her first comedy role. Again she was named for top honors, but Luise Rainer won.**

The press long ago gave up trying to make her "exotic." They pigeonholed her as a lady, and a normal lady at that. Irene doesn't want to be called a lady; but all the same she doesn't want *not* to be called a lady. The word normal irritates her, as it does all normal people.

"I wish they'd stop calling me normal," she said once, after reading a magazine article. "Pretty soon, whenever I see two people putting their heads together, I'll think they're saying, 'Don't look now, but that's Irene Dunne. She's normal, you know.' "

When the Hollywood Co-ordinating Council wanted someone to represent the motion-picture industry at the United Nations meeting in Constitution Hall last October, they chose Irene. She was chosen to second the nomination of Governor Earl Warren of California as Vice-President at Philadelphia on the Republican ticket. As honorary national commander of the American Cancer Society's Volunteer Field Army she attended a

(Continued on page 81)

reading time 7 minutes

the heartbreaker

By FAITH BALDWIN

Illustrated by Martin Gulser

LIBERTY SILVER JUBILEE STORY

Originally published in Liberty July 13, 1946, and reprinted now as part of Liberty's Silver Jubilee program of republishing selections of outstanding interest from past issues.

◆ I don't know why I'm telling you this. I never laid eyes on you before. But you look like a right guy. You said you're married, didn't you? Naturally, I know married men. Some happy, they think, or unhappy; most, bored stiff, even if they don't know it. Take the guys in the Reserve, those who'd been married some time. They missed the wives and kids, but did they miss responsibility and routine? Did they miss the five o'clock, evenings at the movies, or playing contract with the neighbors? Did they miss fixing furnaces or cutting grass? Brother, they did not! And they liked being told what to do and when to do it without any personal angles. You get that, don't you?

Me? I'm thirty. I enlisted at seventeen. I've been around. China, Samoa, the world. Girls? You can say that again. But not for keeps, pal, not for keeps.

You don't have to go, Bud. It's half an hour to train-time, and if you don't want to drink, that's all right. I want to tell you about the other night. I don't get it. Maybe I don't know as much about women as I thought.

It began after the war ended, when the medics were through with me and I found myself with a hell of a lot of back pay and a nice long leave. I don't have any folks, unless you can count my cousin, Dorothy, here in New York. She's my age, married to a steady guy, couple of kids and a nice little flat. Dottie used to be quite a dish. Anyway, when we'd put in here, I used to see Dottie and Herbert. I'd eat with them once, so as not to hurt her feelings. I'd bring 'em stuff and tell salty lies to the kids. But usually I'd drag 'em out to a show or something, if they could get someone to stay with the brats. Because I never had dinner there yet that Dottie didn't produce an unattached female and say, "I just know you two will get along."

We never did. They weren't my type. But Sally was different. Dottie had met her at the Red Cross, and this time when I showed up at the flat, there she was. Small, redheaded, and hubba-hubba!

Sally came from some jerkwater town, studying art and living at a sort of club for the would-be famous. I used to call for her there, and about sixty of them would look me over in the living room.

The first time I took Sally to dinner she steered me to a Russian place, all dim lights and goofy music. Sally told me she shopped for places to eat. The club furnished breakfast only.

Seems her mother didn't want her to come to New York, but an aunt had left her a little income, and on that she managed. She said the stuff you use at art school costs plenty. I looked her over. I know something about the price of sarongs, and what she had on didn't look bargain basement to me. I mentioned this to Dottie, but Dottie said, "Sally knows how to shop." Funny how women only stick together when it comes to trapping some dumb eager beaver. They call it being loyal. But Sally looked like a million.

Did I mention she has black eyes, and a skin that doesn't need a nickel's worth of pancake?

That night I thought, This mouse knows all the answers. She was definitely 4.0. She looked respectfully at the ribbons but she didn't swoon. She knew what they meant. She asked sensible questions and got sensible answers. She kidded some, too.

"Dottie tells me you're a sea wolf," she said.

I said, "She's right." I make that an obligation. I lay it straight on the line with them all.

Sally got it. She said, "Now we know where we stand," just like that.

"Come again?" I said.

She explained. She said she was strictly free lance —fun, with no strings. She looked at me with those black eyes and said, "Maybe you have peculiar ideas, but don't get any ideas about *me.*"

I grinned. "Any attachments?"

She told me: guy back home, broken engagement; guy in occupation forces, no engagement; half a dozen other guys, just for laughs.

Some girl. She was talking like me. I thought maybe she was *thinking* like me.

This was a girl who was fun to be with; she was even concerned about the state of my finances. Now and then I took her to an elegant joint where the cover charge would curl your hair, but she liked the little dumps better.

That's the way it was. I saw her alone, I saw her at Dottie's and Dottie was beginning to look smug. I said, "Lay off, Dottie. You know damned well I'm not a marrying man." She said, "No man is until he meets the right girl."

Hey, don't go. There's another train. Glad you're interested in how it came out. Funny part is, I don't know myself.

Well, to make a short story shorter, my leave was up and they stationed me adjacent to Manhattan. Sooner or later I'd shove off, but meantime here I was and Sally was giving me a lot of her time.

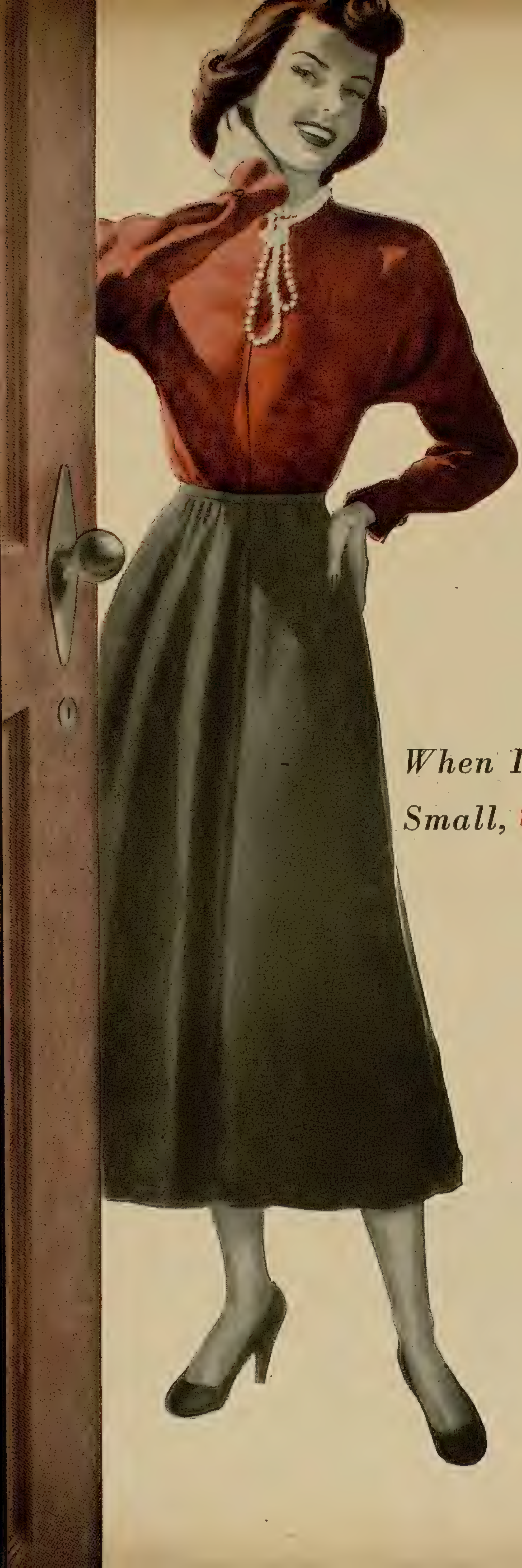
I asked, about ten days ago, "Do you like me?"

She said, "I like you a lot, Jerry."

She hadn't let me kiss her, see? If that's the way she wanted to play it, I could wait. But it was a matter of weeks now, and while games are games and fun is fun, when you aren't taking *any* steps, just marking time, it gets monotonous.

I can't see how I got off the course. This was my kind of girl, if superior to most, in the way she walked, looked, danced, and talked. No strings, that's what she said. That's what I said, too. I told myself she talked my language, with censorship. And she wasn't playing hard to get. I can spot that type half a mile away.

So this night, in the taxi, I slid my arm around her,



slow and easy. I said, "Looks like an early spring. Bluebirds and stuff. How about a little kiss?"

She didn't say yes, no, or maybe, so I kissed her. She felt cool and pleasant. She didn't give. I said, "Hey, what's cooking?"

"Nothing," she said, and did things to her hat and hauled out a compact to see if her lipstick was straight.

I asked, "You don't like me to kiss you?" And she said, "Not specially." That made me sore, but I let it ride. We had our evening. She was dated the next couple of times I called, and I didn't see her till a few nights ago.

We were going out to dinner. In the taxi I tried the arm-across-the-shoulder routine. She just sat. Sometimes a poke in the eye is less repulsing.

We ate. She ordered dinner. It gave her quite a kick.

But I was ready for a change in the weather, to fair and warmer. During dinner I asked questions. I asked why? Or rather, why not? I could manage an occasional week-end. There are swell little inns not far away.

She listened and smiled. She opened her handbag and a fat letter with six-cent air-mail stamps fell out. I asked, "That's from the guy in Occupation?" And she said, "Yes, he's on his way home now."

"Then what happens?" I inquired. "Told him about me?"

"Certainly," she said. "He and I didn't make any promises."

She took out her change purse.

"Is that mad money?" I asked. "So what? If you don't want to dance or go to the movies, we'll taxi back, once around the park."

When I showed up, there she was. Small, redheaded, and hubba-hubba!

"Subway for me," she said. "Alone."

I said, "What in—"

"I told you," she said, "at the start. No strings. Dottie said you didn't want to get married. I don't either—to you. So we knew where we stood."

"Some brush-off," I said. "When did you decide on it?"

"Tonight," she said, "before dinner."

"Why, you little this-and-that!" I yelled. "You sat and took on a load of borscht and blintzes and—"

She said, "Why should I tell you *before* dinner? I was hungry!"

She got up. "It's been nice knowing you," she said.

Can you tie that? I've called her half a dozen times. And when Sally answered, I gave her the old pep talk.

No dice.

What should I do, brother? Do I forget, or do I marry her? Last time I phoned, her roommate said, very snippy, "I don't think you can reach her for quite a while, as an old friend just came in from overseas."

The more I think about it the more I burn.

Must you go? You think I ought to go jump in the lake? You think either I'm a very unlucky guy or else I've escaped a fate worse than death? What's so funny about it? Hey, come back—

Bartender, one of the same, and could you spare ten minutes and listen to a story?

Are you a married man? I'd like your advice. ◆ ◆

reading time 11 minutes

mail-order magic

By STEVEN CASEY WILLIAMS

How does Sears, Roebuck manage to do a whopping two and a half billion dollars' worth of business annually? Sears isn't saying, but here are clues that help explain why it's the biggest retail empire of them all

IT MAY BE that Macy tells Gimbel now. But Sears, Roebuck and Company, the biggest of them all, isn't telling a soul.

"We don't dare to let our competitors know how we run our business," says a prudent Sears official. "They might take some of it away."

Whatever the secret formula is, it works. The hallowed American consumer, celebrated as a wooer of the bargain price, demonstrated this in 1948 by stuffing close to $2,500,000,000 into Sears cash registers.

The miracle retail empire that began 63 years ago as a one-man mail-order house and today gets five dollars out of every $100 the American buyer shells out for general merchandise, enjoys one of the loftiest positions on the nation's industrial totem pole, moving securely in the pantheon regions of General Motors, Standard Oil, A & P, Swift & Company, and U. S. Steel.

And apparently Sears' 12,000,000 loyal mail-order customers (who contribute one third of the take) and the millions who buy in person at the firm's 625 department stores are prepared to keep the mail-order house high on the pole.

The company's stores, scattered through every state except Wyoming, have become the trading meccas of enough Americans to elect a President. So that no avenue to an honest dollar is overlooked, Sears maintains 11 bulging mail-order plants which ship to hordes of veteran Searsites upward of 100,000 cataloged items — anything from pink brassières and farm tools to outboard motors and shoe polish, from shotguns to layettes and lollipops.

Sears has sailed smoothly through two depressions. When others have prescribed hold-the-line tactics, Sears, seeing things in a light all its own, has boldly expanded. The company has clung to many methods that some of its contemporaries wouldn't dream of using. Yet Sears has outstepped every firm in its field and most firms in other fields. Its closest competitor, Montgomery Ward, does about one-half of the Sears business volume.

"How," one asks, "do they do it?"

To this question Sears executives smile sweetly and remain silent. Perhaps the answer can be found somewhere in the past.

Sears, Roebuck and Company owes its life and stature to two factors: chance and honest ballyhoo.

The whole colossal thing started one day in 1886 at the North Redwood, Minnesota, whistle stop on the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad. The station agent, a handsome young man named Richard W. Sears, son of the village blacksmith, received a consignment of watches for the local jeweler, who rejected the shipment. Sears, 23 and full of ideas, set out to sell the timepieces on his own.

One evening a week later, kindly, mustached Richard Sears sat at his desk, grinning into a stack of silver dollars—his profits. At that moment Sears had the biggest idea of his life. His idea could not have been simpler: "Buy more watches at wholesale, sell 'em at retail."

Soon the railroad was looking for a new agent and Sears was bound for Minneapolis, a gleam in his eye, a mailing list and a supply of watches in his suitcase. On the train he formulated his first business policy: "Find a good way to offer good merchandise for less money and you can always find a good customer willing to buy it." And when he disembarked he had the "good way." It was: "Have something for sale. SELL it. If you can't tell the customer about it personally, then ADVERTISE."

It was the birth of the most expensive and most profitable campaign of printed ballyhoo in the history of merchandising.

Sears took an office in Minneapolis, hung out a sign, "R. W. Sears Watch Co.," and was in business.

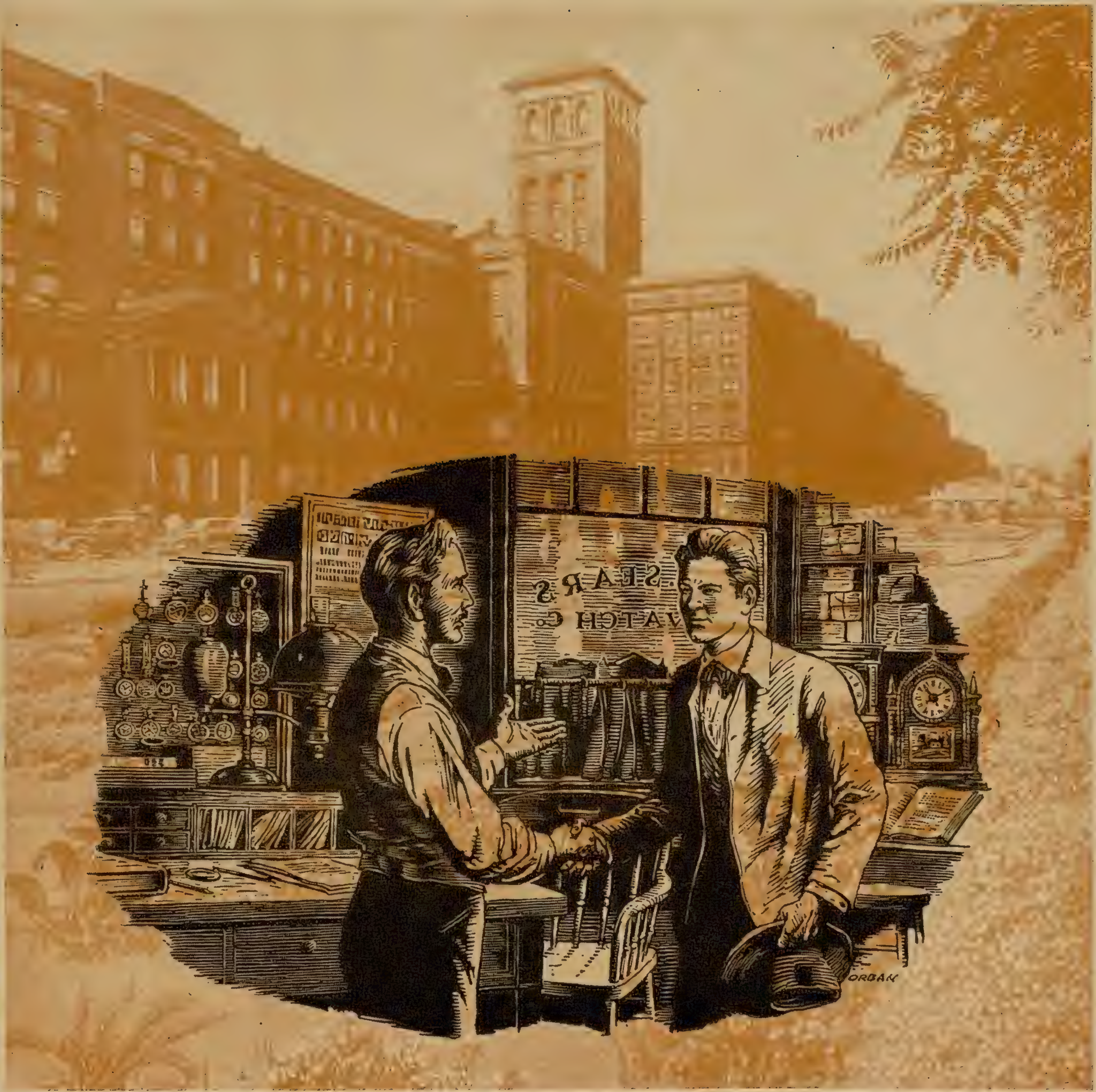
Mail order was not new. Montgomery Ward had been at it for some years. But Sears added something new—sensational advertising tempered by simplicity and the friendly touch. Business boomed.

Presently Sears moved to Chicago. There he advertised for "a watchmaker with reference." The ad brought before him a Tippecanoe County, Indiana, farm boy with wide eyes and a flair for watch tinkering. The youth, Alvah Curtis Roebuck, was hired. And the two, whose names were to become as Americanese as ham-and-eggs, began the building of a retail empire.

They formed Sears, Roebuck and Company in 1893—the year of the Chicago World's Fair. It was also the year of the first Sears, Roebuck Catalog—64 illustrated pages offering, at unusually low prices, such absolutely guaranteed articles as watches and jewelry, clothing, guns, buggies, harness, baby carriages, and sewing machines. The catalog, distributed mainly in the rural areas, caught on immediately.

The 1894 catalog was bigger. Its cover depicted the world. And the world was adorned by a legend in bold type: CHEAPEST SUPPLY HOUSE ON EARTH!

In 1895, when the U. S. population was scarcely 63,000,000 and 60 per cent of it lived rurally, Sears did $800,000 worth of mail-order business. But while profits mounted, the Messrs. Sears and Roebuck



Drawing by Paul Orban

developed stomach ulcers. They had too much business, too much inventory, no system to speak of, no awareness of business economics.

Roebuck's health was so poor in 1897 that he couldn't go on. He retired. (Roebuck returned to the company in 1940, eight years before he died, to serve, for a brief period, as good-will ambassador. He visited company stores, stood at the entrance and greeted popeyed customers with a hearty "Welcome! I'm Mr. Roebuck!")

Richard Sears sold partnerships to a Chicago clothing manufacturer, Julius Rosenwald, and to an expert in business detail, A. E. Nusbaum. (Nusbaum bought in for $37,500 and five years later sold his share for $1,250,000. Rosenwald, who died in 1932, was the founder of the famed philanthropic organization, the Julius Rosenwald Fund.) The new partners took over the operating details, and Richard Sears, for the first time, was able to concentrate on the work he loved—ballyhoo.

Sears' greatest promotion was his "Send No Money" scheme, the campaign that put the company on the road to its present bigness. It brought millions into the coffers and won warm friendships with families in every city, town, hamlet, and rural area in the country.

"SEND NO MONEY!" the company screamed through every media it could lay its ink on.

The program was revolutionary. Customers were invited in the friendliest of terms to order "the articles of choice," and examine them at the post office or freight

(Continued on page 79)

friday for

"Listen, cute boy," he said. "I don't want to get tough with you, but I'll kill you if I find out you've spilled this to the cops"

By LAWRENCE LARIAR

Illustrated by Herman Giesen

SYNOPSIS

▲ Skip-tracing was the job I, Steve McGrath, fell into after the war, when my buddy, Harvey Tripp, took me into his Uncle Jonas' business. Then Jonas died. Harvey, Linda Bridges (our secretary), and I celebrated our consequent brighter prospects, and I hurried home to tell my wife, Gwen.

That Friday in May was a day for dreams, and on my way to Bleecker Street I dreamed that Gwen and I would find again the love we had lost. Harvey had some inkling that all was not well with us, but I'd put him off. For one thing, he disliked Gwen; called her a "round heel" the first time they'd met.

I turned the knob on our door and walked in smiling– Gwen was in the arms of a great ape of a man in a striped shirt. She smiled at me, arrogant and sly. I hit the man down and kicked him, and slapped Gwen over and over again, and got out.

As I walked aimlessly, I combed my brain for a clue to that man. Hours later, I returned home, to find Gwen and the man—murdered! Panic seized me. I phoned Linda. She advised me to do some skip-tracing on my own account before the murders were discovered, and she would try to find Harvey.

Mrs. Monati, a neighbor, told me Gwen had been meeting several men. In a Village bar, I found Ken Sisley, a young cartoonist who lived across the hall. He denied knowledge of my wife's affairs, but I was sure he knew more than he was telling.

reading time 31 minutes

PART TWO

◆ On the street we walked fast, Ken Sisley and I. But when I turned into Bleecker Street, he stopped.

"Not back to the house?" he whispered.

"You've got nothing to fear. What's bothering you? Mrs. Monati won't be home from the movies for hours. And nobody knows about the business in my place."

I nudged him forward. In the hall, he ran upstairs. And in his room he sat on the edge of his couch and ran his fingers through his hair. He whispered his words to the tattered scatter rug under his feet.

"All right, Steve, I saw him. I came home and wanted a drink. Every once in a while Gwen and I would drink together in the afternoon—when she was home. I walked into your living room and saw the—the man on the floor. It was just before three. When Gwen was home, usually I could hear her whistling. It used to amuse me because she was always off key. Today I knew Gwen was in. I could hear her moving around in there. But she wasn't whistling. Or maybe it was the man who was moving around—"

He was out of control.

I said, "Go back earlier. What happened this morning?"

"I was out this morning. I left early, to go uptown to the magazines."

"What happened when you walked in for the drink?"

"I saw him."

"Did you touch him?" I asked.

Ken shuddered. He wasn't acting any more. "I didn't go near him. I ran out of there. I didn't even go back to my room, I tell you. It hit me hard—the blood and all. I figured I'd better have a couple of drinks right away, and I went down to Mario's."

"Whoever killed the man murdered Gwen, too," I said.

Ken got up shakily, genuinely shocked now. "Good God, Steve! Who would murder Gwen?"

"I've got to find out," I said. "And you're going to help me. I haven't much time. I have tonight, maybe, and part of tomorrow morning. Otherwise they'll kiss me off for this, do you understand? Whoever planned this thing knew all about me. I'm the fall guy. I'm the little man with the knife, the white-collar murderer, the maniac, the frustrated husband."

"Who would murder Gwen?" Ken whispered to his hands. "It's incredible, Steve, incredible."

"Is it? Did you murder her?"

"For God's sake—you don't think that, do you?"

"Relax," I told him. "Sit down and cool off. How about the man in the striped shirt—did you ever see him before?"

"Never."

"Other men?"

"I've never seen any."

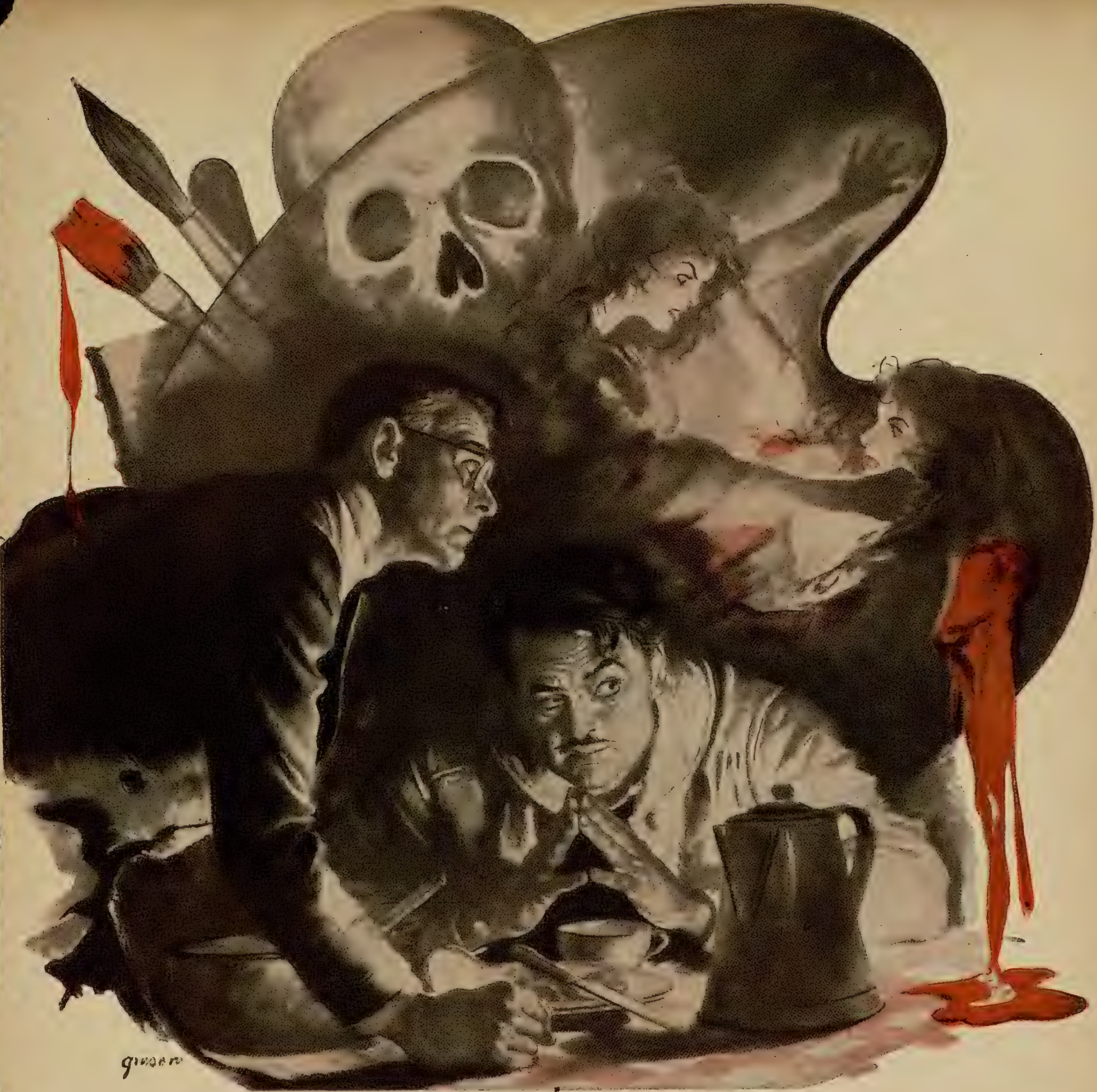
"Think hard."

"I don't have to. I'd remember, Steve." He was at the window now, a tall bundle of nerves. I watched him. He began to whine again. "Why don't you be sensible about this and tell the police? They'll know what to do. They'll help you."

I grabbed at him and held him at the collar with both hands, roughly.

I said, "Listen, cute boy. I don't want to get tough with you, but I'll kill you if I find out you've spilled this to the cops. Once they've got it, I won't stand a chance. They've got everything they want to hang this on me. I'm innocent and I'm going to prove it, and I won't stand for any Boy Scout tricks from you or anybody else. Is that clear?"

He didn't even try to fight me



"They were cats, those two, but I must say your girl got the best of the bargain. For she damaged Consuelo—a long red scratch."

death

off. I let him go. He slumped to the couch again and held his head.

"I'll help you, Steve."

"Tell me all you know about my wife—even if it hurts. You said a moment ago that you would go into my apartment and drink with her. How much did she drink?"

"Normally. We'd have one or two, that's all."

"No passes?"

He tried to look angry, but it came through as shock.

He said, "She would seem to relax more after the first drink, but that's not strange. Gwen was a high-strung sort of girl. We'd talk, mostly about art. Once I took her to the Modern Museum to see a new exhibit. She left me at four o'clock. Said she had to do some shopping."

"When was this?"

"Last year, Steve. I don't remember the date."

"She never told me," I said. "But you haven't said anything yet about the nights you brought her home from parties."

The color rose on his cheeks and he made an effort to kill his embarrassment by getting up again. I followed him.

"Mitzi's brawl," I said. "Did you

touch her that night? Did she want you to touch her?"

He nodded. "We were both pretty high. And coming home in the taxicab—"

We were standing close to the drawing board when the torment struck me. I reached for him and caught him by the throat and he fell back a step and knocked over his taboret. He did not struggle. I brought up my fist to hit him. But he just stood there waiting for it. He could have fought me off. He was a big boy. I loosened my grip on his throat.

"You asked for it, Steve," he said.

My hand jerked a cigarette to my lips. "Start talking," I said. "Tell me what went on—during the day."

He was emerging from his alcoholic dullness. He was trying to remember, working for me. After a while he said, "There was a man, today. In the yard."

"The yard? How did you happen to see him?"

He pointed to his drawing board near the window. "I was working—"

"The time?" I asked.

"About one. He saw me," Ken said. "He ran in toward Mrs. Monati's kitchen shed, out of sight."

"What did he look like?"

He rubbed at his brow desperately. "He wore glasses. An average guy. Nothing to make him stand out."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"Maybe."

"He wasn't the guy in my flat—the dead one?"

He shook his head wearily. "Not him. Oh, no."

I said, "Tell me the rest. About Gwen—you and Gwen."

He avoided my eyes and began to talk.

◆

I was getting it now. It hurt. They had come home at two. They had gone to Ken's room for their love-making, a few dozen feet from our own bedroom. I listened to him patiently. Gwen had expected me to carry her into a make-believe world, to live up to the promises I made when I courted her. In those days I dreamed of a job with adventure, a chance to take her with me into strange places. But I had failed her by falling victim to routine. Jonas Tripp had buried me. And Gwen found her special world, her day-to-day relief from the boredom of her marriage to me. Ken Sisley had not suited her. He was too close to me, too dangerous for her experiments.

I brought out the matchcase. "Do you know this place?"

"The Cellar? I took Gwen there the day we went to the Modern Museum. We had a few drinks before the show."

"I found it in her paintbox."

"She must have put it there that night, after school."

"Last year?"

"Last November."

"Six months ago." I tore the matchcase in half and dropped the pieces on the floor. "What about Romani's? Were you ever there? Did you ever see her at school?"

"Never."

I said, "Where's Romani's place?"

"On Seventh, near the subway."

"I'm going over there. Where can I find you if I need you?"

"Mario's," Ken said. "I'll be needing a few more shots."

"I'll meet you there at eleven. And don't let the whisky unzipper your tongue."

"I'll be drinking, not talking," Ken said.

7.30 P.M. Romani's was a light through a long and dirty window above the brighter glow of Seventh Avenue. Beyond the pane a yellow row of bulbs lit up the window sign: ROMANI SCHOOL OF ART, *Painting, Drawing and Design.* The street door bore the same message in large and disorganized letters. A man, dressed in the accepted Village art costume, lounged against the door, making small talk with a girl whose hair was too long. She had on a dirty blouse, black skirt and carpet slippers. In the cafeteria on the left, a clock told me it was 7.30. It was too early for Romani's classes. Gwen usually left the house at 7.45.

"What time does Romani open up?" I asked the couple.

The man slid his eyes my way. "Which class?" he said.

"The painting."

"He's got two of them," the girl said. "Still-life painting and with the model."

"I was thinking of miniature painting," I said.

The man lit a cigarette and blew some smoke through his nostrils and then said, "Look, mister. Take my advice and don't go to Romani for miniatures. Romani stinks for miniatures. You want miniature painting, you go to Archie Binns."

I said, "I heard Romani was pretty good at miniatures. A student of his told me. Do you know Gwen McGrath?"

The girl shook her head and shrugged.

The man said, "She studies miniatures with Romani? We wouldn't know her."

I said, "Is Romani up there now?"

"He sure is. You can find him in the back room, eating his lousy spaghetti, mister. Don't take any if he offers it—Romani makes the lousiest spaghetti in the Village. Isn't that right, Louise?"

◆

I closed the door on her answer. Inside, the hall was a narrow canyon of dust and tired plaster. The stairs were tin covered and vocal under my weight. This couldn't have been Gwen's type of school. She had acquired many of the Village habits, but squalor and dirt never charmed her. I tried to picture her climbing this stairway for her art instruction. I failed. But halfway up the stairs I changed my mind. Why did I continue to think of Gwen as lily white? How could I plumb the unknown depths of the Gwen I never really knew? It could be that Gwen really liked this school. It would be better for me to cast out the Gwen I'd known. It would be wiser to build her from nothing, for nothing was what I had.

She was a stranger to me, I told myself. I was doing research on a new subject, a fresh subject, a woman who walked these steps with a strange step. She might have put on a mask of gaiety, pert and pretty and alive. I tried for a mental picture of her. I manufactured her image, building it into something new and different, a girl who burned with a bright fire, a girl who showed a new face to these arty people, radiating an inner joy, a spirited yearning for culture. Or was she only the same Gwen, walking slowly up these stairs in her usual way, sitting in class as cold as marble, eying her fellow students with the arrogance I knew so well?

On the second floor Romani's front classroom was a square of emptiness. The smell of tomatoed garlic hung in the air. There was a wire strung across the room from wall to wall, and on the wire an old green drape hung. The chairs and easels seemed pushed in odd positions, as though the class had swept them there in a mad scramble to go downstairs.

I found Romani himself in the back room, behind another drape. He sat at an improvised dining table close to a small gas stove and

(Continued on page 56)

Liberty home

ONE CAN OF PEARS MAKES TWO GRAND DISHES

See Next Page ▶ ▶

liberty home
ONE CAN OF PEARS
MAKES
TWO GRAND DISHES
See Next Page ▶ ▶

Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

**Tested recipes from
Liberty's Home Kitchen**

Here are two specially good recipes from canned fruit that are failproof for a party. Peach or apricot halves are equally delicious

BLUSHING PEAR SHORTCAKE

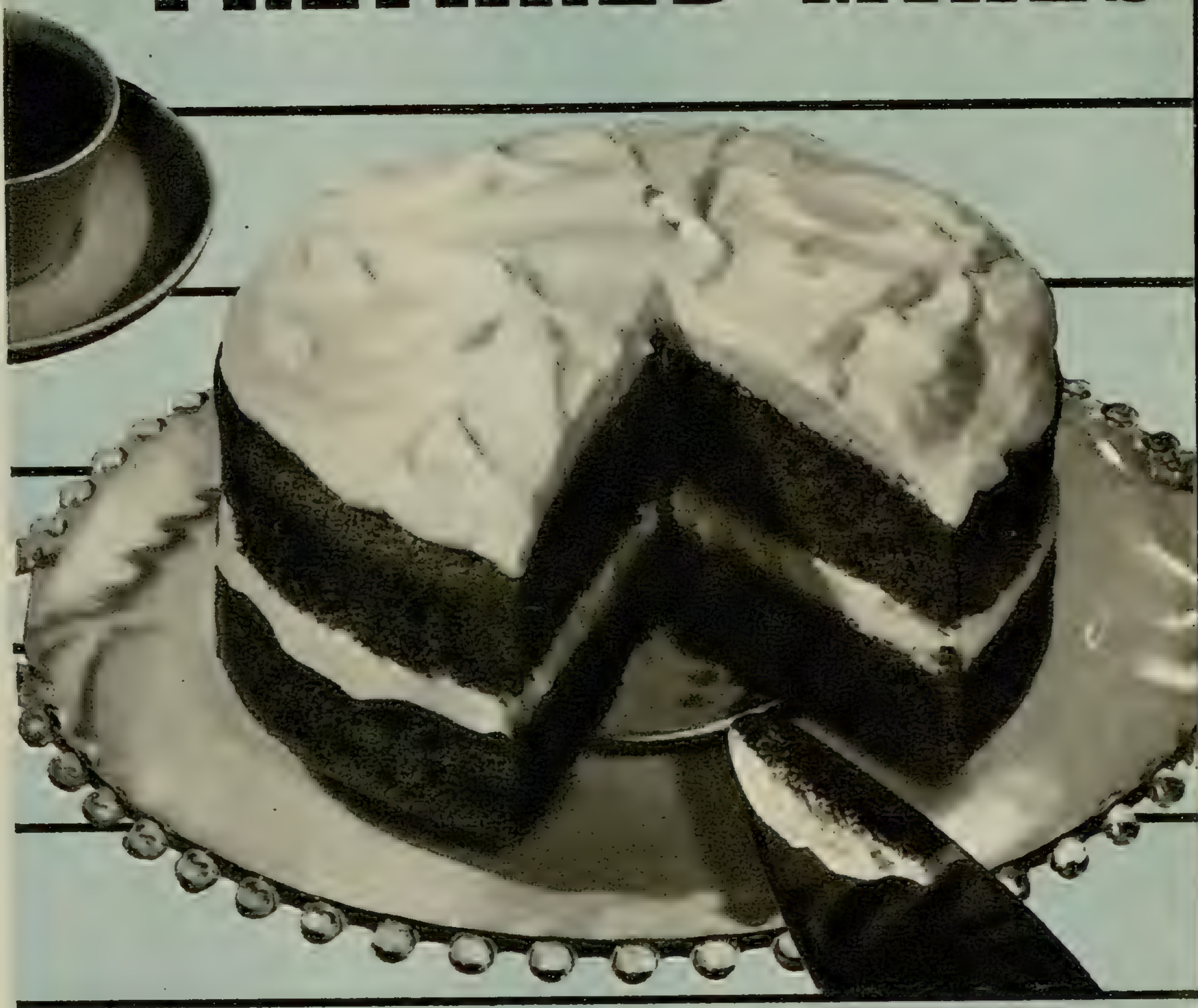
Bake white-cake mix in square layers. Place filling, made with vanilla pudding mix, between layers. Swirl whipped cream on cake in four loops; place pink-tinted pear half in each whipped-cream loop. Garnish with green-cherry slices.

PEAR-LIME RING SALAD

Mold pear quarters and lime gelatin (using pear syrup and water for liquid) in ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp greens. Fill center of mold with cottage cheese; garnish with salted almonds. Serve with dressing made by folding ½ cup whipped cream into ½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing.

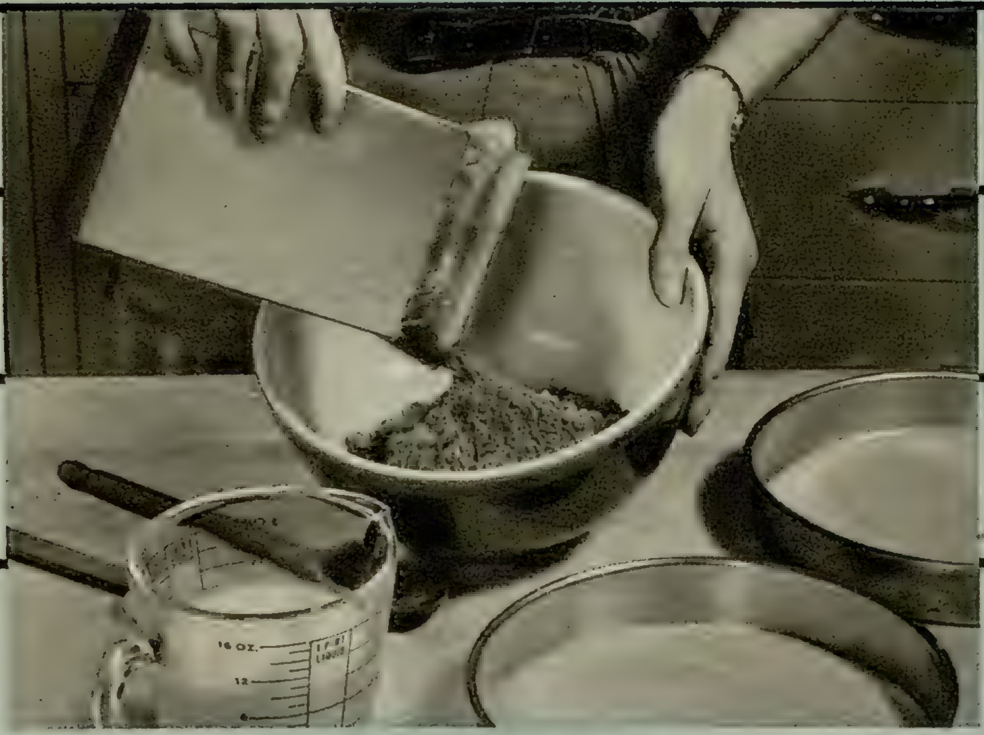
NOTE: Canned peaches or apricots may be used instead of pears.

CAKES FROM PREPARED MIXES



Above: Fourteen free minutes make this delectable Chocolate Boston Cream Cake—stirring, in the pan, and utensils washed! Fourteen minutes well spent.
Below: Cherry Nut Loaf Cake—a delicious melt-in-the-mouth cake. Pour batter into 9-by-9-by-2-inch square pan and bake at 350° F. for 40 to 45 minutes.

AS SIMPLE AS


16 OZ.
12
1 PINT LIQUID

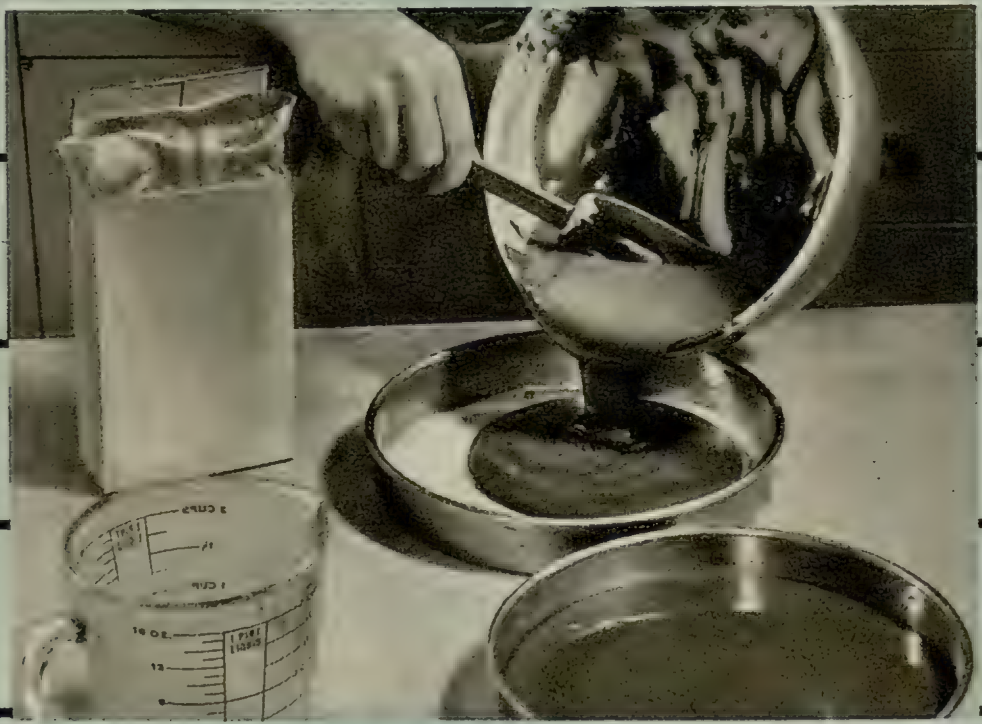
A

First, ready work table with mixing bowl, measuring cup, and pans. Empty contents of prepared chocolate-fudge-cake mix in bowl. Measure 1¼ cups milk into a pint cup.

1 PINT LIQUID
2 CUPS
1 CUP

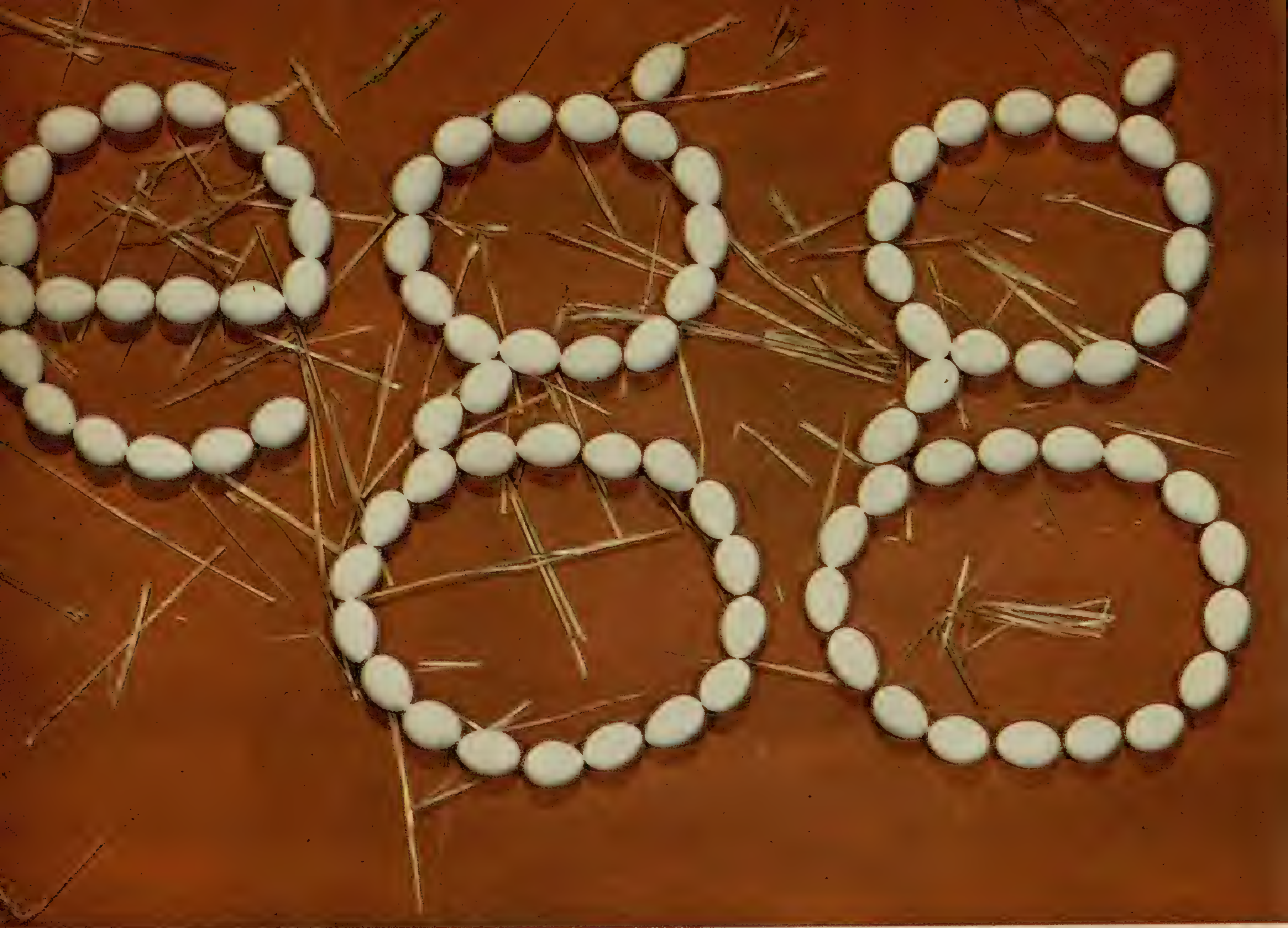
B

Then add ½ cup milk; beat vigorously about 2 minutes. Add half of remaining milk; beat 1 minute. Add balance of milk; beat thoroughly for 1 minute, to blend well.


16 OZ.
12
1 PINT LIQUID

C

Finally pour in two 8-inch layer-cake pans, greased and floured, or wax-paper lined, and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on wire cake rack.



Egg Dishes Belong to Springtime Meals

EGG SAUCE FOR FISH. Plain boiled or fried fillet of fish is delicious eating when served with this golden velvet-smooth egg sauce of subtle flavor and rich consistency.

CALAVO PEAR STUFFED WITH EGG SALAD. For an entrée and salad all-in-one, serve this hearty and appetizing dish. It's colorful, good for family and guests who enjoy fine eating.

Liberty home In Jerseyville, Illinois, a certain man has a hen who knows the true value of an egg. When she gets set for production, she comes pecking at his window so he can carry her to her nest in the family utility room. Smart, huh?

But then we always knew hens were smart, else why do they advertise so much? They are honest, too, or why do they give us their greatest production in the springtime, when demand is at its peak, laying a good part of their annual output between March and June? The hen has a neat record of progress, too.

First You Buy Them. Since all things in life cannot be accepted at face value, it is best to buy eggs certified by grades—A, B, and C. For flavor and looks, choose Grade A for frying, poaching, and hard-cooking, as these have firm clear whites that won't spread ten ways for Sunday. Grade B, equal in nutrition, are good for baking, cooking, and scrambled eggs. Grade Bs are less firm in appearance; the yolk and the white spread more.

How to Cook a Fried Egg: Whenever I hear a husband say his wife can't even fry an egg, I want to ask, "And what's so easy about that?" First you have to get an egg. And then you have to give it an even break. So, if you want the finished product to come up on a hot platter with tender but firm whites, jacketed in filmy white chiffon, do it this way:

Use butter or margarine, as eggs shy away from strong-flavored fats. Heat skillet. Add fat. Remove skillet from the fire while fat melts. Then break egg into a saucer. Then add the egg, or eggs, to the pan. Cook slowly until the white begins to coagulate. Then add one teaspoon of water for each egg. Cover the skillet and cook slowly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, add dash of paprika before serving. See what your husband says about this!

Kurt Schelling-Transfilm

But Are Good at Any Time

By BEULAH KARNEY

MERINGUE SHELLS WITH STRAWBERRIES. For that impressive dessert for a special bridge-club luncheon or buffet supper party, this dish has glamor and style and elegance.

CREAM PUFFS WITH CREAM FILLING AND CHOCOLATE SAUCE. Cheers when cream puffs are the dessert. Whipped cream is also a good filling, popular with high-school teen-agers.

BE PAINT-WISE:

By PAUL McQUILLAN

◆ You want a beautiful home—one with modern charm and age-old hospitality, solidly pleasing to you, attractive to your friends. That is most natural; but, more to the point, it is highly practical, entirely possible by means of painted color—color which you can choose yourself, painted on by yourself in a personalized paint program which is the order of the day for small-home owners working on a budget basis.

Paint, of course, is the accepted protective and decorative finish. It establishes new values in actually giving new life to old things. In the application of painted color there are certain governing factors, all based on that typically American attribute: "know-how." Accordingly, Liberty Home herewith presents "nine hows, whats, and whys" of an interior home-painting operation, illustrated by three alternative color schemes for the five most important rooms, designed for Liberty by one of the country's leading color authorities.

AT THE START CONSIDER THE FINISH

Know at the outset what you want a room or the house to look like when it is finished; whether it be for a new house or for modernization.

Paint itself is easy to apply. True. But paint-wise home owners know that doesn't mean you can slap it on in any way at any time on any surface and in any color. Painting must be planned and certain preliminaries must be observed.

We suggest, therefore, that after a color scheme is selected, you write out a set of specifications based on these nine hows, whats, and whys, working through in orderly fashion.

HOW TO SELECT A COLOR SCHEME

Paint manufacturers and their color experts have made available a truly amazing range of colors for use in decorating the American home. Some offer 20 or more gradations of one hue; some sell basic white with tube colors in exact quantities to give the hue desired; others have developed intermix systems by which hundreds of tints and tones can be produced and affording a means of scientific color-matching heretofore unknown. Each one of these systems is presented with explanatory and descriptive material.

For a family making a change in furnishings, current style trends should be studied for ideas. The psychological effects of color are interesting and important. Red, for example, is highly stimulating and should not be used on large areas, as a general rule. Orange is glowing and comforting. Yellow is cheerful. Green has been established by scientific tests as the most restful of all colors. Blue is popular because it is cool and peaceful. Purple is cool but subduing.

Location of a room with regard to exposure is another factor in color choice. Warm colors such as yellow, buff, chamois are suggested for northern exposure which has no direct sunlight. Cool colors—blues, greens, grays—are for rooms having warm south light, also for western exposure. Some warm colors can be used in an east light if the rooms are small.

Painted color is also the best-recognized means of emphasizing the good features of a room and minimizing bad ones, in some instances actually seeming to change the appearance. Long narrow rooms can be made to look wider by placing a dark color on the wall at each of the narrow ends and a lighter color on the remaining walls and ceiling. Ceilings which seem too high can be made to seem lower by painting them in a color darker than the side walls. Light colors on walls and woodwork make a room seem larger, while darker tones will seem to bring down the proportions of a room that is too large. Emphasis on a good feature is given by painting it a color different from the surface next to it. By the same token, ugly or too-prominent objects—such as a badly placed radiator—should be the same color as the wall against which they are placed.

WHAT TO BUY: TYPES, QUANTITIES, AND COSTS

Buy good-quality paint. It's far cheaper in the long run. There is a paint for every purpose.

Flat oil paints (which dry with a dull, glareless finish) cover approximately 600 square feet per gallon of material for the first coat, 500 for the second, 600 for the third on smooth-finish plaster walls and composition walls. Gloss or semi-gloss oil paints will give you about 600, 540, and 540 respectively. Water-mix emulsion paints and casein water paints will cover approximately 540 square feet per gallon on the first coat and about 700 for the second. Figure on about 600 square feet for the first coat of enamel, 400 for the second, and 500 for the third.

When you paint picture molding, chair rails, and other trim, you will get about 1,200 linear feet per gallon on the first coat, with 800 and 800 for the second and third. Oil paint for floors should average 540 square feet for the first coat, then 450. Shellac will cover 540, 650, and 750; varnish about 500 square feet for each of the three coats. Products of various manufacturers vary, of course, but these are average figures.

Measure the length and height of a wall to get the paintable area —and, of course, there are four walls. The length and width of your floor and ceiling are the measuring factors. For average doors, double the area for each side. For windows, measure overcasings and double area. For radiators, for each front foot multiply the face area by five. Measure baseboards, moldings, etc., as linear feet.

Your measurements and the above-noted covering capacities will guide you in purchasing material, after you have decided which of the types best suit your needs.

PREPARATION OF SURFACE —A VITAL FACTOR

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on this all-important operation. Paint should never be applied over loose, blistered, or dirty old paint. Dents and rough spots in woodwork should be filled with spactling material or other compounds. Bare wood should be sandpapered and primed. All cracks in plaster should be cut out and filled with patching plaster; fine or hairline cracks should also be filled.

Wash all glossy surfaces with sal soda or sandpaper them. If the surface is very bad, remove all paint with commercial remover.

GETTING ON WITH THE JOB— THE ACTUAL BRUSHWORK

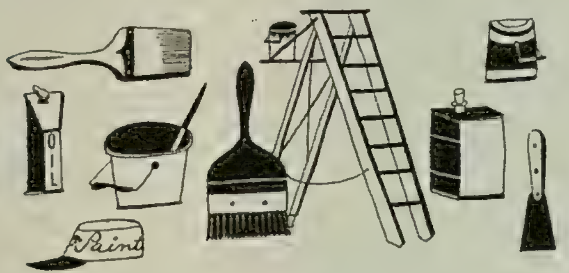
Assemble all material, tools, and equipment. Paint ceiling first, going across the short way of room. In painting walls, start in an upper corner and work downward. Flat paints are applied with semicircular strokes. Varnish and enamel are flowed on with even strokes.

SOME IMPORTANT DO'S AND DON'TS

Follow directions on label faithfully. On opening new can, pour out excess liquid and then gradually stir it back into original can until all ingredients are thoroughly mixed.

Remove all furniture and other room furnishings, or stack them in the center of room, then cover with a drop cloth.

Don't paint new plaster with oil paint for 30 days. Don't fail to allow plenty of drying time. Don't fill your brush too full. Don't cut corners.



BRUSHES, TOOLS, EQUIPMENT

Good brushes are as important as good paint and, because bristles are in short supply, they should be treated as precious possessions, being cleaned and cared for most carefully. A new brush should be "broken in" by soaking it in linseed oil.

When finished with a brush, clean it immediately, using plenty of cleaning fluid, which may be obtained anywhere. Work the fluid up into the bristles, squeeze it out, use a steel comb to get out as much of the paint as possible. Repeat this operation several times. Rinse the brush in clean liquid before putting it away. Do not use water for an oil brush.

For brushes that are employed in water-mixed paints, you can get special cleaning instructions when buying them.

A four-inch brush is suitable for most wall and ceiling work with oil paint. Smaller brushes with special "edges" are available for sash and trim painting and for other narrow surfaces.

Use a regular varnish brush for floors and woodwork.

For an interior job, two stepladders and a working plank between are sufficient. Be sure plank is a stout one.

You will also need scraping knives, paint pots, paddles, sandpaper, sponges, masking tape.

MOISTURE IS YOUR ENEMY

Moisture from the outside can ruin any paint job. Moisture also develops from inside the house through condensation, vapor generated by ordinary living conditions—cooking, shower baths, laundering. Air the house thoroughly before starting to paint.

PRACTICAL POINTERS

The entrance hall, kitchen, and stairways bear the brunt of traffic. Keep them well painted. If little drops of paint form on surface, it means the wall was not properly cleaned. Rooms that are to be painted should be well lighted and well ventilated. Rough surfaces are naturally harder to paint than smooth surfaces and require more material. Use an old and worn brush for the first coat on such surfaces.

DON'T BE

SCHEME 1 ▶

LIVING ROOM: Walls, chamois yellow. Ceiling, lighter than walls. Trim, white or darker yellow. Floor, if painted, a deep red.

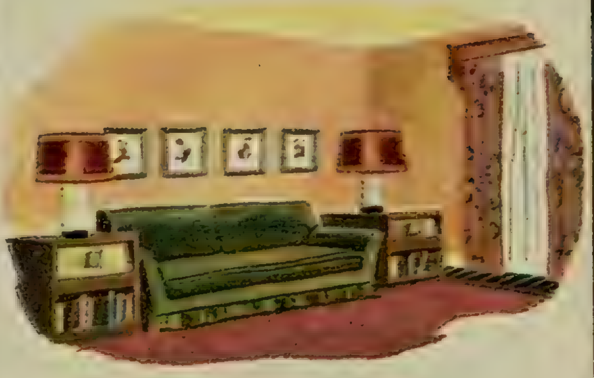
DINING ROOM: A spring green for three walls, with a darker green for fourth side. Ceiling (not shown) should be a pale green.

BEDROOM: Walls are a pale blue, with the ceiling in a much paler hue. Trim, white. Floor, if painted, darker than walls.

KITCHEN: Walls, chamois yellow, with one wall slightly darker, if desired. Ceiling, the same. Trim, the same or white.

BATHROOM: Upper wall in a shell pink, with the dado as shown in a darker hue. Ceiling, same as upper wall or lighter.

LIVING ROOM



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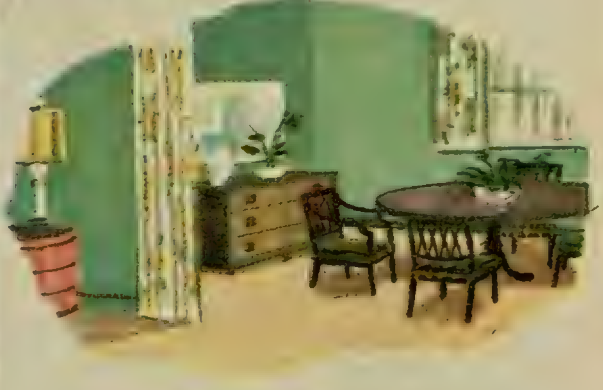
This scheme can be utilized if you have a wine-red rug at present in your room. Curtains have a ground of pale rose. A paint which dries to a flat, or dull, finish is suggested for a living room, as it prevents glare. Several types of flats are available. Woodwork may also be in a flat finish, or a semi-gloss if desired, in dark yellow.

DINING ROOM



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A rich dark yellow rug or over-all carpet gives a striking effect to this room. The same floor covering is also used in the entrance hall shown, the color scheme for which, it will be noted, is directly related to the dining room. A flat finish is also suggested for the walls, with the woodwork in either finish noted for a living room.

SCHEME 2 ▶

LIVING ROOM: Walls, a light blue. Ceiling, cream. Trim, doors and windows, white or the same blue as used on the walls.

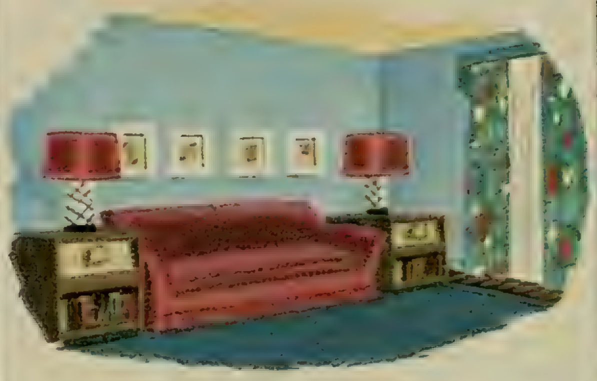
DINING ROOM: Walls, rose. Ceiling, off white with a rose cast. The trim in the same color as the walls will be very effective.

BEDROOM: Walls, rose, slightly lighter than dining room. Trim, the same. Ceiling, a very pale tint of the color on the walls.

KITCHEN: Walls, pale turquoise. Ceiling, the same or a lighter tone. All of the trim and woodwork the same or white.

BATHROOM: Walls, brilliant yellow on upper section. Ceiling, the same, and the dado again in a darker hue of wall tone.

LIVING ROOM



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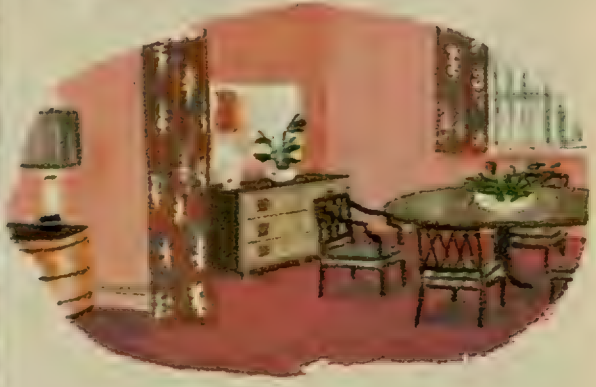
This scheme was developed from the deep blue of the floor covering. The color of the sofa is best described as a rich hunting red. The ground color of the curtains is turquoise. Adoption of this blue for your living room would of course depend on its location in your house or apartment, as explained in the preceding article.

DINING ROOM



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This scheme shows a deep wine rug which is pictured as being carried through to entrance hall. If the dining room is entered directly from the living room, the dominant color in each should be closely harmonious. A material which dries to a flat finish is suggested for this room, for the several reasons also noted in Scheme I.

SCHEME 3 ▶

LIVING ROOM: Walls, medium French gray. Ceiling, off white. Trim, very light French gray. Floor, if painted, a very deep red.

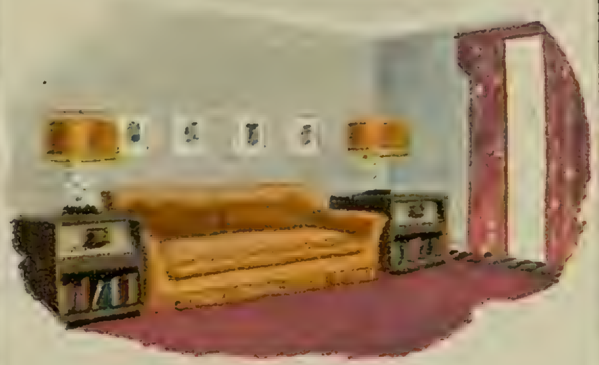
DINING ROOM: Walls, cocoa brown, with one in a darker tone if so desired. Trim, white. Ceiling should be off white.

BEDROOM: Walls, lavender. Ceiling, off white or paler than the wall color. Trim may be white or the same color as the walls.

KITCHEN: Walls, pale terra cotta with one wall a deeper shade. Ceiling, same or off white. Woodwork, same color or white.

BATHROOM: Walls, pale green for the upper section, and a rose beige for dado. Ceiling should be same as upper wall color.

LIVING ROOM



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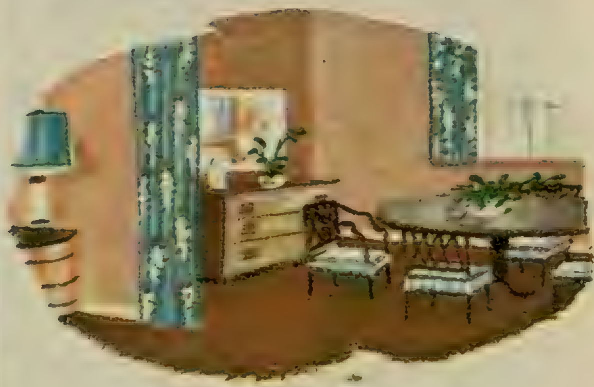
This scheme goes with a wine-color rug, as in top panel. Floor surfaces not covered by a rug may either be painted a deep red, as noted, or coated with shellac, varnish, or one of the special sealer-type materials, and finished with wax. These products are suggested for areas where heavy foot traffic calls for extra floor protection.

DINING ROOM



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There is a definite trend in the painting and decorating world toward use of deep-toned colors, because surveys have shown a marked popular interest in them. Comment should be made that any dark furniture goes well in these rooms, but the fabric of the chair seats, however, should conform to the room scheme.

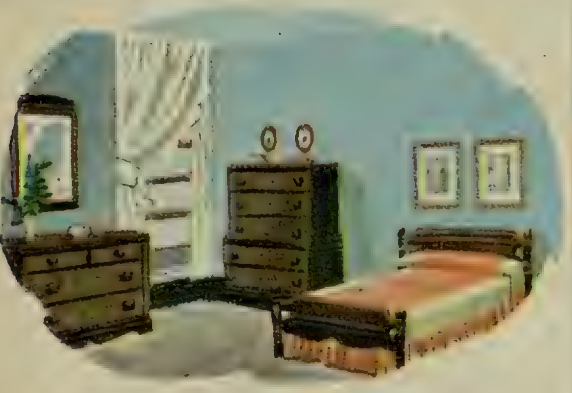
Chart by Sal Catello

CAUTION If there's a bad feature you want to minimize in your room, surround it with a matching color so that it blends with and becomes part of the general color scheme.

CAUTION Different colors dry in different ways—some darker, some lighter. Experts suggest brushing out a sample and letting it dry. Then you'll know what color you have.

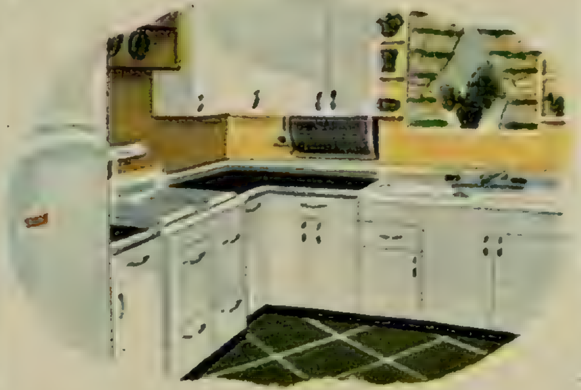
COLOR-SHY — USE LOTS OF IT

BEDROOM



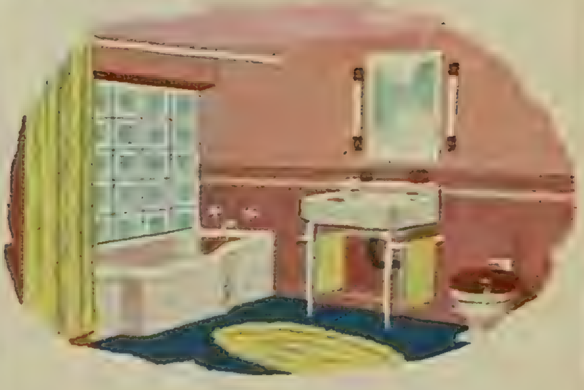
The white trim and the white curtains with the bedspread of terra cotta and chartreuse give effective contrast to the blue of the walls. A flat finish is suitable for the walls of this room, or an eggshell finish may be used. The eggshell finish adds a touch more life. Eggshell, a semi-gloss or even a gloss, may be used on the woodwork.

KITCHEN



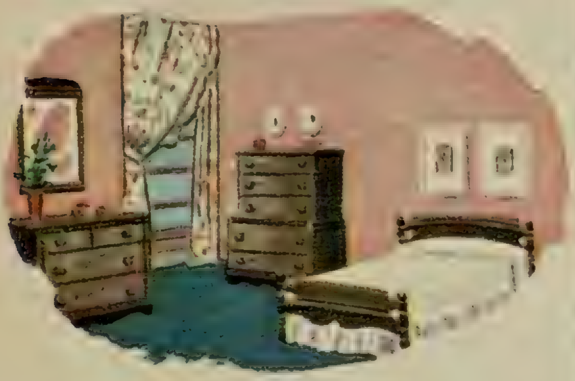
A green floor covering is suggested for this kitchen, with green and yellow designs in the white curtains. A high gloss paint or a quick-drying enamel is most often specified for a kitchen, because of the need for frequent wall washing to preserve the freshness of the color and to keep it free from grease, dirt, and grime.

BATHROOM



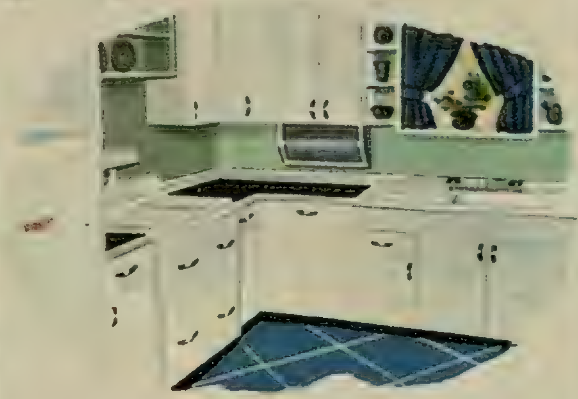
A deep blue for the floor is suggested for this room. If the floor is painted, as many bathroom floors are, a so-called "spatter" effect may be obtained by first putting on a basic over-all color, and then spattering two or three brighter colors at random. This is done by striking the color brush against a stick or paint paddle.

BEDROOM



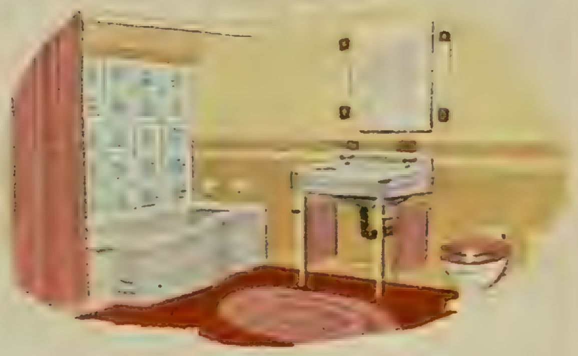
The color arrangements indicated in this sketch, and those pictured above and below, are based on the three basic needs for proper bedroom painting: simplicity, individuality, and repose. The white accent has been brought from the curtains to the bedspread, with the rose of the wall and the blue of the rug noted in the white curtain.

KITCHEN



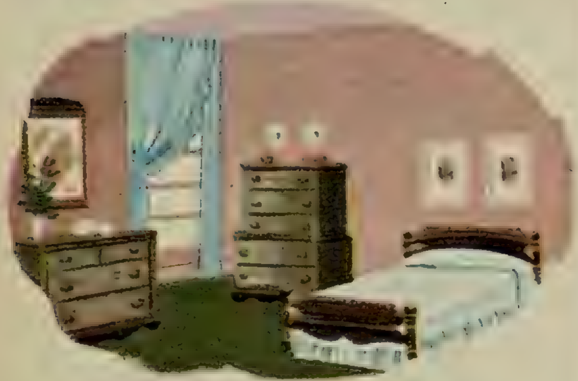
The colors indicated for the three kitchens are gay and bright, as they should be for this most lived-in room. Many housewives prefer an all-white kitchen, but striking effects can be had by using bright-colored gloss paints or enamels on the interiors of open cabinets, shelving edges, stools, etc. Spots of decals are also effective.

BATHROOM



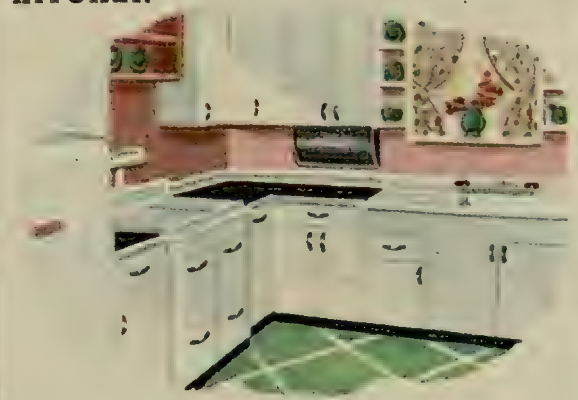
Note the beautiful effect the artist has obtained in his treatment of the floor and how it relates to his suggestions for shower curtains, window curtains, mat, and the bath towels. Here again, as in the case of kitchens, an all-white bathroom can be made more attractive by using bright-colored accessories and equipment.

BEDROOM



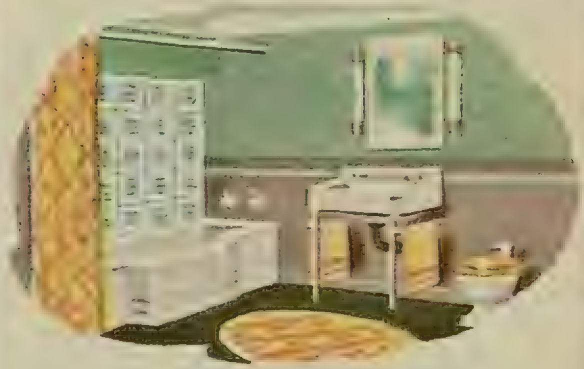
This plan was developed from the deep-green over-all carpet. The suggested curtains are a very pale turquoise, and the bedspread may be also a pale turquoise or white. Emphasis has been placed in these notes on fabric color because many home owners do a fine job in wall color schemes, and ruin them by bad drapery choice.

KITCHEN



Note in this sketch how the open shelves have been painted in two tones of the wall color, and how the use of contrasting colored plates, pitchers, etc., provides interesting effects. The color schemes suggested here are equally good for old kitchens which lack highly modern installations as shown in the illustration above.

BATHROOM



Windows and doors are not shown in these bathroom sketches, but the interior woodwork may be done either in the wall color or in white. Walls and ceilings may be painted to get a semi-gloss or gloss finish, while the woodwork may be done in an enamel. This includes bathroom chairs, stools, shelves, and dressing tables.

CAUTION Room lighting is a highly important factor in color. If you have fluorescent lights, test your colors under them carefully—or you'll be in for a great surprise.

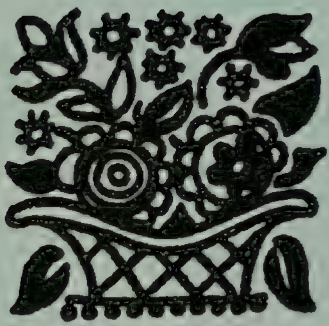
CAUTION Don't ever paint a kitchen—or any other room—without making certain that the walls are free from grease, dirt, etc. Preparation of surface is a MUST!

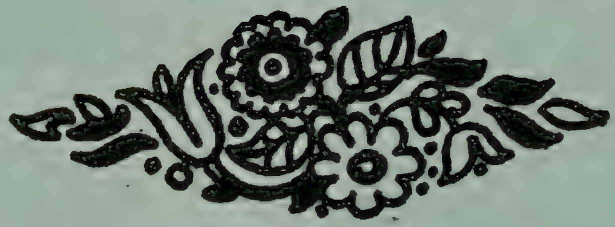
CAUTION In using modern paints, be sure to follow directions. They are not mechanical mixtures. They are tested chemical formulas. The labels mean what they say.

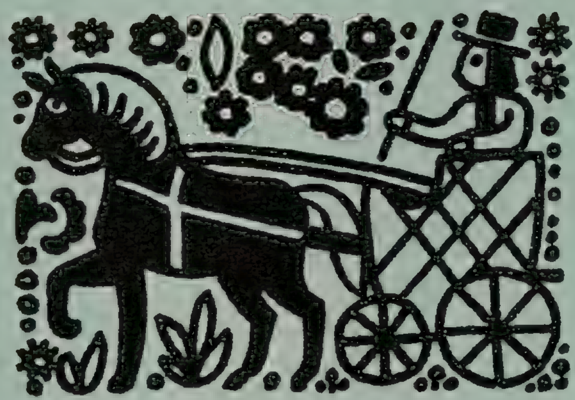
DECORATING for under ten dollars...

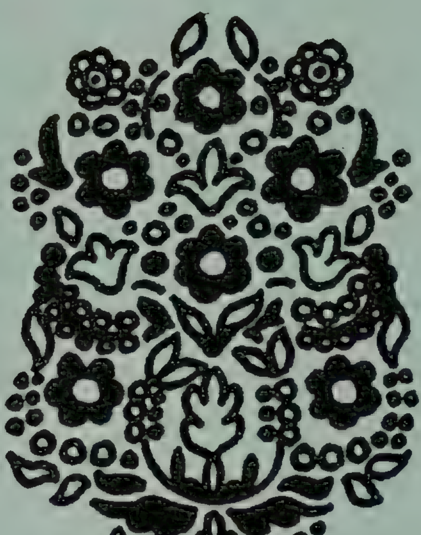
By L. L.-Christensen

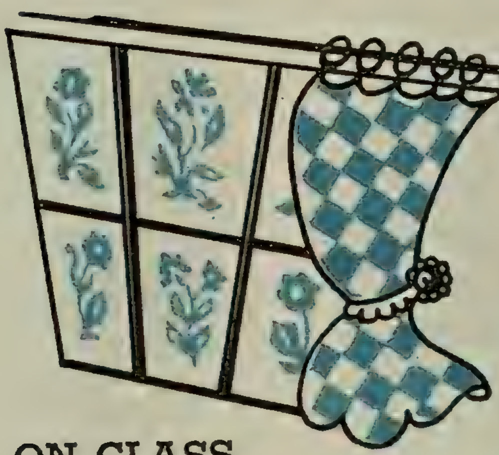
◆ Glass, glazed surfaces, and metal can be decorated by painting them with the new product created just for that purpose. Amateurs and professionals find it simple to use, for it air-dries quickly. Dishes and other pieces subject to frequent washings can have the designs "fixed" by just heating in a home oven at 300° for 15 minutes. Sets of DEK-ALL colors, with directions, cost two to three dollars at art and department stores. The four designs pictured at right are available to Liberty readers without charge.



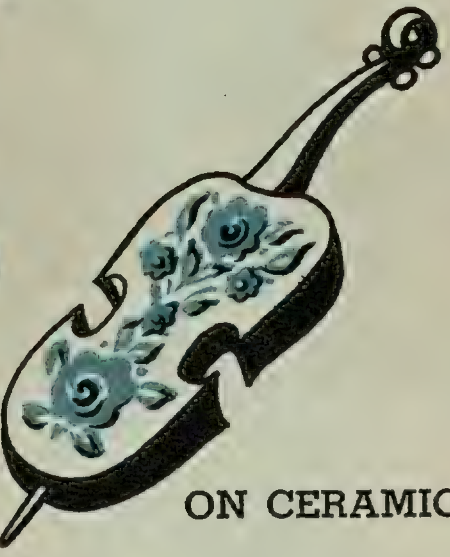




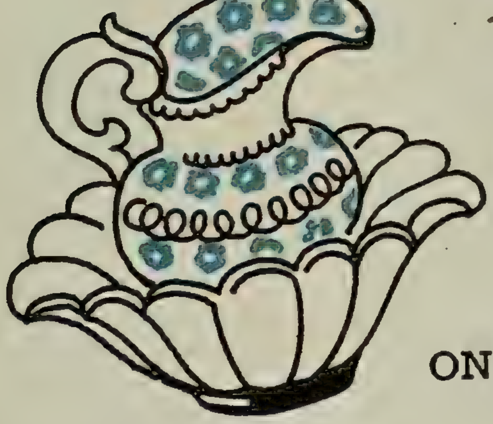




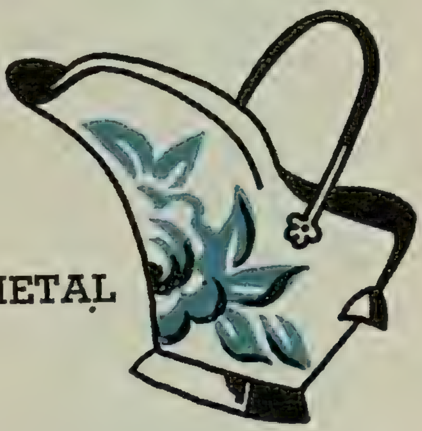
ON GLASS



ON CERAMICS



ON POTTERY



ON METAL

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stop the traffic in GIRLS!

Continued from page 11

Far East trade. These girls cater exclusively to wealthy but lonely white planters, traders, and merchant princes.

In the tourist season the cribs in Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco are well supplied with fresh young girls brought down from northern Europe. For the Middle East the girls are mostly Spanish and Italian. In Greece the demand is for Rumanians and Poles. Wealthy Egyptians have a preference for Belgian, Dutch, and French women who are hand-picked for their fair skins and blue eyes.

But the white-slave traffic is not confined to Europe and the Middle and Far East. It involves the Americas too. For example, the swank —— Theater in the downtown section of a South American capital has more than 100 prostitutes who nightly patrol its spacious balconies in search of customers. For the most part these girls are young, well dressed, and personable. They are permitted to ply their trade freely because the law expressly prohibits soliciting only on public streets. The management, in fact, openly bills them as "added attractions."

The girls travel in troupes complete with business managers and booking agents. Regular circuits have been established and the troupe "plays" a house or town for a limited "engagement," then moves on. Circulation is good for business, they tell you, for fresh talent always stimulates trade.

Much of this scandalous increase in white slavery today stems directly from the recent war, with its backwash of many thousands of stranded refugees and displaced persons who are easy victims for the traffickers in human misery.

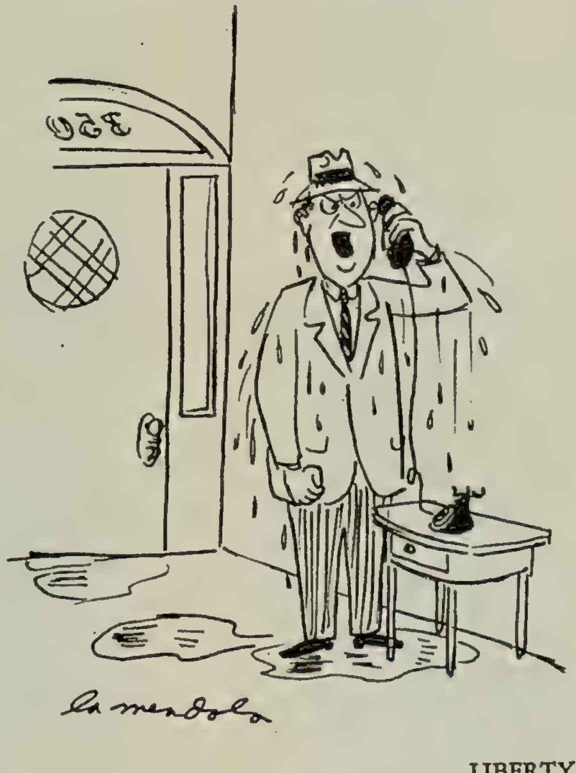
◆ Basically, the merchandising of sex, like any other business in which big profits can be realized, is governed by the law of supply and demand. And because the demand for prostitutes is both widespread and ever present, the trafficker deliberately sets out to supply it.

The trafficker is generally defined as one who lives entirely or in part on a prostitute's earnings. To protect himself from the law, as well as to facilitate his activities, the trafficker may conduct what appears to be a legitimate employment or matrimonial agency. Sometimes he will work as a hotel porter, a waiter, a bartender, a door-to-door salesman, or at any job which will bring him into contact with numbers of young women.

Specifically, the term trafficker is applied to four distinct categories. First, and most important, are the "principals" who are the syndicate directors and owners of the brothel networks. The "madams" manage individual houses of prostitution. The *"souteneurs"* secure the girls, control their movements, and take a percentage of their net earnings as personal agents. The "intermediaries" are primarily engaged in the transport of the girls from place to place.

In addition to these there is a variety of smaller fry who feed on the crumbs of the traffic. These include the corrupt officials who accept bribes or supply false documents, the experts who alter passports and forge birth or marriage certificates, the sailors who smuggle girls into foreign ports, and the pimps, bellhops, taxi drivers, and "lighthouses" who help bring the customer and prostitute together.

In most of the world's large cities there are certain centers of information where the traffickers congregate to exchange news of the trade in different countries. Here it may be learned that the tourist season in Spain and Portugal is especially good this year; the Mediterranean ports are full of merchant seamen with plenty of hard money to spend; a new printing company in Milan is now turning out first-class documents at moderate prices.



LIBERTY

"It's about the automatic top on the convertible you sold me."

It has been established that international white slavery exists largely because in many countries foreign women are in greater demand than natives. The very fact that they are foreign carries with it an inherent suggestion of novelty.

It is interesting to note in passing that the Oriental is far less cynical about prostitution than the Occidental. The traffic in Oriental women, which is considerable between Asiatic countries, is characterized by the fact that these girls are supplied solely to serve clients among their own expatriate countrymen. The traffic in white women, on the other hand, is strongly keynoted by its appeal to the novelty of possessing a woman of a foreign nationality.

◆ The transport of women from distant international points to supply the demand for foreign girls obviously involves considerable risk and expense. It follows, therefore, that the traffic must pay well if it is to exist at all. Coupled with this is the fact that once a foreign girl is taken to a distant country where she is ignorant of the laws and language and is cut off from her home and friends, the trafficker's power over her is proportionately increased. She is accordingly more susceptible to intimidation than local girls. The trafficker is quick to take advantage of her dependency, which he exploits to the fullest. And therein lies the root of the slavery which characterizes the international traffic in women, whether the girls be hardened prostitutes or frightened "greenies."

Most of these girls are allowed to keep only a small percentage of their earnings. The rest goes to pay off heavy debts incurred as a result of exorbitant charges for clothes, board, lodging, and "incidentals," which may cover just about anything. Soon a girl is so deeply involved that she has little hope of ever escaping her masters. A French girl gave the following account of the expenses she was forced to meet in a licensed house in Genoa:

"When I came here I was only going to stay a short time. Now I have been here three years and I have been trying ever since to get out of debt. In good days I can make about 150 lire. Of this I must pay 75 to the madam. Of my 75 lire I must give 25 for rent, five for the doctor, and five for the police tax. Then there's washing and other things, so that at the end of the day I scarcely have 25 lire left."

The trafficker is sometimes content to take a quick lump-sum profit on his investment. There is, for example, a considerable demand by wealthy Brazilians for pretty European and American girls to be their mistresses. "If a girl is young," a notorious madam boasts, "I can fix her up with a rich man. I know a number of rich men who are always in the market and I can place the right girl so that she will be fixed for life."

A large sum of money may be expected for such a transaction, which is shared by the *souteneur* and the madam who serves as local contact.

Occasionally, when a trafficker arrives in Rio with a particularly pretty girl, she will be dressed beautifully and taken almost immediately to a fashionable hotel bar where wealthy Latins usually gather after business hours. The word is discreetly passed that she is available for liaison. As soon as she attracts the fancy of some particular individual, he will retire to a back room with her *souteneur*, where terms for her services on a permanent or semi-permanent basis are arranged.

Even the stringent American immigration regulations, which normally would screen out girls being imported for clandestine brothels, are easily obviated by a simple expedient. The American member of an international syndicate will obtain fraudulent birth certificates which are sent abroad. With such documents it is easy to obtain an American passport for the girl, who is coached to swear that she was born in the United States but taken abroad by her now-deceased parents at an early age. With an American passport she and her accompanying *souteneur* (an American himself) need not be concerned with immigration restrictions, which apply only to non-Americans.

◆ It is indeed true that large numbers of women being transported from country to country today were already hardened prostitutes before they entered the international traffic. Such girls will listen to the smooth-talking trafficker who offers to advance the money and make the necessary arrangements for a journey abroad. The girl knows she will be expected to practice prostitution in the foreign country to pay back the loan, together with heavy interest.

What she doesn't know, however, is that once she commits herself to such an undertaking she is surrounded with complications designed to convince her that she cannot get along without the *souteneur's* guidance and protection. Presently he begins to demand increasing returns for his services which she, friendless in a strange land, cannot refuse. Soon she will be giving all she earns.

LIBERTY

"Just think of it as a new withholding tax."

While it may be difficult to prove that such a woman has been the victim of force or fraud and that, even so, she is largely responsible for her own misfortune, it does not mitigate the fact that a human being has been reduced to shameful slavery for the profit of a parasitical master.

Unmarried mothers are another important source of supply. The war, with its movement of large numbers of soldiers from nation to nation, left many thousands of these in its wake. It is a strange quirk of fate that it is often the maternal instinct itself which prompts such an unfortunate woman willingly to give herself to white slavery if thereby she is able to contribute to the support of her illegitimate child.

The prostitution of large numbers of White (non-Soviet) Russian girls in the Far East has been deplored as cheapening the whole white race in the eyes of Orientals. The parents of these girls were originally refugees from the Bolshevik Revolution who fled in great numbers into Manchuria. For a time they clung to their traditions and self-respect. But when the Japanese began to move into Manchuria, the White Russians sent their daughters southward by the thousands to escape the rapacious Japanese.

In the Treaty Ports of China the girls quickly found they could not compete with Chinese girls for legitimate jobs. They soon drifted into night clubs and dance halls as entertainers and taxi dancers. It was just a short easy step then to prostitution to supplement their meager earnings, a good share of which was usually sent back to help support the old folks in Manchuria. Today these unfortunate White Russians form the backbone of the traffic in white women in the Far East.

In the United States many young girls are obtained through bogus theatrical agencies and shipped abroad with promises of good jobs waiting for them in foreign ports. Only too late will these girls discover that they have been duped and are expected to prostitute themselves in a strange land.

That American girls are not exploited on a scale comparable to those of other nations is undoubtedly due to the fact that the victim can always find an American consul in a foreign port to whom she may appeal for help. Of course, should she be a member of a legitimate theatrical troupe, Equity will insist that her return passage is posted before she leaves the United States.

◆ The fact that many young girls are eager to become professional actresses and entertainers makes them easy prey for procurers who pose as booking agents or use the theaters, music halls, and cabarets as fronts for white slavery.

Throughout Europe, North Africa, and Latin America there is a great demand for troupes of young women *artistes* (a collective term for actresses, singers, variety artists, and general entertainers). These troupes travel from town to town playing mostly one-night stands.

Many of them are bona-fide companies under proper management and supervision. But if by design or circumstance, one of these troupes should go broke while on tour, the consequences are disastrous for the stranded girls. Not infrequently they must resort to prostitution to earn funds to pay their way back. Once this first step is taken, the road to professional prostitution is wide open.

There is a case on record of a light-opera troupe which went bankrupt in Buenos Aires. Of four girls in the troupe one was infected with venereal disease and committed suicide, another attempted suicide owing to her straitened circumstances, the third disappeared, and the fourth became the mistress of a local man.

A notorious theatrical manager in North Africa sometimes deliberately strands a troupe while on tour. He will then advise his girls to contact a confederate and to prostitute for a livelihood.

A madam in Cuba admits frankly that she no longer troubles to import girls for her house. "You see," she says, "there are opera companies and variety shows that come through here in all seasons of the year. The girls go broke and come in to me and beg for a place."

There are indeed many of these troupes which make no effort to hide the fact that they are little more than traveling brothels.

A source of supply which produces perhaps the most tragic victims to the white slavers is known in the underworld as the "greenie" or "inexperienced" girl. These girls, for the most part, come from poor families. With few prospects for earning their keep at home, they are eager to grasp almost any opportunity to leave their surroundings.

Unscrupulous *souteneurs* from Barcelona make frequent trips into the French countryside, where they represent themselves as wealthy Spanish merchants. A pretty farm girl is selected, showered with attentions and luxuries. When her confidence is secured—often that of her unsuspecting parents as well—she is persuaded to visit the man's "ancestral estate" in Barcelona. Once arrived, the bewildered girl is induced to lead a life of prostitution and prepared for shipment overseas.

◆ The trafficker doesn't hesitate to marry his innocent victim, if need be, to further his plans. A legal marriage may often prove to be of considerable advantage to the trafficker who intends to keep the girl working in his interest alone. As his legal wife, it will not only be easy for him to obtain an authentic passport for her, but he will be able to take her in and out of foreign countries with few awkward questions asked.

Moreover, in most countries the legal protective measures do not specifically apply to married women. It is only when such marriages are found to involve bigamy that the law is able to step in.

The United Nations' authorities are convinced that one of the main causes of white slavery today is the continued existence of licensed or tolerated prostitution in certain countries. The licensed brothel undoubtedly provides an incentive to traffic in women, both national and international. And the principal factor in the promotion of this traffic is the brothel or chain of brothels where these women are sent.

Without question, then, the most effective remedy against this international social evil is the abolition of licensed or recognized brothels in countries where these are tolerated, and the resultant break-up of international networks controlled by the syndicates in sex. ◆ ◆

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

The hit of the Easter Parade... Flowers-by-Wire!

Lovely ladies are enchanted with Flowers by Wire, the *gift preferred* for the Easter Parade! And they're *inexpensive*, prices range from $5.00 up (plus telegraph charges).

EASTERTIME is truly flower time!

New outfits are made stunning with beautiful *corsages* . . . homes become more gay and vibrant with lovely *plants* and *bouquets*. Flowers do make Easter such a Happy Time!

Hat—Sally Victor
Suit—Paul Parnes

EASTER FLOWERS are choice and dewy fresh!

Yes, beautifully packaged flowers can be delivered *anywhere* within a few hours. Order from your own F. T. D. florist or choose one from the telephone directory yellow pages. They all display the Winged Mercury emblem on their windows. That means satisfaction is guaranteed!

In *Any* Event... Send Flowers Worldwide via Interflora

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 149 Michigan Avenue, Detroit 26, Mich.

insurance against crowded surroundings.

Zoning regulations in most communities now include minimum lot size requirements for newly developed land. In the Boston metropolitan area 24 towns have established such minimums since 1940. They range from 4,000 square feet at Hull and Lynn, to 6,000 square feet in Boston, and 20,000 square feet at Weston and Concord.

The city clerk may be able to tell you whether there are any easements against your property. Easements are special privileges which have been granted in previous conveyancing to communities or individuals for such things as power lines, mains, or rights of way.

In Port Huron, Michigan, not long ago, a man made a down payment on a home site. Before closing the deal the real-estate broker suggested a title search. It was good advice. The search showed the city had an easement for a sewer line through the middle of the lot, right where the proposed house was to have been built. Yet the current owner never knew the easement existed. Port Huron officials refused to release their rights and the sale was called off.

It is well to inquire about city, county, or state plans for new roads, widened streets, or enlarged parks in your prospective neighborhood. Municipalities and states have condemnation rights to part or all of your property if judged necessary for the public good. The governing body of a community also has the right to tax property and to assess it for schools, paving, and such municipal services as sewage disposal, police and fire protection.

◆ The municipal tax collector can tell you what the tax rate is on your proposed property; whether there are any back taxes or assessments against it, or whether new levies are likely. Low taxes, remember, mean better resale possibilities. It also makes you a better mortgage risk if you plan to get a building loan. If so, make sure the local bank makes mortgage loans in that neighborhood. Find out, too, if the Federal Housing Administration guarantees loans in the neighborhood. If the FHA does not, something is wrong and you had better look for another lot.

Topography and soil conditions are basic considerations in any land purchase. Steep contours, for example, can play havoc with construction and landscaping plans. Yet hillside lots mean cool breezes, better vistas, well-drained land. Low-lying level lots often offer poor natural drainage and you're likely to have water in the cellar and stagnant pools in the back yard. Excessive surface water can ruin your lawn or garden. Rocky ground means expensive excavation costs. Filled ground can provide headaches, too. Houses built on such land can be seriously undermined when the ground begins to settle.

Here are other things to look for: Are there city dumps, stables, or resin factories near by? How about factory soot that can ruin the wash on the line, or more serious industrial fumes such as caused the recent tragedy in Donora, Pennsylvania? Near-by factories, highways, airports, and railroad tracks can be noisy enough to ruin a good night's sleep, too.

The size of your lot should be governed by your needs and your pocketbook. But for privacy plus an ample driveway you need a frontage of at least 50 feet. A 100-foot depth is the minimum if you are planning a lawn, garden, or outdoor grill. Corner lots give you a better view and more sunshine, but they also mean increased assessments for sidewalks and more snow-shoveling in winter. Shape, as well as size, of the lot is important. It's wise to ask an architect.

◆ Most realty men say the cost of building sites should run about 10 to 15 per cent of the total amount you plan to spend for your home; never more than 20 per cent.

Because of current high construction costs, 10 per cent is the prevailing rate, but it will probably go up to 12 or 15 per cent when building costs level off. Those prices are based on improved sites with all utility connections. For unimproved or only partially developed lots, the rate should be kept within 5 to 7 per cent of your total home-building estimates.

Bargain lots are sometimes obtainable at community tax sales. Springfield, Massachusetts, for instance, has more than 500 tax-forfeited building lots for sale at prices ranging from $100 to $2,500. But one precaution: If you buy at a tax sale, make sure to get a quitclaim deed or an abstract of the title from the former owner. Otherwise you may pay more for litigation than you paid for the lot.

Legal loopholes are the real pitfalls of lot buying. Make sure you can get a marketable title to the land before you buy. Don't take the word of the owner or the real-estate agent that it is clear, unless they can give you an abstract of title vouched for by a reputable lawyer. If they are unable to do so, see your own lawyer. Let him decide if a title search, paid for by you, is necessary. Usual cost for a title search is about $25.

Have a survey made to establish just what area your land includes. It will cost $15 to $25, but it may save you future bickering with your neighbor over a driveway or a hedge he thinks encroaches on his land. Have it done by a licensed surveyor and insist on permanent iron corner stakes. Then make sure it is recorded by either city or county officials.

◆ Instruct your lawyer to get you a warranty deed, if possible. It guarantees that the grantor and his heirs have full rights to the property. It does not protect you from surveying errors or misstated deed descriptions. That's why you need a survey and a title search.

There are several other types of deeds—special warranty, quit claim, sheriff's, tax, guardian's, administrator's, and deed of trust. Get your lawyer to explain them to you. He will advise you, too, on how to have the deed drawn—whether to both husband and wife, or to just one party. The best method is to have it read, "John H. and/or Helen Jones" rather than "John H. and Helen Jones." The former, in the event of either's death, vests title to the survivor. Some states do not permit the phrase "and/or." The alternative then is "John H. and Helen Jones, or survivor."

Once that has been decided, you're ready to sign on the dotted line. All that remains is to have the deed and the surveyor's certified plat, or property description, sent to the county recorder's office. Then you are the official owner.

One final word before you buy that lot: Remember that we are heading into a buyers' market. Inflated real-estate values are gradually leveling off.

In Springfield, Massachusetts, a "For Sale" ad in local newspapers listed an eight-room home in the city's better residential district. Prewar value of the house was $6,000, but early in 1948 it was listed at $12,000. The advertisement offered it for $10,000. The broker got one letter of inquiry instead of the avalanche that greeted such ads in early postwar years.

From now on, the buyer, not the seller, will be the boss. So don't *buy* any lot. Make them *sell* it to you—with all the improvements and advantages you feel your home site should have. ◆◆

Liberty pastime

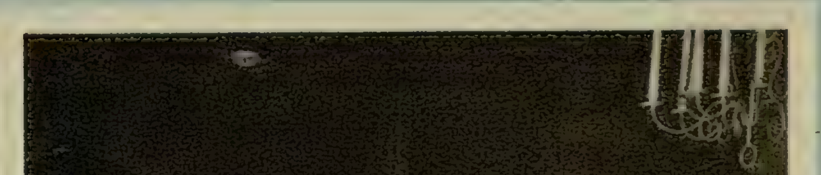
FUN IN THE PARLOR

On these pages are some easy-to-play games that will slay your friends and make your party a howling success

BEFORE "DEATH" STRUCK. This was a party for the cast of the radio show Big Town (Tuesdays at 10 P.M., NBC) at Spivy's Roof, a popular New York night club. Spivy (at the piano) had guests draw slips for the game of murder, to get a sleuth, an aide and a murderer.

THE "CORPSE" IS FOUND (see inset). In Parlor Murder the lights are flicked off for a moment and the slayer "taps" a victim. Now the detective, Edwin Pawley, co-star with Fran Carlon of Big Town, a Lever Brothers show, examines a lipstick-smeared cigarette as a clue.

THE PARTY'S SHERLOCK, convinced that the lipstick-stained cigarette points to a woman as the slayer, asks each girl: "Where were you when the lights went out?" (If the detective should be tapped as the victim when the lights are off, his assistant would then take over.)



"I ACCUSE YOU!" the detective yells at Peggy Stanley, a member of the Big Town cast. Then, with Jerry McGill, writer-director of the show, as jury foreman, the big trial begins. And anything goes. In this case, Marilyn King (seated) is a grinning "corpse" at the trial.

FUN IN THE PARLOR

By Albert O. Ostrow

Continued

◆ It is no problem to keep a group amused if you know a variety of parlor games and stunts. Try these for laughs.

HOW TO PLAY MURDER

To play Murder you distribute folded slips. Three of these are marked "Detective," "Assistant," "Murderer"; the others are blank. Lights are turned off and the murderer simply lays hands on someone, whereupon the victim cries out, "Murder!" and remains where he is as the lights go on. The detective has players take their original positions, and quizzes them. Everyone but the murderer must give truthful answers. Finally the Sherlock names a suspect who may choose an attorney. The group picks a judge and prosecutor, and sits as a jury.

HOW TO PLAY CHARADES

Get up two teams—A and B. Each member of each team writes a slogan, title, etc., on a slip of paper and folds it. The number one man of Team A picks any folded slip from the Bs' pile, shows its contents to the B players, and then acts out clues for his own team. He may not use props or words to get the idea across, but may answer his teammates by nodding or shaking his head. Turns alternate until everyone on both sides has had a chance. Scoring is done on the basis of the most correct answers or by setting a time limit.

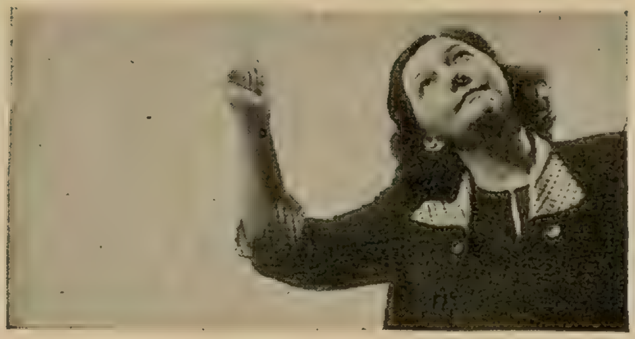
PING-PONG RACE

Two pairs compete and a ping-pong ball is placed between the foreheads of each twosome and they try to keep it in place by pressing against it—no hands allowed. At a signal the twosomes move toward a finish line, trying not to drop the ball. First team to cross the line without dropping the ball is the winner. Another pair of couples take over for the next race.

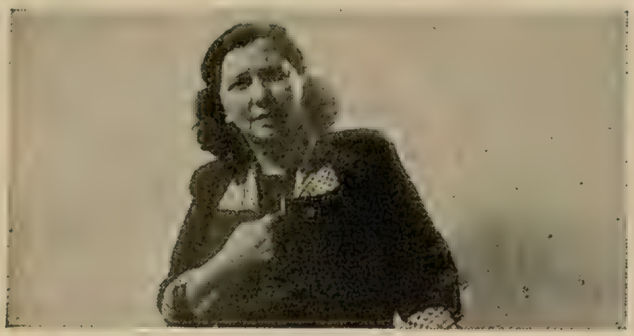
Photos by Ike Vern

CHARADER PATSY KELLY of the movies, now starring with Fred Keating at Spivy's, shows you by gestures and mugging how to work out Slip Charades. Here she prepares to act out A Diller, a Dollar, a Ten-o'clock Scholar.

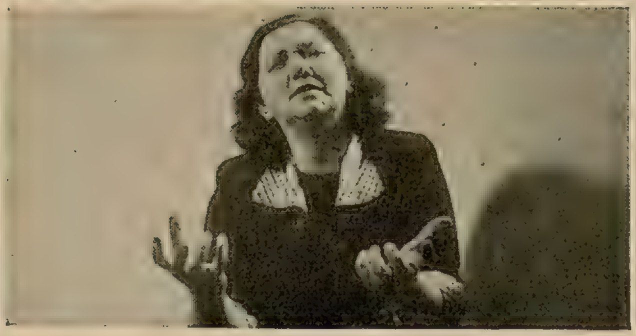
STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE



EVERYBODY WANTED TO SEE Patsy Kelly mug her way through A Streetcar Named Desire. She did "streetcar" by aping a straphanger.



"NAMED" WAS TOUGHEST, though by that time most of the guests knew the complete title. Patsy kept pointing to herself to get "named."



"DESIRE," as pantomimed by Patsy, brought down the house. Not all charades players are this expressive, but practice makes experts.

A DILLER, A DOLLAR . . .

Patsy acted out "diller" by making like a killer-diller or terrific person.

"Dollar" was too easy. Patsy just acted like a miser thumbing bills.

No props for charades. "Ten o'clock" had to be done without a watch.

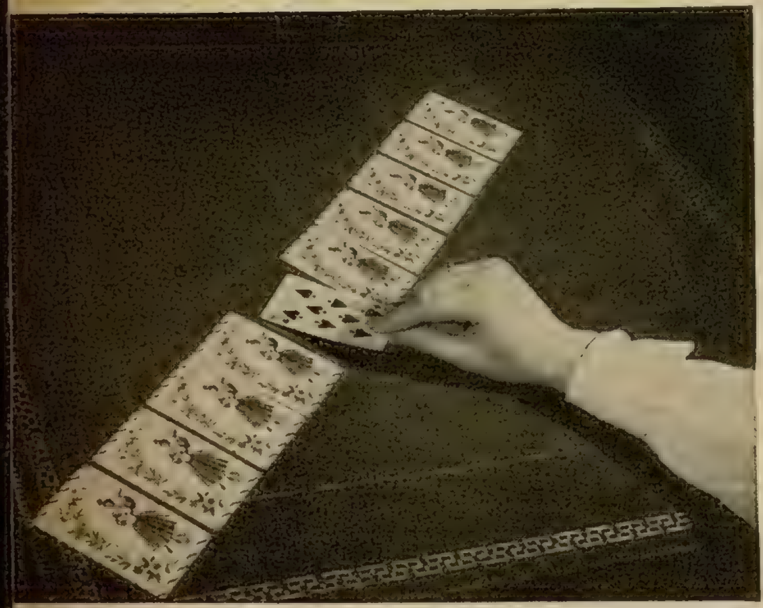
Patsy's team quickly got "scholar" as she put on a learned look.

card tricks

With a grade-school education, a deck of cards, and this article, you can become the local Cardini

By STEVEN CASEY WILLIAMS

NUMBER JUMBLE



DOWN BROADWAY

CLUB SANDWICH

◆ When those evenings at home with the family run low on pleasant pastimes; when Junior begins wailing that there's nothing to do between dinner and bedtime; when your guests start squirming uneasily—do not despair. There's a happy way out. Just dig that dog-eared deck of cards out of the sideboard and get set to enjoy one of our oldest and most entertaining indoor sports: the card trick.

No repertoire of card tricks? We sort of anticipated that, so we culled from a collection of the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers an assortment that struck us as being loaded with suspense and chuckles.

The tricks described in the following paragraphs are based on simple arithmetic. They require no sleight of hand, no special skills, and they can be mastered quickly.

And—*everybody* can get into the act!

NUMBER JUMBLE: If you achieved 20 per cent in arithmetic and a little better at spelling in school, this trick, a favorite of convalescing soldiers during World War II, will give you no difficulty.

Remove a complete run of one suit—ace to king—from the deck. Arrange them face up as follows: 3-spot on bottom, 8, 7, ace, queen, 6, 4, 2, jack, king, 10, 9, 5. When cards are arranged, hold them in your left hand, face down. Then spell ace—A-C-E—and as you say each letter, slip one card from the top to the bottom of the pile. When you have spelled ace, turn up the fourth card and leave it on the table. It will be the ace. Then spell T-W-O. The card after "O" will be the 2-spot. Spell through the 13 cards in order, and when you're finished, the run will be in correct sequence from ace to king.

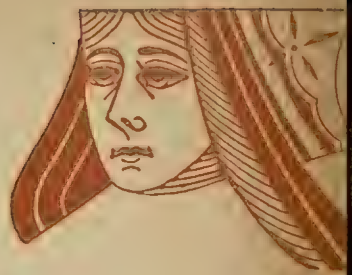
DOWN BROADWAY: Remove ten cards of one suit—ace to 10-spot—from the deck and arrange them in a single line, face down, in sequence, ace at the left. Invite your victim to shift any number of the cards from the left of the row to the right side, without otherwise disturbing the sequence. Your job is to guess the number of cards moved.

You can leave the room or render yourself unconscious while the cards are being shifted. When your victim announces completion of his assignment, turn over the card at the extreme right. The number of that card is the answer—if three cards were moved, the card you turn up will be the 3-spot, etc.

This does not necessarily end the trick. It can go on for hours. Have your victim transfer more cards. Now, beginning with the *next to the last* card at the right, count leftward until you reach the number of the previous move—and again you have the correct answer. Remember the total of both moves and on the next try count back from next to the last card at the right until you've reached the total, and —presto!—you've done it again. (If the total exceeds ten, subtract ten and the difference is the number you count back to.) And if you forget the total, move on gracefully to the next trick.

CLUB SANDWICH: This one should give your victims something to chew on.

Remove all four 7-spots from the deck, leaving a 48-card deck. Place six of the remaining clubs on top of the stack and the other six at the bottom. (Don't breathe a word of this to anyone.) Deal out six stacks, proceeding clockwise and dealing one card at a time. When this is finished, each pile will have eight



anybody can do

cards. And each will have one club at the bottom and one on top! Have your victim take one card from the middle of any stack, memorize it and place it on top of the same stack.

Then place the six stacks together, one atop another. (This will leave the card your victim selected between two clubs. All the other clubs will be in pairs.) Have your victim take the deck and turn up cards one at a time, calling each as he goes along. (You have blindfolded yourself and advised one and all that you will name the card he selected.) You will have no difficulty in identifying *the* card—it will be the only one that will come between two clubs.

FRYING PAN: For this mental maneuver we call upon our architectural talents—we build a frying pan with cards.

Form a ring of cards—any number of them—for the head of the pan. Attach the handle by laying out a row of cards away from the head. Give your victim these instructions: Pick a number (higher than the number of cards in the handle of the pan) and count the cards, beginning at the end of the handle, up to the rim of the head and then round to the right until he reaches his number.

From that point the victim goes into reverse, starting with the card he ended at and counting leftward around the rim of the pan's head—this time ignoring the handle. Your job is to name the card at which he finally stops. You won't have any trouble doing that—merely pick *any* number and follow the same procedure. You've *got* to end at the same card. (No matter what number is chosen, the same card will mark the end of the line!)

For repeats, simply add a few cards here and there in the handle and along the rim.

DEAD DUCK: This one is more of a game, and if you know how to play it, you can't lose. It's played with 15 cards arranged in three rows of five each. It is played by two persons.

Each player in turn removes one, two, or three cards from the table. The player left with the last card loses—he is the Dead Duck.

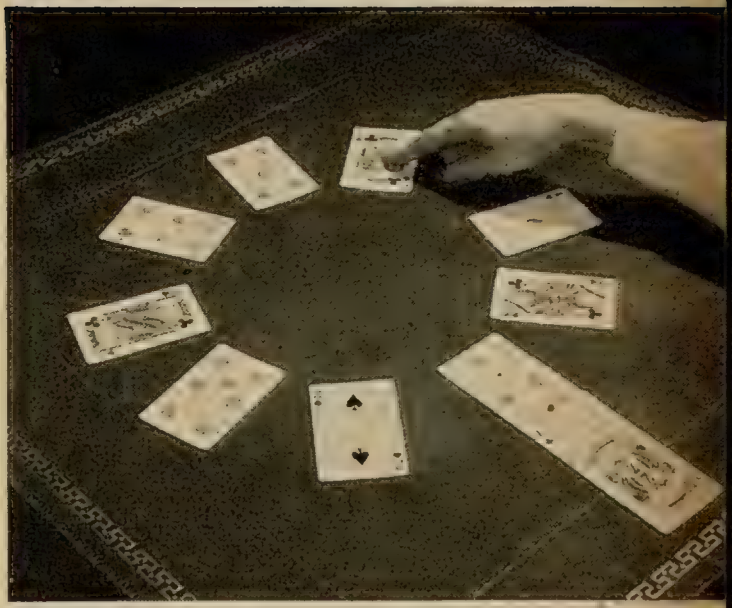
Here's how to win: Always leave your opponent with an odd number of cards to pick from. If you remove the tenth card, leaving him with five, for example, you can't miss. With five cards before him your opponent *must* leave at least two for you. Pick up one of those and—victory! (If he is left with six, you're in trouble—he might pick one and leave you with the fatal five.) The best early move is to pick up the sixth card, leaving your competitor nine. From this point it is a fairly simple matter to whittle him down to five.

Before starting, it is wise to set a time limit. Say eight days. So fascinating is this game that people are known to have played it all through the night.

THREE DEEP: This trick will hardly send Professor Einstein scurrying to his charts, but you'll find it fun to perpetrate.

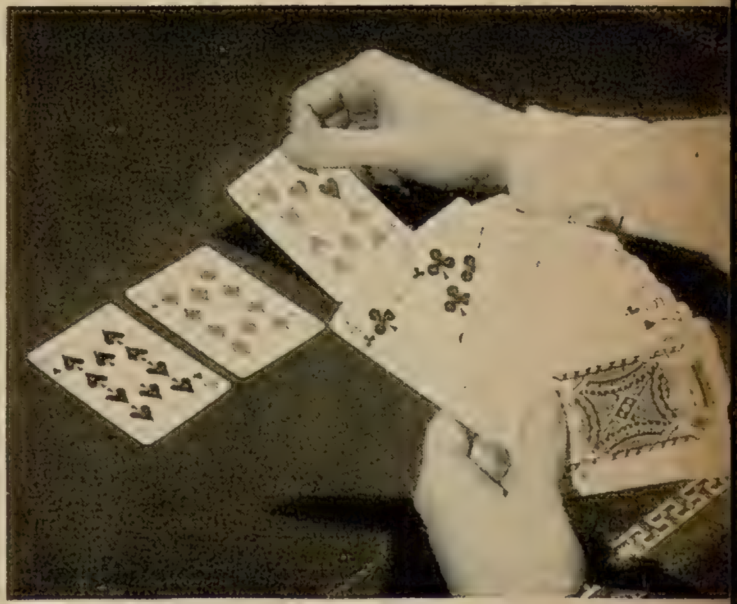
Fan through the deck casually, but note the third card from the top. Let us assume that it is an ace. Leave it right where it is, but run through the deck and remove the remaining three aces and show them to your audience. Then place them, face down, alongside the deck, also face down. (At this point you might breathe on your fingernails and rub them along your lapel for effect.) Remove the top card from the deck and place it face down to one side. Take one of the three aces and place it on top of that card. Then add another card from the deck and another ace. Then one more card and the last of the three aces. Place the six-card pile on top of the deck and turn up the top three cards.

Your audience—and you—will be surprised to see three aces! (It would seem that the aces had been "sandwiched" between the three cards from the top of the deck. ◆ ◆



FRYING PAN

DEAD DUCK



THREE DEEP

what do you know?

By JEROME S. MEYER

WE'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER

◆ In the following you are to rearrange the three items in their correct order: the longest or highest or heaviest, etc., first. The answer to No. 1, for example, is (c) (a) (b), since (c) is the longest, (a) the next to longest, and (b) the shortest. What are the others?

1. Arrange according to length in the same circle:
   (a) Diameter; (b) radius; (c) circumference.
2. Arrange in the order of height:
   (a) Mount Whitney; (b) Mount Washington; (c) Mount McKinley.
3. Arrange in order of weight:
   (a) A liter of water; (b) a gallon of water; (c) a five-pound weight.
4. Arrange in the order of speed:
   (a) A bullet; (b) fastest rocket ship; (c) speed of sound.
5. Arrange in order of areas:
   (a) California; (b) Montana; (c) Arizona.
6. Arrange in order of hardness:
   (a) Diamond; (b) granite; (c) steel.

MR. McTARVISH

◆ Mr. McTarvish told an officer of a bank in a strange city that he was caught without cash and had to get back to New York. He wanted a loan of $25 to see him through, and when asked for security he produced a $5,000 savings bond. The officer loaned McTarvish the $25, taking out interest at 4 per cent, gave him a receipt for the bond, and that was that. A year later McTarvish appeared with $25 and got his $5,000 bond back. The question is: What did McTarvish gain from all this?

INAUGURATIONS OF THE PAST

◆ All Presidents from Taft to Truman are listed in their correct order in the left column. The middle column contains the Vice-Presidents (not in order), and the right column contains the defeated candidates of the other major party. Match these Presidents with their correct running mates and the candidates they defeated. Par for this is 6 correct.

1. Taft	(a) Garner	1. Davis
2. Wilson	(b) Curtis	2. Willkie
3. Wilson	(c) Barkley	3. Hughes
4. Harding	(d) Sherman	4. Bryan
5. Coolidge	(e) Truman	5. Dewey
6. Hoover	(f) Marshall	6. Taft
7. Roosevelt	(g) Garner	7. Cox
8. Roosevelt	(h) Coolidge	8. Hoover
9. Roosevelt	(i) Dawes	9. Dewey
10. Roosevelt	(j) Marshall	10. Landon
11. Truman	(k) Wallace	11. Smith

LETTERBOX PUZZLE

◆ Fill in the dashes and pay no attention to the red boxes—they are to be filled in later on. The dashes, of course, are letters which spell out seven words of six letters each, which are defined below. After you have filled in the seven words according to the definitions, go back and fill in the boxes. The letter you put in each box must change the six-letter word which you now have to a new and different seven-letter word. If you do this correctly, the letters in the boxes, reading from upper left to lower right, will spell the name of a great American.

1. ☐ __ __ __ __ __ __
2. __ ☐ __ __ __ __ __
3. __ __ ☐ __ __ __ __
4. __ __ __ ☐ __ __ __
5. __ __ __ __ ☐ __ __
6. __ __ __ __ __ ☐ __
7. __ __ __ __ __ __ ☐

DEFINITIONS
(six-letter words only)

1. Merited by labor or service
2. Joined metals by extreme heat.
3. They make bread.
4. People who yearn or pine.
5. Halls where art works are displayed.
6. Pushes.
7. Distasteful.

DUO-WORD TEST

◆ The dashes represent six-letter words composed of two three-letter words. The two three-letter words are defined below and it is for you to put them together to make the six-letter word.

Compare your answers with the answers on page 82. If you get more than 7 out of the 14 here, you are very superior. No. 1 has been done for you.

1. Meat of pig + allow HAMLET
2. A dog + not many – – – – – –
3. A vehicle + decay – – – – – –
4. A chum + highest card in pack – – – – – –
5. Army bed + heavy weight – – – – – –
6. To place + to free – – – – – –
7. To strike + feminine pronoun – – – – – –
8. Part of fish + a kind of beer – – – – – –
9. Amusement + man's name – – – – – –
10. To deface + alcoholic drink – – – – – –
11. Water barrier + writing instrument – – – – – –
12. A sailor + allow – – – – – –
13. Part of a dog + man's name – – – – – –
14. Large body of water + male child – – – – – –

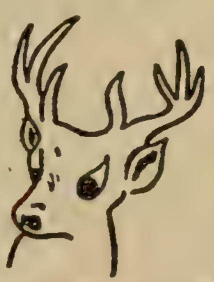
Reedus Thereebus

What does the following say:

He's

E

to reveal his



THAT CHERRY TREE AGAIN

◆ A and B are neighbors and a fence separates A's property from B's. On B's side of the fence grows a big cherry tree with delicious ripe cherries on it. Now, it happens that most of the branches of this tree are spread out over A's property and consequently A claims that he has a right to the cherries. He points out that, according to law, property extends upward and downward indefinitely and therefore these branches and the cherries on them are part of his property. B says they are no such thing since they are part of his tree planted on his property. Who is right?

DON'T BE FOOLED

◆ These word pairs are apt to confuse you because they are somewhat alike. Par for this is 6. If you get more than 8 you are exceptional.

1. Which word means a place where birds are kept:
   Aviary or Apiary?
2. Which of these two overeats:
   A Gourmet or a Gourmand?
3. Who is the one who hates women:
   A Misogamist or a Misogynist?
4. One of these is a priest in Tibet:
   Llama or Lama?
5. Which is the unit of weight for precious stones:
   Carat or Caret?
6. Which means to blame or find fault:
   Censure or Censer?
7. Which do you give a druggist:
   A Prescription or a Perscription?
8. Which hangs down from the roof of a cave:
   A Stalagmite or a Stalactite?
9. Which is an attorney:
   A Council or a Counsel?

SHAKESPEARE, WATCH OUT

◆ "My words are quoted more than those of any writer, poet, or statesman who ever lived," said Mr. X; "yet, in spite of this, not one person in a thousand knows my name." Who is X?

(Answers will be found on page 82)

Liberty PICKS THE PICTURES APPROVED FOR ALL THE FAMILY

By Elizabeth Wilson

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE (Paramount) finds Bing Crosby garbed in burgundy satin tights and having a high time at King Arthur's court in merry old England, *circa* 528 A.D. Mark Twain's famous story of Hank Martin, a Connecticut blacksmith who gets conked on the head and wakes up in Camelot, has been filmed three times. In this biggest and best Technicolor version Bing becomes friendly with clumsy Sir Sagramore (William Bendix), falls in love with Lady Alisande (Rhonda Fleming), and is forced to joust with his rival, Sir Lancelot (Henry Wilcoxon). He also outwits a pair of villains, Merlin (Murvyn Vye) and Morgan Le Fay (Virginia Field). Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a treat in a comedy role as sniffing King Arthur.

Bendix, Hardwicke, and Crosby make a tour of Camelot to show King Arthur how his subjects really live, but they walk right into a trap.

THE GREEN PROMISE (RKO) is the first production of Glenn McCarthy, one of the fabulous Texas millionaires who seem to be doing to Hollywood what Grant did to Richmond. McCarthy got interested in the achievements of 4-H Club boys and girls and formed his own production company to make this film about farm youngsters. The story revolves around a father and his four motherless children on a Midwest farm. Walter Brennan plays the father. Robert Paige is the young farm official who helps youngest daughter (Natalie Wood) become a 4-H Club member and causes eldest daughter (Marguerite Chapman) to defy her father and fall in love. Making her film debut is Joanne La Duke, ten, chosen by the 4-H Clubs for the role.

Competent Walter Brennan plays a dirt farmer. His children are Ted Donaldson, Marguerite Chapman, Natalie Wood, and Connie Marshall.

WAKE OF THE RED WITCH (Republic), packed as it is with adventure, romance, and drama, seems sure to be one of the most popular films of the year. Based on Garland Roark's boisterous novel of the South Seas, it is a gripping account of the deadly rivalry between two men. John Wayne, playing an impetuous sea captain, and Luther Adler, a ruthless shipping tycoon, are rivals for South Sea treasure and for the love of Gail Russell, the daughter of the French colonial governor. The film begins with Wayne scuttling the square-rigger, the Red Witch, to get even with Adler, who owns the ship. In the cargo is five million in gold. The picture ends brilliantly with Wayne diving for the gold bars that went down with the Red Witch.

John Wayne as the hard-hitting captain of the Red Witch. In the end he wins the hand of Gail Russell and a king's ransom in gold.

the rudiments of kitchenware he had gathered about him for the evening meal. He was a short man, round in the stomach and heavy in the jowls. He rose from his chair.

"Young gentleman," he said with a nod, "will you sit down for a moment? Perhaps some coffee?"

"None for me, thanks," I said. "Go ahead and finish. I'll wait."

He poured his coffee and sipped it, making a loud noise through his teeth. He swallowed and looked up at me, birdlike. He had a permanent grin. "You wish to attend my classes, is that so?"

"Not exactly. I'm just looking for a friend of mine."

◆ I showed him a picture of Gwen, a small snapshot I always carried in my wallet. It was a close-up, well taken. She looked out at you in a typical pose. Her features were sharp and clear. Her tentative smile identified her. Beyond the eyes you felt the coldness, the incalculable weight of her appraisal.

Romani concentrated on the picture. His grin dropped away.

"How about this girl? Do you know where I can reach her?"

"Reach her?" His little eyes examined my tie. "If, as you say, you know this lady, why do you come to me for information?"

I said, "Look, Mr. Romani. I'm her boy friend, do you see? Gwen's left home and I'm trying to locate her. You can help me find her."

"Ho-ha!" he laughed suddenly, enjoying the development of my plot.

"It isn't funny, Mr. Romani. I'm in love with her."

"Of course, of course. Romani understands. I recollect your girl friend." He threw out his hands and grimaced at the ceiling. "Ah, the women, the women, the women! And your girl, she told you, I suppose, that she studied with me?"

"Since November."

He nodded violently. "That is correct, but it is only the date that is true, my friend." He got up and went to a battered desk. He riffled through a large red ledger. His finger came down finally. "November is the time, as she told you. But after November 16 this Gwen of yours does not come to me any more. Let me think, my friend. There was a queerness about the way she left. And after her, Consuelo. Yes, that was it." He riffled the pages of his ledger, rapidly now, his head bent forward, a small turtle after a fly. "Consuelo Frugi with the yellow hair. It was Consuelo who had the fight with your girl."

"Why did they fight?"

Romani rubbed his brow and made thoughtful faces. "Why do women fight? And such a fight it was, my friend. I was obliged to slap them, both of them.

"It was in the ladies' locker room, during classtime, when I heard them. They were two cats, those two, but I must say your girl got the best of the bargain. For it was she who damaged Consuelo—a long red scratch, bloody and evil, along the Frugi girl's cheek."

"Have you got the address of the Frugi girl?"

"I would not bother with her, if I were you."

"I've got to bother."

"She is married. I have seen her husband. This is a type of man it does not pay to bother with."

"I'd like to meet him," I said. "Where does he live?"

"Frugi? You have only to ask for him on Blake Street, my friend. I can assure you he is well known there."

"What does he do?"

Romani put a hand on my arm with a certain amount of friendliness.

"Listen, my friend," he said. "I have seen Jake Frugi once or twice, when he came here for his wife, after the classes. I tell you he is an evil man, who will stop at nothing to defend what he has stolen. And if he has stolen your girl, you must appeal to her, not Frugi, for his ways are not decent and he is likely to do you great harm. Do you understand?"

"What is he, a gangster?"

"Worse," said Romani with a great show of seriousness. "There are men who will take a life as easily as we stand here talking. This Frugi is a brute who will fight you with cunning and skill."

"What does he look like?"

"Frugi?" Romani went to the easel. Under his fingers the figure of the man in the striped shirt came to life. He sketched the heavy torso, the stiff, planted legs, the thrust of the head, the tight confidence of the arms.

"He is the type who carries a gun," he said.

"And his wife—what type is she?"

"A beautiful girl. Consuelo was quiet, almost shy, until the night I saw her fighting. She had little talent, but seemed to enjoy simply attending the classes. After that fight, I observed that she was concerning herself with a type of revenge upon her husband. She has all the weapons for fighting this kind of battle—a well-rounded figure and a very beautiful face. Consuelo secured a lover for herself, an artist named George Backer—also a student of mine. And after she had him, I lost her, for she stopped coming to my little school."

"Will you give me Consuelo's address?"

"I do not have it. My students are not compelled to give me their addresses. This is not a formal school." He tapped the ledger with his open palm. He winked at me. "You are interested in Consuelo? I would suggest, then, that you find Backer, my friend. He has a studio here—somewhere in the Village."

"I'll try him," I said, and thanked Romani.

"All my best to Consuelo," he said at the door. "She was a good student until she met your girl."

8.22 P.M. George Backer sat facing me in an ancient chair before his easel. I had handed him Gwen's small photo. He squinted at it, smiling a secret smile that did not affect the cigarette in the corner of his mouth.

He said, "What are you—a dick or something?"

"I told you what I am," I said. "You don't believe me?"

"Sure. Sure. And suppose I say I know her?"

"You could help me out," I said, showing him a professional smile. "The Jonas Tripp Company always pays off after the customer collects. This subject is in the hole to a big department store for almost a grand. If I make the locate on her, we'll collect. If we collect, I can guarantee you about a hundred."

He made a ceremony of dropping his ashes on the floor. "All right," he said. "So I know the dame. She's Gwen Hibbs."

Gwen Hibbs! I wondered now whether Gwen had used this name at Romani's, too. It was her maiden name.

I said, "Fine. Where does she live?"

He laughed at that one. "Gwen? Who the hell can say? A dame like her is a floater. She's the hottest piece this side of Seventh Avenue, mister, and easy as monkey fruit; but I wouldn't trust her as far as I can throw this building. You understand?"

I laughed because I knew he wanted me to. "Where did you get to know her?"

"Over at art school. Brother, you want to learn about women, just sign up with an art class." He got up and poured a pair of drinks. "This Hibbs doll is a queer one, mister. If you catch her you can keep her. I picked her up at school. She played hard to get, at first. But what do you think happened the next morning? She's up here early. Wanted me to paint her in the nude. A commission, no less. So, what did I do? I let her pose, mister, I let her pose. She sure had a figure."

I got up and walked to the window. "She must have been a pip," I said to the alley. "I'm more anxious than ever to meet her now."

"Listen–" he began.

◆

But the door to the studio opened then. When I turned, a girl stood near the easel. Backer gathered her in his arms. She was built well, high-chested and soft around the neck and shoulders. She was Consuelo.

Backer said, "Say hello to Mr. McGrath, sugar. He's what they call a skip tracer. He traces dames."

Consuelo said more than hello. She gave me her hand and there was a healthy pressure in it, as warm as her smile. "A what?"

"Skip tracer," I said. "George was just about to tell me where I could reach Gwen Hibbs."

She dropped my hand as though it were needled. Then she laughed a little. "How interesting. Did you wise him up, Georgie?"

Backer was getting into his jacket, putting on his hat. "You tell him. I got to go out for a while."

"What about the Wagner cocktail party?" she asked petulantly.

"I'll be back in time," he said. "I got to get over to Romani now." He put his hands on her arms and held her. "The old boy's got a mural for me, sugar. No fooling—a new restaurant wants my stuff."

He danced away from her and paused in the door. "Stick around with McGrath here. Take him to Wagner's if I don't come back by nine. He's going to pay us off for the inside track to Gwen. Isn't that right, McGrath?"

"Check," I said.

"I'll wait until nine," Consuelo said.

"I'll be here before then," said

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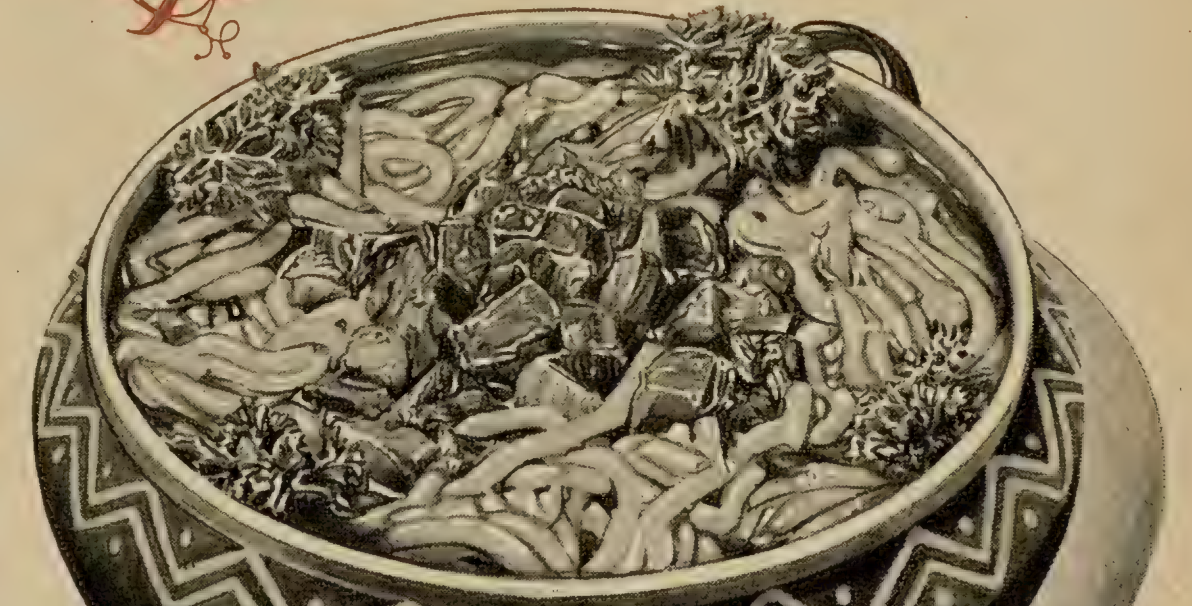

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Backer. "Help yourself to some more rotgut in that cabinet there."

He went out. When I held up the rye, she nodded and I filled two hookers. I sat beside her, not too close, not too distant.

"So you're out bitch hunting, eh, Mr. McGrath?"

I told her what I had told Backer. She listened without looking at me. I gave her Gwen's photo.

"That's Gwen, all right." She busied herself with a cigarette.

"You know her well?"

"I used to. She used to be a friend of mine."

"She looks clever," I said, staring at the photo as though I were giving it the treatment. "I can't imagine her getting along well with another beautiful girl—a girl like you, Consuelo."

"That's a lot of nonsense," she said in an iced voice. "I've been good friends with plenty of pretty girls. I would have been a friend of hers now, if she hadn't turned louse. I want to pay her back for some of the things she did to me. I wish I could tell you where she lives, but I don't know."

"You know somebody who could tell me?"

"Sure I do," she said. "My husband!"

She began to cry.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to—"

"I'm not quite used to it yet," she said. "But it won't be long—it won't be long."

"When did it happen?"

◆

She began to talk quickly, in a rush of words. I fed her the rye. I sat close to her and listened.

"I met her at Romani's. She was sweet as pie, and friendly, and anxious to get to know me. We left early together and walked over to a bar and had a few drinks. Oh, she's a clever one, this Gwen Hibbs. She was studying miniature painting and wanted help. Right then and there I should have suspected her of something. But you know how it is with artists—each one thinks he's just about the best in the world. And, besides, you lose interest unless you can share your painting with somebody like yourself. We made a date to meet the next day for lunch, up near the Modern Museum."

"Then she wasn't working?"

"Working?" Consuelo laughed. "Girls like Gwen Hibbs don't have to work. She was on the town, McGrath, on the town. Do you think we talked about art? She told me that she used to be a fashion expert—up in Rochester at some department store. She talked only about clothes—nothing but clothes. Then she threw the book at me. Did I know anybody in the fashion business? Could I help her? And, of course, I began to feel sorry for her."

J.C. SHUMWAY
PRIVATE
La Mendola

LIBERTY

"Mr. Shumway, this is the last time I'm asking for a raise."

"You got her a job?"

Consuelo nodded grimly. "I got her a job, or thought I did. Wagner—Mark Wagner. She did some modeling for him."

"You saw her after she got the job with Wagner?"

"Only once. But that was enough for me. She was with my husband. I found them together one day—in a restaurant. They didn't see me when I walked in. And, fool that I was, I saved it for that night—at school. It's too bad I didn't kill her."

"I can't blame you for hating her," I said. "She's a queer one."

"My husband left me, finally."

"When?"

"Months ago."

"He told you he was going to Gwen?"

"He told me nothing. We had a fight and he left." She gulped the dregs of her rye. "I suppose he went to her. I don't know. It doesn't matter any more. She can have him. She'll tie him in knots, and it'll serve him right, the fool. She doesn't want a man like Jake Frugi. She only enjoyed taking him away from me, I'm positive."

She looked at her wrist watch. "It's after nine. That crumb is standing me up again."

"He's a devil with the ladies, isn't he?"

"A crumb," she said. "I don't know why I sit here and wait for him. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he went to her, to warn her about you. You're a nice guy, McGrath. I've got a good mind to go with you."

"What are you waiting for?"

She turned and held out her hand. "I'm not waiting," she said.

9.09 P.M. We walked slowly toward Seventh Avenue. In the darkened street Consuelo clung close to me. She babbled as she walked. I struggled to regiment myself, to think clearly, to plan my strategy.

We entered a small bar, away from the fringe of lights on Seventh Avenue. I sat Consuelo at a table.

"We need a few shots of real stuff," I told her.

I ordered the drinks at the bar and went to the phone booth. Linda must have been sitting at her phone.

"I've got good news for you, Steve."

"You found Arthur's address?"

"Better than that," she said. "I found the subject. Harvey is on his way back right now. I thought my apartment would be best. He should be in any minute. When will you come up?"

"I don't know. I won't know for a while."

"Got anything?"

"I hope so. Listen, Linda. I'm worried about a character named Ken Sisley. Go down to Mario's Bar in the Village. You'll find the subject there—a big blond guy—probably drunk as a fool. Stay with him. He knows too much. He may get the urge to go to the police."

"And how do I stop the subject?"

"Scotch," I said. "Keep pouring Scotch into him. If he makes a break, take him to your apartment. Don't let him get away."

She dropped her voice. "I'll take care of him, Steve."

"Good girl. See you later."

Consuelo's eyes were fogged. She stumbled to her feet and threw her arms around me. She was ripe.

I told the cabby to drive around Central Park. In the cab I questioned her. The liquor had opened her brain for my inspection. Jake Frugi? What did he do? Jake was a rich man, very rich. They had a Park Avenue apartment, six rooms in the middle Fifties, the high-rent area, and why not stop up there now for a few really good drinks? Jake had more money than he could count. He made it his own way. And what was Jake's way? Consuelo shook her head savagely. She knew plenty about Jake's business. She could fix Jake Frugi.

I said, "Where did he go?"

Where would Jake Frugi go? He had several places. He had a summer home in Westchester. He had an apartment hotel downtown—the Beveret. He had ways of earning money. He collected it. People came to him and handed it to him—in suitcases, she remembered. It wasn't clean money, Consuelo laughed. Clean money comes in checks, through businesses. Jake had a chain of gambling houses. Once he had taken her to one of them in Jersey. In the front of it was a garage, a regular ordinary gas station with pumps and everything. But in the back you went through a door into another world, with roulette tables and crap games and the finest liquor, served by men in formal dress. And the people. The customers. Their cars were parked far down near the George Washington Bridge, at a special place. Then they were driven to Jake's den in sleek black limousines. Nobody would ever suspect Jake's place. And if he was suspected, there was plenty of money for bribes.

We were starting around Central Park now.

I said, "No wonder you went in for art. He left you alone most of the time?"

"All the time, all the time," Consuelo said savagely. "How long can you stay by yourself? How long can you shop? You have a lot of money and you like to buy pretty clothes, like any woman, but how long can it go on? After a while I began to give up shopping. It was foolish to waste so much money. But in those days Jake was all right, because at least we had the evenings together. It was when he stopped coming home evenings I started to go crazy. After he met Gwen. I kicked him out then. I had to get rid of him after I saw them in that restaurant. How could I help myself? Maybe I loved Jake Frugi. I don't know. But he didn't love me, the hairy pig. It was because I saw them together during the day that I got so mad. He never had time for me during the day. Never. I was furious when I saw him giving time to another woman. That was it. It wasn't jealousy really. You understand?"

◆

"You must hate his guts," I said. "And Gwen, too. Did you ever see her again, after that?"

"Never." She shook her head violently. "Let's forget about her, can't you? Let's stop up at my place and have a few more drinks."

"Where's the apartment?"

"The Temple," she said.

I tapped the driver on the shoulder and said, "The Temple." Then I leaned back with Consuelo. "How about Wagner? A good friend of Jake's?"

"Mark's one of Jake's cash customers over in Jersey. I know, because I met him there. He likes me. He's a little devil, that Mark Wagner." She began to laugh suddenly. "Mark and Gwen must have made a humorous couple. He's small enough to be a midget. She must have kneeled down to kiss him, the little runt."

We turned down Park Avenue and slid to a stop before the Temple Apartments.

9.32 P.M. Consuelo rocked and rolled against me in the elevator. The elevator boy concentrated on the buttons before him. If he had seen her this way before, he didn't show it. When the door opened, he said, "First door to the right, sir," and he was gone before I could thank him.

I found the key in her bag and opened the door. I carried her into the living room. I put her down on a long sofa. She was asleep before I could adjust my tie.

I walked across the living room and into a paneled den. Here I paused. There was a heavy desk near the window and the drawers were opened wide, and around and about the desk the rug was littered with an assortment of papers. I knelt to examine the debris. Somebody had been through this desk with an eye for detail. A large blue checkbook lay open on the floor. There was a variety of bills, undoubtedly jerked from the small cubbyholes in one of the drawers. I saw a small leather key ring, of the type used for automobile licenses and registrations. The license was made out to Consuelo Frugi. I wrote it down. She had a roadster, a Buick, 1947.

A small cabinet lay on its side on the floor. Alongside it was a broken lamp of bright yellow china, in two parts, cracked and incongruous on the green rug. The lamp shade was holed as though a shoe had stepped into it. Four drawers of various sizes spilled their contents around the lamp.

I walked through the wide hall and stepped into the bedroom. The two dressers were a turmoil of clothing and silk. The mattress hung over the edge of the bedstead. The pillows were not covered with slips. In a small dressing room a wall safe hung open. The picture behind which it had been hidden lay against the wall, the glass cracked, the hunting print ruined by the same heavy foot. A jeweled box was overturned on the floor, and the baubles were there.

The bathroom window was open. There was dirt on the sill, not mud, but gray and brown marks, the dirt of fire escapes. There were no fingerprints. There were glove

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smudges, four of them, fat and heavy, over the sill and around the tub where the invader had let himself down.

I lit a cigarette and walked slowly back to the bedroom, fighting the impulse to leave this apartment to get on with my visit to Mark Wagner's party. Somehow this robbery seemed important. It would fit, I thought. It would fit, later on.

I sat down opposite Consuelo and made mental notes. She breathed daintily. Relaxed, she had the look of a sleeping angel. I could not picture her holding a knife. Jake Frugi had been killed by a strong man, a silent man. And after the blow, the knife blade, high over the heart. And then? Was it the same blundering foot that kicked his face in?

The door chimes rang. I was on my feet before the last note struck. Instinct told me to remain where I was. Instinct was wrong. The doorknob turned and a man walked in.

To be continued in the next issu

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moving pitcher

Continued from page 23

declared that he was a free agent.

Scouts generally pounce on an emancipated player. Not on Sain. Ironically, the curve ball that was to zoom him to stardom proved his early stumbling block, for baseball's ivory hunters foolishly use the "rule of thumb" that a kid must have a high, hard pitch to be major-league material. Scouts peered at his repeated curves and shook their heads as they left the park for good.

Sain's next break came the following year, when a business man wangled a try-out for him at Little Rock. His warm-up with Skeets Dickey was impressive enough to earn him a contract with a subsidiary club, Osceola, in the Northeast Arkansas League. That was back in 1937.

The next year Osceola folded, and he spent two tough campaigns with Newport in the same circuit. He still didn't earn enough money to keep going. So he was grateful to the druggist who hired him as a $12.50-a-week soda jerker. He worked days, pitched nights.

One of his bitterest memories of those years involves the rebuff of a simple request. After four years in the deepest bushes, he won 18 games for Newport and expected a promotion. But Jack Zeller, then farm boss of the Tigers, who owned Newport, sent him another Newport contract for 1940.

Luckily, Commissioner Landis was on the prowl again. Ferreting out similar malpractices in the Tiger farm chain, Landis freed 91 Tiger farm hands. Re-emancipated Sain got not even a nibble at a job till Larry Gilbert, one of the greatest of minor-league managers, noted that the kid had won 34 games in two years and decided he was worth a trial. Larry signed him for the Nashville Vols (Class A) at $225 a month. For a kid out of a job and saddled with the financial burden of a sick father, that was gold dust from the skies.

Nashville had good pitchers, so Sain didn't get much of a chance. His spot performances were erratic. Gilbert liked him better as a hitter than a pitcher, and played him in the outfield occasionally. He bought Johnny a first-baseman's mitt in 1941 and taught him how to play the bag.

Meanwhile there was an old bird dog sniffing his way through baseball's bushes for the Braves. His name was Pat Monahan, and but for him Sain's curve might still be gathering rust from lack of work in the Southern Association.

Though Sain had won only six while losing twice as many, Monahan liked his sweeping curve and the jut of his jaw which hinted a fierce determination. Pat spoke to Gilbert and swung a deal for the Braves to take a 30-day look at Sain the next spring.

Johnny wasn't even listed on the Braves' roster in '42. But Boston manager Casey Stengel, now the new Yankee manager, sensed that Sain's low-breaking curve ball would be ideal for relief. He liked the way Sain plugged, "as if he really wants the job." So the Braves closed the deal with a check for $6,000 – making Sain a veritable bargain-basement beauty.

Sain won only four games that year, so there were no loud moans on the Common when he marched off into the navy. He spent most of the war at North Carolina Preflight. "That was the best break I ever got," says Sain. "Being able to pitch kept my arm strong, and I got chances to experiment, which I couldn't do in the majors, with my job constantly at stake. Pitching against great hitters in the service, like Ted Williams, Johnny Pesky, and Enos Slaughter, I learned control. That made all the difference."

Sain got another great break in the service. While he was stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas, warning came of a tornado. All planes were ordered off on a fly-away. Johnny flew to Dallas, and there he was introduced to a stunning AAF secretary named Doris McBride. After that he made regular weekly trips to Dallas, storm or no. Miss McBride became his bride less than a week after he left the service, late in '45.

◆ A civilian once more, Sain zoomed to the top almost overnight. Entrusted with the opening-day assignment of 1946 against Brooklyn, he beat the Dodgers handily.

The Dodgers beat Sain the next three, but in an all-important September clash, Sain racked up his twentieth victory with a decision that helped force the Dodgers into an unprecedented pennant play-off —which they lost. Oddly, Sain's twentieth triumph in each of these last three years have been registered against Brooklyn.

This postwar pitching prodigy has racked up a total of 66 season and World Series triumphs, and he never was knocked out of the box in those winning efforts! He alone turned the pennant tide last year. On the morning of September 3, the Braves were in second place. Johnny proceeded to outpitch stubborn Dutch Leonard, and the Braves bounced back into the league lead for keeps. In the final drive, the Beantowners won 20 of their last 26, and Sain, pitching and relieving out of turn, won eight of those.

A sweeping curve thrown from any one of four positions is only half Sain's success story. The other half is his iron nerve.

The Musials and the Slaughters, the Mizes and the Gordons, the Kiners and the Pafkos are just a lot of guys named "Joe" to Johnny Sain. Yes, he's Sain, and he drives 'em insane. ◆ ◆

NO NIGHT FOR VIOLENCE

Continued from page 24

never have to worry about "Slim" Cass working their towns again. Slim Cass had died on Iwo Jima.

Finished with his meal, he washed and dried his dishes, singing Rock of Ages off key. He was still singing when he heard the girl stumble, sobbing, across the stake ropes.

Then her tear-stained face was pressed against the trailer door. "You have to help him! You have to!" she sobbed. "I know that crowd. If someone doesn't get Johnny away from them, they'll hang him."

Still holding the dish towel in one hand, Cass stared at her, puzzled. When she could speak for sobbing she screamed at him, "Don't stand there staring at me! Do something! Reverend Hanson said maybe you could. They're going to hang Johnny. Hear me? He just got out of prison yesterday morning and now they say he killed Joe Kelly when Joe tried to stop him from shooting Charlie Gilmore."

Her words didn't make sense to Cass, but he recognized the girl. She was the little blonde waitress from the Palace Café, the one who had kidded him when he left a religious tract with his tip, saying he looked more like Humphrey Bogart than an evangelist. Reverend Hanson he also knew. Kelly, Cass believed, was the name of the local hardware merchant.

He looked over the girl's head out the open door. Now he could hear men's voices, hoarse with passion. Stalling for time to think, he asked, "What is Johnny to you?"

She said, "My husband."

"Why should he try to kill Gilmore?"

Her chin quivered but she raised her eyes to meet his. "He had reason to." She began to cry again. "I tried to be a good wife to Johnny. Honest. But he was gone so long and Charlie finally persuaded me that Johnny was all bad, that he was never coming back."

◆

And there you have it, Cass thought. He wondered why he had ever believed small towns were any different from cities. He helped the girl across the tent ropes to the walk and placed the name Gilmore immediately. A block up Front Street, in front of Gilmore's Feed & Implement Store, the walk was black with men.

It wasn't an uncommon story. Her name, the girl said, was Grace Hart. She had married Hart six years before. For almost a year they had been happy. There had even been a baby, who had died. Johnny "drove cab" for Matt Devine. But his salary and tips had barely covered their needs and Johnny had begun to drink and gamble in the hope of making a killing.

"But I loved Johnny then," she insisted. "I love him now. I'll never love anyone else."

She continued as they hurried toward the crowd. One night in May of '42 Johnny had driven Charlie Gilmore home from the Old Mill, a roadhouse some miles out of town. Both men had been drinking. Johnny had lost his week's wages in the crap game. The feed-store man had won three thousand. After dropping Gilmore, a bachelor, at his home, Johnny, at least so the State alleged, lost his head completely. Instead of coming home after checking in his cab, he had bought a pint of whisky on tick, and wearing a handkerchief as a mask had returned to Gilmore's home and, pistol whipping the older man unmercifully, had stolen his wallet containing the three thousand dollars.

◆

Cass glanced at the girl. She was very pretty. "This Gilmore identified your husband as the masked man who beat and robbed him?"

She shook her head. "No. Charlie was swell about it. He did everything he could to cover for Johnny. But Sheriff Henderson found Johnny asleep in his cab so drunk he didn't know his name and Charlie's wallet still in his pocket."

"Oh," Cass said, "I see." He thought he did. He had never seen Johnny Hart. He had never seen Gilmore. But he had seen the girl and he knew human nature and his Bible fairly well. A remarkable book, the Bible. It contained so many parallels to modern living.

The roar of the crowd grew as they neared it. Someone turned on a car spotlight and began to pick out individuals. A second later a thrown stone smashed the light. Cass and the girl met old man Eichleberger, hurrying the other way. Panting, he told Grace, "I am going to call the State Police. The boys are completely out of their minds."

Cass asked if the sheriff had been notified.

"Ach," Eichleberger spat, "that drunk!"

Johnny Hart was easy to identify. His face was white and strained. There was a deep cut on his forehead. Both his coat and shirt were missing. Two huskies were holding his arms while a frail old man belabored his face and body with ineffectual blows.

The old man was sobbing, "Kill my boy, would you, you dirty jail-

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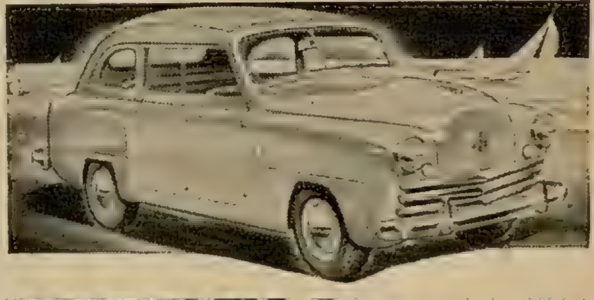

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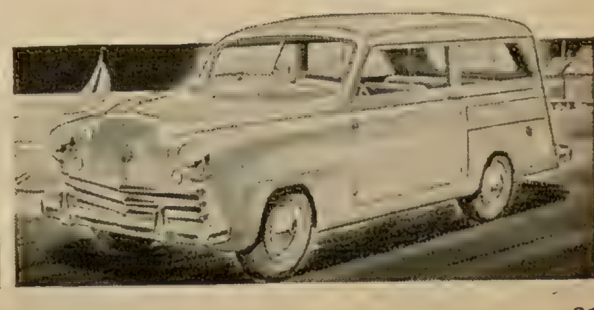


bird. If there was one man in this crowd, he'd hang you."

There was a forward surging movement and someone in the crowd called, "That's what we aim to do, dad."

A well-, almost flashily dressed man in the cramped open space around the prisoner turned to face the speaker. "You cut that kind of talk, George. Sure Johnny killed Joe Kelly. I saw him do it. I'll swear to it in court. But right is right and law is law. I say, turn him over to the sheriff. His punishment is something for a judge and jury to decide."

That, Cass decided, would be Gilmore. He didn't think much of him.

A thin-lipped woman, clutching a prayer book in one white-gloved hand, confirmed his identification. "You're a fine one to talk, Charlie Gilmore. If you hadn't carried on the way you have with that cheap little thing, none of this would have happened."

◆ The prisoner showed his first emotion. Lifting his smoldering eyes, Hart told the woman, "You keep your dirty mouth off Grace, Miss White."

One of the huskies holding him struck Hart in the face. "Don't you talk like that to a decent woman."

Blood spurted from Hart's lips. A man wanted to know what they were waiting for. The man next to him said, "A rope." A third man said Sim Shallot had gone for one, and a dozen voices shushed him:

"Keep your mouth shut. No names."

Cass saw Sheriff Henderson and the Reverend Hanson at the same time. The sheriff was penned in his own car, guarded by a group of jeering youths. Hanson was pleading with one of the men holding Hart, but the crowd was too noisy for Cass to hear what he was saying.

Hanson wrung his hands when he reached him. "For God's sake talk to them," he pleaded. "Don't let them do this awful thing."

Cass swung to face the crowd, both arms outthrust, in a plea for silence. "Men!" he shouted. "Men!"

He gained a begrudged attention only to find his brain as barren of ideas as his mouth was of words. What did one say to a lynch mob?

One of the youths guarding the sheriff spoke for him in a clear falsetto: "Dearly beloved brethren, we are here gathered together—to hang a skunk."

Nervous laughter rippled through the crowd. Cass could have put his head in his hands and wept at his inadequacy. He had been given his chance to serve, and had failed.

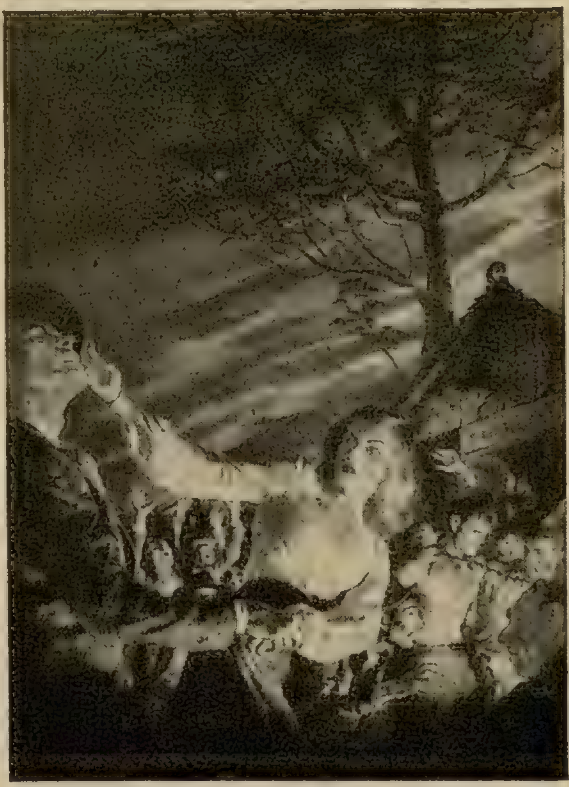
A dough-faced man with a stubble of gray beard materialized in the open space with a coil of rope over one arm. The two men holding Hart took charge. One of them tied his wrists behind his back with binder twine. The other one formed a noose and slipped it over Hart's head. There was talk of using the trestle.

The wind turned suddenly sharp and cold. The night was no longer rich with promise of growing things. Towing Hart by the rope around his neck, the mob moved down Front Street in the direction of the trestle and the river.

In front of the railway station Grace Hart fought her way through the crowd to her husband.

Gilmore took her by the arm. "Get out of this, Grace," he ordered.

She turned, raking the nails of one hand down his face. "Keep your hands off me."



Hart's eyes lighted briefly, turned leaden as the insistent rope tugged him on, his wife keeping step.

As they passed the tent where a feeble yellow bulb illuminated the revival sign, Cass realized Eichleberger was walking beside him, and asked if he had gotten the State Police. Eichleberger said he had, but the nearest barracks was forty miles away and it would be at least a half hour before a patrol car would be able to reach Stillwater.

On the far side of Hart the Reverend Hanson continued to pray.

Where Front Street forked sharply from the tracks, the mob started to turn left, then milled as a speeding car braked to a stop. The rope around Hart's neck went slack. Then someone recognized the car.

"It's only Big Matt," he called.

A man squeezed his bulk from behind the wheel of the car and wanted to know what the hell was going on.

A dozen voices tried to tell him. Ben Gandy talked the loudest: "Johnny killed Joe Kelly, Matt, when Joe tried to keep him from shooting Charlie on account of Grace."

Sim Shallot took up the story: "Joe and Charlie were playing cribbage in Charlie's back room, when Johnny walked in yelling no man could take his wife away from him. When Kelly tried to keep him from shooting Charlie, Johnny shot Joe through the head before Charlie could slug him and take his gun away."

Big Matt looked at Gilmore.

"That's the substance of it," Gilmore said. The fingers of his left hand dipped briefly into his inside coat pocket, then plucked a handkerchief from his pocket and ran it around the sweatband of his hat.

"He's lying," Hart pleaded for his life. "I didn't shoot Joe, Matt. I had a gun on me, yes. I bought it in Jefferson City, thinking I might kill Charlie. But I didn't have a chance. I was slugged when I walked in his door. I'm being framed—just like I was framed on that three-thousand-dollar deal."

Big Matt looked undecided.

"That's Johnny's story," Gilmore said. "And he should have a chance to tell it in court. He didn't *mean* to kill Joe. It was me he was after. And the most a jury would give him is another five years or so for manslaughter."

Cass eyed Gilmore thoughtfully. Gilmore couldn't seem to keep his fingers out of his inside coat pocket.

◆ The crowd began to mill again. Someone out of the glare of Big Matt's headlights said, "Come on. What are we watiing for? Let's get this over with."

"Hang him. Hang the bastid," old man Kelly shrilled. He struck Hart in the face, then turned on Devine. "And you stay out of this, Matt. Who loaned you nine hundred and fifty dollars to buy your first cab? It was my boy. There ain't a man in this crowd who hasn't been in debt to Joe at one time or another. And now Charlie says the man who killed him should only get five years in jail."

One thing was suddenly very clear to Cass. But proving it would be another matter. Big Matt Devine took off his hat, then put it on again. Cass could read his decision in the gesture. There was, after all, very little one man could do against a mob.

The hope in Hart's eyes faded. "I hope you rot in hell with the rest of them," he told his former employer.

The car lights winked off. The

rope on Hart's neck tightened. The scuff of feet began again, this time on the trestle.

Stumbling along in the dark behind Hart and the weeping girl, Cass fell heavily against Gilmore. "Watch it, preacher!" Gilmore said sharply. "It's a twenty-foot drop to the swamp."

"I'm sorry," Cass apologized. As if hesitant to go on, he stood buffeted by the men behind him until the last of them had passed. Only Eichleberger missed him, that with contempt. He had been right in his estimation of the young evangelist. Unable to do anything to stop the lynching, he hadn't even the stomach to watch a man die.

Eichleberger looked back over his shoulder. Cass was standing in the same spot, lighting a cigarette.

◆

There seemed so little to say. The girl's tears, the pressure of her arms spoke for her. Hart wished they would untie his hands. He wanted to feel her in his arms once more. He brushed her hair with his lips. "You're O.K., kid. And don't go blaming yourself. I understand."

She clung to him, sobbing.

Her cheek pressed to his, she managed, finally, to say, "I've been such a fool."

"Yeah. Both of us," Hart agreed. He looked over her shoulder at the noose that had been taken from his neck and dangled, waiting, from the signal arm; he found strength in the wet coolness of her cheek. "But I didn't kill Joe, Grace. And I didn't steal that money."

"Charlie's bad, all bad," she sobbed.

"Just so you know," Hart said.

The Reverend Hanson, on his knees now, continued to pray. Three minutes, four minutes passed. Then one of the youths who had been guarding the sheriff said, "Let's get this over. I want to get out of here."

Eichleberger seized on the moment: "Then why wait to hang Hart? Use your heads, men. Johnny says he didn't kill Joe. Why not let him try to prove it in court?"

Lynching a man was nasty business. The mob teetered on the verge of reason. Then Gilmore forced his way between the groups of men and tapped Eichleberger on the chest. "Now, wait just a minute, old man. I've talked against this hanging from the start. Every man in the crowd knows that. But Johnny *did* kill Joe Kelly. I was there. I saw him do it."

Grace turned on him fiercely. "You lie. I don't know who shot Joe Kelly. But I do know why you are blaming it on Johnny." She swung to face the mob. "So does everyone else. It's true. Everything the old hens have been saying is true. Do you men understand me, or do you want me to make it plainer?"

A spasm of sobbing choked her. Reverend Hanson took her in his arms. "My child, you are only making Johnny feel worse."

"Take care of her, please," Hart begged him.

They shoved Hart toward the platform extending over the side of the trestle and under the signal arm supporting the dangling noose.

Suddenly Cass appeared on the trestle and, stopping beside Gilmore, laid one hand on his shoulder. "You swear you saw Hart kill Kelly?"

"I do," Gilmore swore.

Cass walked out on the platform supporting Hart and Shallot. Shallot, adjusting the noose, said testily, "Say your prayer and get back on the trestle, preacher."

"No," said Cass quietly. "You aren't going to hang this boy."

An ugly murmur swept the crowd. The men in back pushed forward. There were cries of "Hit him, Sim. Punch him back on the trestle."

Shallot looked at Cass.

"Go ahead. Try it," Cass smiled. "And we'll all three go into the river." He addressed the milling men on the trestle, raising his voice until he made himself heard. "Now you men can either listen to me or you can step off the end of those planks and cause a stench Stillwater will never live down. *Johnny Hart didn't kill Joe Kelly. Charlie Gilmore killed him and I can prove it.*"

Old man Kelly danced in senile anger on the trestle. "He's lying. Hang him. Hang both the bastids."

Big Matt Devine shouted the mob into sullen silence. "Do you know what you are talking about, stranger, or are you pulling a fast one?"

"I *know*, and I can prove it."

"You're crazy," Gilmore scoffed. "Why should I kill Joe Kelly?"

Cass told him: "Because you owed him eighteen hundred dollars on a promissory note you couldn't pay."

White-faced, Gilmore repeated, "You're out of your mind. You're making that up to save Johnny. Come on, fellows. Let's rush him."

A dozen men took a step forward and the plank platform dipped precariously. "Damn it, stay off the planks," Shallot swore, "or you'll drop us all into the river."

"Why the hurry?" Cass asked Gilmore. "I thought you were against this hanging. Could it be you didn't have time to destroy the note you took from Kelly's body?" He was sure of himself now. "If one of you men standing near Gilmore

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Liberty

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

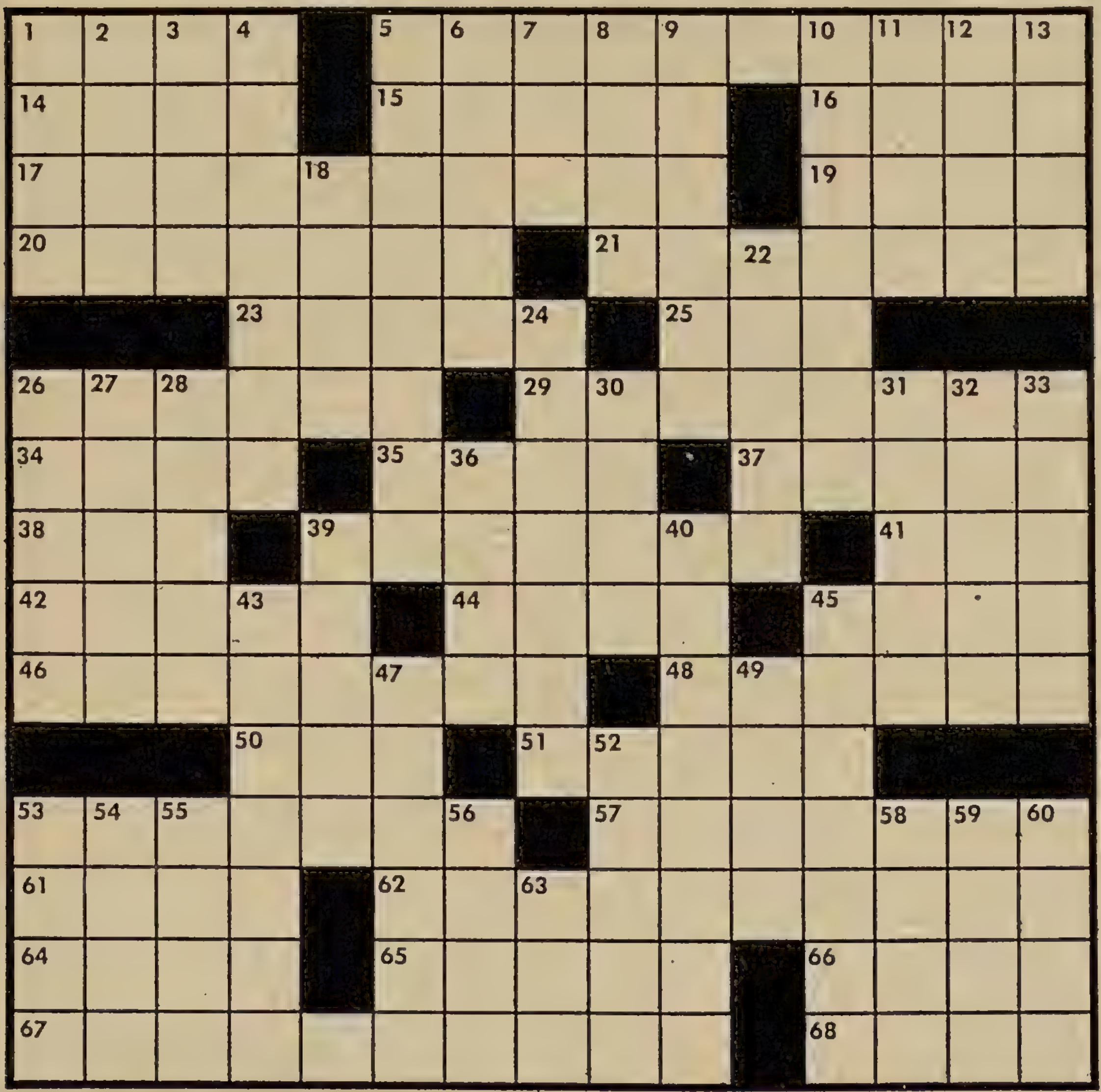
1 Drags behind
5 HOLD-UP ON HIGHWAY!
14 What the newlyweds finally had for breakfast (two words)
15 Geometrical spokes
16 Peasant dinner hour
17 She holds your hand, looks into your eye and pocketbook, then nails you
19 Feel hormonious
20 The shellfish thing!
21 Ocean flyers, lead stormy lives
23 What Uncle Sam does and does and does
25 Russia Hates Anything (abbr.)
26 Saturday in Paris
29 You've got to accentuate it, I'm certain!
34 H_2Oless
35 Norseman No. 1
37 Dlo keerG seggiddlog
38 Cackleberry bush
39 Racketeers who run buzz saws with whistles by night
41 Yella about the gills
42 Country in throes of New Dealhi
44 You'll have to come to grips with this
45 Hangout for plucky champagne m'f'ers
46 Slightly damp heir holder
48 Doles out the dinero
50 It is I
51 Author of Dragonwyck
53 What to get a gold digger
57 This is deserved
61 Hearty female
62 Royal Northwest Mountie of canine world
64 John L. Lewis doesn't know it from a hole in the ground
65 Flower holder
66 It's followed by an old meeny
67 Things would-be servant hirers must show to maids
68 Add an ion and Congress'll sit in it

VERTICAL

1 One of the Grandest chaps in Tibet
2 Nazi in bedsheets—ask any Israeli
3 New Guinea battlefield
4 Drank like a hog
5 Vertical plane, operated by artillerymen
6 Got along on water with a lot of pull
7 Ladies' Day Imbeciles (abbr.)
8 Thpeak without uthing your hithther
9 Maulers with molars
10 He gives bad for good
11 The Marshall Plan, according to the Commies, is a gigantic one
12 End of the end
13 Their ambition is to get to the promised land on a pass
18 Goose for a Michigander (pretty intellectual, eh?)
22 Skinnies
24 They're best when they're down in the mouth
26 What the Hindus called Kipling
27 Butchers' Stadium
28 No matter how stupid blondes are, they usually have these of their own
30 Singles
31 Mr. Edman the philosopher
32 The meat course
33 No-wage slaves
36 Bird, battered to peaces, nearly UN-conscious
39 Mr. Goodman
40 Swipesit, unswipesit, then swipesit again
43 Separate from, as the germ in German
45 Pittsburghs with water ditches
47 It takes push and pull to operate this
49 Sissy drink
52 If you've got Hope, you've got a good one
53 "Have a —?" "No, thanks, I don't smoke!"
54 It's veddy fashionable
55 Doog tnavres, mub retsam
56 Almost a groan
58 Pronoun used among Friends
59 Short evenings
60 They're never mentioned in Booze Who
63 Gratified Puzzlers' Cockeyes! (abbr.)

R	E	E	D	■	■	L	A	U	N	D	R	E	S	S
A	R	I	E	S	■	E	R	N	E	■	O	L	E	O
C	O	N	F	E	R	E	N	C	E	■	D	A	D	A
E	S	S	E	N	E	■	O	L	D	S	■	T	A	R
T	■	■	A	D	A	M	■	E	L	E	V	E	N	S
R	A	F	T	■	C	O	W	■	E	C	A	■	■	■
A	R	E	■	C	H	L	O	E	■	E	N	T	E	R
C	E	L	L	O	■	A	M	P	■	D	E	N	S	E
K	A	T	E	S	■	R	E	E	S	E	■	I	M	P
■	■	■	A	T	E	■	N	E	T	■	C	L	E	O
S	P	I	R	A	L	S	■	S	O	P	H	■	■	S
E	R	N	■	R	O	T	E	■	R	O	A	S	T	S
R	O	D	E	■	P	U	M	P	K	I	N	P	I	E
E	V	I	L	■	E	D	I	T	■	S	C	A	N	S
S	E	A	F	A	R	E	R	S	■	■	E	R	A	S

March Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

will take the trouble to search his wallet, you will find not only the *uncanceled* note I have mentioned, but also a statement from his Kansas City bank saying his account is overdrawn, and a telegram from a firm of private detectives of that same city stating that after purchasing a revolver, John Hart boarded a train that would arrive in Stillwater at seven P.M. tonight."

Gilmore laughed uneasily. "Stick to your Bible, preacher. You've been reading too many novels."

Cass continued: "Gilmore had reason to fear Hart. So he engaged a firm of detectives to report Hart's actions to him. Learning Hart was armed, and the time of his arrival, Gilmore decided to pay off two debts with one gun. As I see it, he invited Kelly over, undoubtedly baiting the invitation with a promise to pay the note so's to make sure Kelly would have it with him. When Hart walked in, it was simple to slug Hart, take his gun and, shooting Kelly through the head, remove both men from his list of worries."

"He lies!" Gilmore cried.

Big Matt said quietly, "I wonder. Just to keep the record straight, before we hang Johnny, you won't mind letting us look through your wallet, will you, Charlie?"

Gilmore clamped a palm to his coat pocket. "I won't let you search me. I won't be so insulted."

◆

He turned as if to leave the scene and Ben Gandy caught him.

Gilmore struggled in vain. A half dozen men held him as Big Matt went through his pockets. He found the uncanceled note where Cass had said it would be, also the telegram and bank statement.

Big Matt looked from the note to Gilmore. "This would seem to do it, Charlie. Joe was too good a business man to allow an uncanceled note out of his hands."

He turned to Cass. "Thanks. You've kept us from making damn fools of ourselves. *But how did you know, pastor?"*

"I'm not a pastor," Cass explained. "I'm just an ex-G.I. And as to how I knew"—he hesitated—"well, it was—revealed to me."

"A miracle!" the Reverend Hanson shouted. "A revelation!"

Wyatt Harvey and Ben Gandy, followed by a score of men, hustled Gilmore back down the trestle to turn him over to the State Police.

Shallot slipped the noose from Hart's neck and helped him back to the trestle.

Hart tried to find words to thank Cass, but the former G.I. grinned wryly. "Some other time."

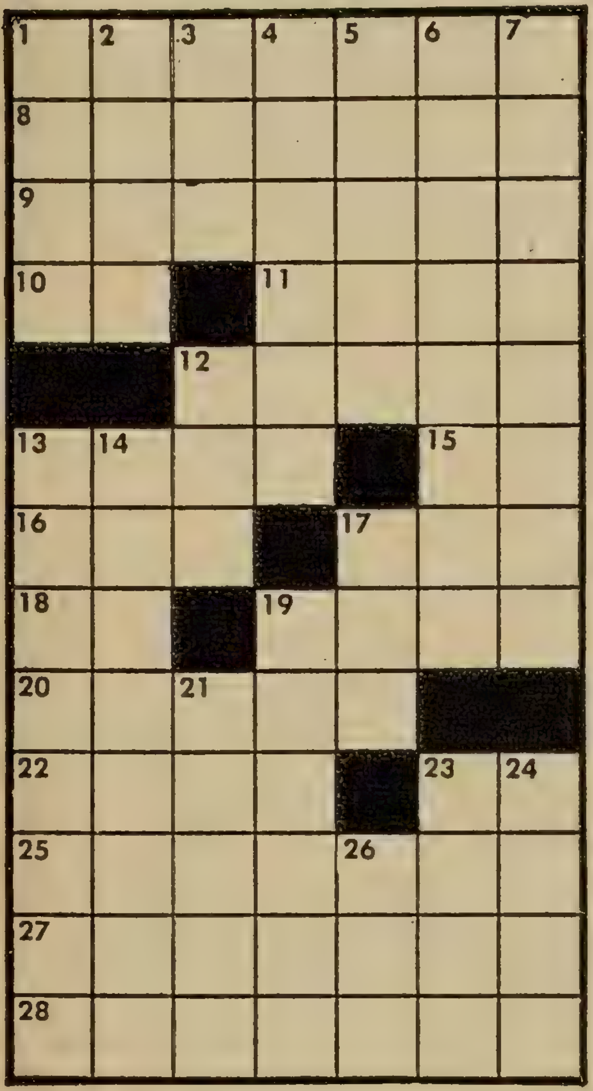
Grace kissed his cheek. "Thank you! Thank you, pastor."

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

By TED SHANE



ACROSS

1 We groan as cats moan
8 Pete, Ed's in most watery portion
9 Min, you seem slightly bulky
10 Kind of phat
11 This kind of tide gives me a pane
12 His wiles never disturb Judge Goldsborough
13 Blow of cars leaves epidermal souvenir
15 Behold, Ol' Man River
16 Little boat, plenty gut!
17 The latest one is said to write over water!
18 Popular little article
19 Lassie chasers
20 Assamese nag as Tibeto-Burmen
22 Red D marks Scottish case
23 Ma, I is!
25 Ale in Ed brings sour notes of sweet one
27 T. sneers
28 Reds are in female S-curve coverings

DOWN

1 Ida fits entrance to a T
2 Threadlike omen from the Greeks
3 Meg has an expensive sparkle
4 Blind pioneer has key to the West
5 For that newer feeling, revitaminize
6 Armada attacked a sad isle
7 Pets sons
12 Gal, don't drag chasing male
13 Dan darts toward the normal
14 Can ruder craft outrace old liner?
17 Sap takes step
19 Sell ad for soup lifters
21 Gs fly with eee
23 Neat kitty food
24 Army chow
26 Outs say they sin

S	C	E	N	T	S	■
H	A	L	■	I	L	L
A	R	E	■	T	O	O
N	O	G	A	L	E	S
A	L	A	T	E	■	T
N	I	N	E	■	P	W
A	N	T	■	C	U	E
G	A	■	H	A	R	E
R	■	M	I	N	S	K
A	D	A	M	A	L	E
M	A	R	■	P	A	N
S	I	N	■	E	N	D
■	L	E	A	S	E	S

Jan. Answer

He would have to do something, Cass thought, about people calling him pastor. Then he remembered. After tomorrow there would be no occasion for anyone to make that mistake. He walked back to town, a lonely, solitary figure.

His eyes thoughtful behind his glasses, old man Eichleberger followed behind him. Despite the fact he had just witnessed one, he didn't believe in miracles.

In his own book-lined room the old man stood looking at the volumes on the shelf. His face lighting, he plucked a copy of Anatole France from the shelf. Of course. Our Lady's Juggler. That was the story of which he was thinking. That was the story in which the Blessed Virgin *supposedly* stepped from her niche to wipe the sweat from Barnaby's brow because he had served her to the best of his meager talents. One finger pointing the lines, he read:

"They saw Barnaby before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, head downwards, with his feet in the air, and he was juggling six balls of copper and a dozen knives. In honor of the Holy Mother of God he was performing these feats which aforetime had won him most renown. . . ."

◆ His eyes lifting from the page, twinkling behind his glasses, Eichleberger remembered several things. Gilmore's nervous patting at his pocket, a sure tip-off to a big-time dip that he was carrying something of value there. Cass stumbling against Gilmore. The lighted match. The hand he had laid on Gilmore's shoulder to distract his attention. That had been when Cass had replaced the wallet and the papers. The old man slapped his thigh in high good humor. Stillwater's miracle was a former pickpocket. He had picked Gilmore's pocket and then returned his possessions. *That* was how he had known.

Still beaming, Eichleberger looked out his side window at the sagging tent and the smile faded slowly from his lips. A steady trickle of Stillwater's adult population was pouring into the lighted opening of the tent. He watched until the tent could surely hold no more, and still they came.

It was the reaction. It was shame. And, too, the curious wanted to stare at Cass.

The old man raised his eyes to the feeble low-watt bulb above the tent's banner. The bulb no longer seemed dim. It hung low in the night like a star. In fact, he decided, as he locked his store and walked toward the tent, he had never seen so bright a star. ◆ ◆

"Cupid is my business"

says Clara Lane
Director, Friendship Center

People often tell me I have one of America's most unusual "big businesses." What I do is simply introduce people who are interested in making lifelong friendships that lead to marriage.

In the past 10 years, I have brought together over 40,000 people and as a result, over 20,000 men and women have entered into matrimony. Many met by mail, writing to one or more persons I had carefully selected for them from my vast files—and developed fine, worthwhile friendships before ever meeting face-to-face. Others met in person, in New York, or in other cities where Friendship Centers have already been established.

Today, America has swung away from the simple community life I knew as a child in Davenport, Iowa. Then I knew every boy in the county. Now, every large city in the United States has thousands of men and women who want companionship, but try as they will, they cannot find friends. Society as a whole is doing nothing for these lonely people.

As I see it, I am simply filling a void created by the fact that we have drifted away from the kind of community life I enjoyed as a girl. The extroverts can meet in taverns and ballrooms. What about the quiet, reserved ones? They will have to bear their loneliness—or with common sense come to someone like me.

•

FREE: Write for a free reprint of a heartwarming article by Clara Lane which recently appeared in a foremost national magazine. There she tells a number of true, human stories of girls and men brought together through correspondence or personal introductions. Miss Lane will be happy to send you the full-length article, without charge or obligation. Just write or call, or use the form below.

•

Miss Lane feels there should be a Friendship Center in every large town, and that women are particularly suited to operate her branches, under franchise agreements. She likes to hear from ladies who feel there is such a need, and will assist those qualified in every way she can. Inquiries are also invited from chambers of commerce, city and church officials.

CLARA LANE Friendship Center
Hotel Wentworth, 58 West 47th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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THE MIRACLE

Continued from page 17

staring and tugging, seemingly with persistence, yet with a feebleness suggestive of hopeless resignation.

They looked aside only when the screen door of the white house by the gate slammed from time to time.

◆ Long shadows covered the house when the doctor came again with his bag. The air was still, the house silent and unstirring. The doctor knocked gently at first, with but the knuckle of one finger, then lightly with all. When the door opened from within, he entered without greeting, and in his wake the yard was again motionless, soundless save for the song of a lone bird on the gatepost.

◆ Ten minutes later the farmer of the house came out. Plainly he was another man. He stood on the terrace, looked at the falling dusk, and inhaled deeply. When the woman appeared silently beside him, he smiled and took her hands into his, and as the doctor came out of the house with his bag, the woman, too, smiled.

"Well, now, doctor," the farmer said, "put down your bag a moment before you go."

While the two men talked, the woman strolled down the yard with the gait of one just come to the country. On the mound beside the zapote tree she stopped, looked at the mountains dimming in the distance, then spoke into the deepening shadows in which the mother burro stirred.

"Thank you, Burrolita," she said. "Thank you. You have saved our baby. He will live. Thank you more than I can ever say." But then she stiffened, as if suddenly some great emotion had reached her.

Leaving the doctor, the man's step had been light and brisk, but when he saw the woman before him, he stopped and stood there in silence.

For long minutes he watched her kneeling between the two burros, the mother burro standing up, her head low, almost touching the ground where the young one lay quite still, a piece of torn rope flowing outward from its foot. The man stood and watched while the woman knelt and cried bitterly.

"It would have been all right now," she wept. "Burrolita, it would have been all right now. We didn't mean to kill your baby. She could have had all your milk now. We didn't mean to, Burrolita."

Burrolita stood quite still, uttered no cry. But from the house by the gate came the voice of the farmer's son, no longer feeble, gusty now, as if aware of the new life arising within him. The two-month-long night was over. From beyond the barn a gentle wind arose and mingled with the deepening dusk that seemed curiously like dawn. ◆ ◆

REVOLUTION IN ARKANSAS

Continued from page 19

mous star of a bygone era played a one-night stand to a motley audience, from society folks in boxes and cowboys in the front rows to ladies of the night in gay feathered hats in the balcony, now is subdued to automobile-accessory and food shops.

I hadn't been in Arkansas many days before I realized that something lay behind the miracle of Arkansas' progress. A state doesn't just turn by itself from lazy drabness to sleek progress.

"It's the *Commission,*" people told me. "It went all over Arkansas, found out what was wrong, got people to working."

War brought industry to Arkansas. But when peace came, some of the industries were closed. What was even worse, 25 per cent of the young men who were in the armed services didn't come back to Arkansas. Things looked bad. Arkansas could lapse into its prewar lethargy, or worse. Some public-spirited citizens tried to borrow money from eastern bankers but without success.

A dozen men got together, men who could have succeeded at anything in any state, but they were born in Arkansas and liked it there. They organized, in 1943, the Arkansas Resources and Development Commission. It had hardly got under way when it was joined by the Arkansas Economic Council and the Bureau of Research of the University of Arkansas. While Ben Laney was governor, he got every public-spirited organization and citizen in the state interested. These groups analyzed, studied, pulled to pieces and put together again a complete state. They found out what was wrong with Arkansas and they've corrected a lot of the errors.

Towns, they found, had grown up haphazardly. Railroads and highways spitted through the business districts. They were jumbles of stores, homes, and industries, none too attractive for either the young people or new industries. C. Hamilton Moses, president of the Arkansas Resources and Development Commission and of the Arkansas Community Development Committees (he's also president of the powerful Arkansas Power and Light Company), gathered together a group of engineers. These men went into towns and organized local committees. And these committees called meetings composed of merchants, housewives, high-school students—open meetings for everyone in town.

The committees asked questions. What did the town need? What would keep the boys and girls at home and happy? What would bring in new industry? Did the town need a town square, a better business section, sidewalks, parks, a swimming pool, a better water supply, electricity, markets, a stock show, a better airport, a better school system, new churches, better roads?

With a cross section of citizens on each committee, and with local newspapers in full accord, each community's development program became the biggest news in town. Experts planned town arrangements, built roads, bridges. Old houses were repaired and painted, and new ones were built. Recreation centers, swimming pools, new theaters, new shops became a reality. Committees helped small industries work out financial and technical difficulties, saw that factories were built, gave factual information to industries looking for new locations, and had housing ready for incoming citizens.

I saw some of these model towns. Public markets, baseball parks, and town squares had replaced municipal eyesores. Industry was buzzing. People were busy and happy. On week-ends they went to state parks, where camping cost from one dollar a night to $30 a week, with cooking facilities, and where there were swimming, hunting, and fishing. Or they played golf or tennis at home, or rode horseback or went to the movies. Arkansas voices are still soft and drawling, but the people are going places and they like where they're going.

In Arkansas they use the umbrella method of timber cutting, which saves forests instead of denuding them. A yearly survey is made by experts, who mark the trees that are too tall or too thin or badly formed. They are followed by men who fell these trees. If forests are thin, seedlings are planted. There is a 20-year crop rotation and forests are always in condition.

Camden would be a fine city in any state. Its chief industry is the Camark Potteries. Folks return from Europe with "discoveries" that were made at Camark.

At El Dorado, Arkansas' oil capital, the Lion Oil Company has a $9,000,000 plant. At Helena, besides the new industries, they've preserved the before-the-war atmosphere as a proof of Arkansas' gracious past. Proving Arkansas' almost unbelievable versatility, Stuttgart, the rice center of the state, is the duck center too, for ducks like rice. It has elaborate private cabins and camps, and in season you can shoot teal, mallards, and canvasbacks. The city has another oddity—inland deep-sea fishing where 200-pound gars put up a sporting fight.

◆

Arkansas is accomplishing small miracles all over the state. Hundreds of new industries are setting up shop. Farm income has risen more than $500,000,000 a year—five times what it was in 1932.

At Wilson is one of the world's largest plantations. It consists of 57,000 acres of land, with processing plants to handle the crops grown on the plantation. This outsized farm lies on the rich delta land, some of it with 70 feet of topsoil. Wilson has shops, banks, schools, a community clubhouse and swimming pool, and attractive houses that rent from $15 to $40 a month. Eleven thousand people live at Wilson. Some work at hourly wages; others are tenant farmers.

Lee Wilson, who started as a poor farm boy, built up the plantation. When Wilson died, he left the Lee Wilson & Company Enterprises to the Wilson family, with James Crain, who had been with him for many years, in full charge. The Crains and Wilsons live at Wilson on attractive estates complete with swimming pools.

Two unique clubs are helping Arkansas children and both are receiving national recognition. The first is the Benjamin Franklin Thrift Club, which teaches children how to make, save, and spend money. Mrs. Malcolm W. Gannaway started it. She worked in a bank in Little Rock and was horrified to find how little people knew about budgeting and spending. She taught her three children. Now 30,000 Arkansas children belong to the Thrift Club.

The second club, the Junior Deputies, is for boys. The boys are taught that the police are their friends; they work with regular members of the Police Department. They take care of their neighbors, report misdemeanors, and try to put on the right track boys who have broken laws.

In spite of – or because of – its reputation, Arkansas is paying especial attention to its schools these days. Fine grade and secondary schools are being built. There are nine state-supported coeducational institutions. The University of Arkansas has an enrollment of 13,000.

At Pine Bluff is the Arkansas Agricultural, Mechanical, and Normal College for Negroes—the largest in the state and one of the best schools in the South. It has nearly 2,000 students.

Arkansas' turn to industry doesn't change the state's importance as a recreation center, and to outsiders Hot Springs is still the best-known spot in the state. It is Atlantic City with magnolia trees, and hot springs instead of ocean.

The center of Arkansas' artists' and writers' colony is Eureka Springs. High in the Ozarks, Eureka's climate is mild, its winters brief, and spring arrives in February. Streets are laid in tiers, with cottages clinging to the mountainside. Houses that appear to be one story in height turn out to have four stories—three of them built down the mountainside. There's a church you enter through the steeple, and there are dozens of tales of people looking up their chimneys at passers-by. On the highest spot, in Victorian splendor, stands the Crescent Hotel, Eureka's show place. Joe Parkhill's Basin Park Hotel has its quaint features, too. Every one of its eight stories can be entered from the mountain in the rear.

Did you ever go float fishing? It's unique in the Ozarks. You float-fish on the White, King, or Buffalo river. You pack boats with food, equipment, fishermen and guide, and float downstream, fishing leisurely by day and camping at night. Due to the curving of the streams, at the end of four or five days you find yourself within a few miles of where you started. Or you can sit on a bank and pole-fish. And from October through March the hunting season is in full swing, starting with duck and geese, and including deer in some counties, quail, squirrel, and rabbit.

◆

So there's Arkansas – alive and ambitious—with everything to offer. Awake? Three hundred people are making alarm clocks for the U. S. Time Corporation. The only large bow-and-arrow factory in the world is in Arkansas. There's a three-million-dollar incandescent-lamp factory. Twenty-five million chickens were hatched and marketed last year. Unique and valuable minerals – including marble, sand glass of almost pure silica, nepheline syenite, titanium, tripoli, bentonite, barite, and ceramic clay are being mined. A hundred-million-dollar expansion in industries is planned for this year. Arkansas expects its tourist trade to grow to $250,000,000 yearly—when people find out what unusual vacation advantages they can find there.

Arkansas is offering a lot you can't find any place else. ◆ ◆

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Continued from p

wide desk, his heavy chin sunk on his chest, the stub of a cigar lodged in the corner of his mouth. Beside him stood Taber, the burly heavy-set man who had written the play. Eric had met them both the day before. They had looked him over carefully, and talked about the part, and they had given him the script and told him to study it. They had said they wanted to hear him read.

Eric nodded brightly to them both and tossed the script on the desk. "You've got a great play there, Mr. Reeber," he said heartily. "I think—"

"We called you at your home a couple of hours ago," Reeber broke in. "They said you'd already left."

"I have a job in an office downtown," Eric said. And he added, "It's just temporary, of course."

Reeber nodded solemnly. He took the cigar from his mouth and studied it. "You should have left us the downtown number," he said. "I'm sorry about this, Grant. I always hate to waste a man's time."

Fear came into Eric's eyes. "You want me to read, don't you? You said yesterday—"

Taber, the playwright, broke in. "We talked it over last night," he said. "We're afraid you're not quite right for it."

"But I've worked on the part! At least you've got to hear me! I—"

"We settled on someone for the part this morning," Taber said.

◆

Eric looked down at the floor. His eyes smarted. Finally he nodded slowly. He reached to retrieve the script, and then, remembering it was no longer for him, drew his hand away.

"You're not the type, Grant," Reeber said; "not quite the type. Sorry." He tossed the dead cigar into a tray and stood up. "Something else may turn up," he said. "If it does—"

"Sure," Eric said. "I know. Maybe next season."

He turned and left. He walked through the outer office, his eyes straight ahead, his lips tight. He had forgotten about the girl who waited. And if he had remembered he would not have stopped or turned to see her. Not now. He wanted to see no one, to talk to no one. He wanted to crawl into a hole in the ground with his hurt.

The elevator took him to the street. He stepped out into the August heat, and moved the back of his hand across his forehead, then across his eyes. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

It had happened before. He had been "not the type" a half dozen times during the past year. But never had he been so close; never had the big chance been dangled so tauntingly before him. He threw the cigarette savagely into the street. Tonight he would toss for hours before he fell asleep. And, once asleep, he would dream again. Probably the same dream. He would be a puny figure in the center of a ring of towering figures. Reeber would be one of them. Perhaps tonight all the giants would have Reeber's face. And they would all point at him with thick fingers and they would chant, "Not the type! . . . *Not the type!* . . . NOT THE TYPE!" He would cringe before them, and wake up, trembling.

He looked at his watch. He could still get back to his desk by one thirty. He did clerical work in a large insurance company on Fulton Street. It was his stopgap job that kept him going until he got his start in the theater. It was just temporary, he told everyone. It had been just temporary now for almost two years. He wondered if it would be temporary for two more. Or five more. Or—

The girl stood beside him. "And again we meet," she said.

He studied her without smiling. He wished she had left him alone. "Find yourself a new husband," he said flatly.

She smiled weakly. "You find yourself a new wife," she said.

"You too?" he said gently. "I'm sorry." He lit a fresh cigarette. "They wouldn't even let me read."

"They cut me off after a dozen lines. They said—"

"I know. You're not the type either."

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Bitterness showed in her eyes. "What type *are* we, I wonder."

He shrugged. "It gets you after a while, doesn't it? You begin to feel like some kind of freak. You're too tall or too short, or too dark or too blonde, or too comic or too heavy. You—" He broke off. He didn't want to talk—not even to her. He raised his hand in a farewell salute. "Be seeing you around," he said, "in the waiting rooms."

Her voice followed him. "Going some place special?" she called.

He turned slowly. "Very special. I'm crawling into a nice hole I know of in the ground."

"Is it big enough for two?" she asked him.

Their eyes met for a long time. He read her story in hers. It's my story all over again, he thought. My story, feminine gender. "Where do we go?" he said.

"Will it be any cooler in Central Park?" she asked.

"Probably not, but let's go anyway."

◆

They stopped for a drugstore lunch—a sandwich and a malted. They walked north on Fifth Avenue, keeping close to the buildings for shade. There was a tree on a hilltop half a mile inside the park. Eric took off his coat and folded it carefully and loosened his tie. They sat down on the grass. Trees screened off Fifth Avenue. The hum of traffic reached them faintly.

He lit a cigarette for her and one for himself. "Nice little hole?" he said.

"Nice," she agreed gravely. She blew out smoke slowly and clasped her hands around her knees. "'Let us sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings,'" she quoted.

"Of the death of hope," he said bitterly.

She turned her head slowly. "It knocked you this time, did it?" she asked softly.

He nodded. "It knocked me pretty bad. I may go back to Florida. My dad's a citrus grower. I can play Hamlet to the orange trees."

"You won't quit," she said. "You're not that type, either."

They talked for two hours. Her background was Ohio; his, Florida. In high-school dramatics she had played in Junior Miss and Captain Applejack. His two had been High Tor and Outward Bound. He had spent three years in the navy, while she spent three in college. She had gone to a drama school in Cleveland, and he in New York. They'd both had two seasons of summer stock. They'd both had two walk-on parts in Broadway plays.

"Hand in hand we go," he said.

She smiled. "Up the garden path. Getting exactly nowhere."

He reached out and placed his hand over hers on the grass. "Let's get there together, shall we?"

"Will it make it any easier?"

"For me it will. You're the type of girl—"

"But I'm not any type," she broke in. "Remember? I'm not-the-type Anne Hackett."

"You're my type," he said. He tightened, then loosened his hold on her hand, and stretched out on his back. "Will we ever crash it, do you think?"

"One of us may. The law of averages—"

"Then it should be you." He sat up abruptly and his eyes studied her searchingly. "You should play Ruth," he said—"Ruth, in The Shining Hour. I played in that once, in summer stock."

"I played in it too. That second-act scene—"

"Come on!" he said sharply. He got to his feet and held out his hands to help her. "Let's try it." He pulled her up and they stood close together, their eyes shining, their laughter mingling. "You enter stage right," he said. "I'm standing at the mantel, upstage."

The lines came back to them both as they played it. When they'd finished he led her forward and with elaborate pretense they bowed together. "The pretense of it!" he declaimed pompously. "Genius wasted in Central Park!"

"We cast pearls before squirrels," she said.

He took both her hands in his. "Will there be an evening performance?"

"Tonight? I— Where?"

"Wherever you say."

"I live in a furnished room. I'm afraid—"

"I know all about furnished rooms," he told her. "Could we figure something out if we had dinner together?"

◆

During the weeks that followed they met every day. In New York, Eric used to say, he was always lonely and never alone. Now he was no longer lonely. But there was no shutting out of the city, no escape from the crowding, pushing eight million. They met in the park, they rode on buses to the end of Riverside and strolled together on warm moonlit evenings with the broad Hudson gleaming below them. They sat together in air-cooled movie palaces, their fingers touching. There were many places where they could meet and talk and face the amazing and breath-taking discovery that suddenly and without warning they meant everything to each other. But the city was always listening. The sounds of the city always intruded—the hum of its traffic, the whine of its sirens and the clatter of trucks, the shouts of its children, the many voices raised endlessly. There were so many eyes to hide from. They were the city's Displaced Persons, belonging nowhere, never alone.

◆

They stood together on the observation roof of Radio City. They could see for miles the thin light-dotted threads of the city's streets. Eric spread his arms. "There are a couple of million homes down there," he said. "It's nice to think about anyway."

"We could picket," Anne said. "We could walk around with signs —'New York Is Unfair to Lovers—To Homeless Lovers.' "

"We should knock on some apartment door," he went on. "We should say, 'Good evening. Are you going out to the movies tonight by any chance? If so, could we sit in your living room while you're gone? We're two fairly nice people—furnished-room people—and we're very much in love. We've tried the parks and they aren't good enough. We'd like to take our love indoors for a change.' "

She laughed thinly. "We could offer to do the dinner dishes, or take care of the baby, or let out the cat."

"We'd promise not to steal the silver or raid the refrigerator. We'd remind them all the world loves a lover. We're two lovers. They ought to love us double. We might find just the right person — some kind old lady. She'd show us in and she'd say, 'Sit over here on this sofa. There's a cool breeze from the river through that window. That one floor lamp gives you all the light you need. No one will be coming in to disturb you, least of all me. If the phone rings, don't answer it. I'll leave out some cookies and milk for you and then—' "

"Oh, Eric, please!" She clung to his arm and pressed her face against his shoulder. "Don't kid about it!"

He stroked her hair gently. "Dumb," he said. "I'm plain dumb."

She raised her head and she was smiling again. "I messed up your scene, darling," she said. "Sorry."

"It was a lousy scene." He stared straight ahead for a long time. "We've got to get a break!" he said angrily. "We've got to get married soon." His voice hardened. "Or do we? Lots of people like us—"

"No, darling. Not people like us."

Her eyes, gentle and pleading, met his, defiant and angry. And the

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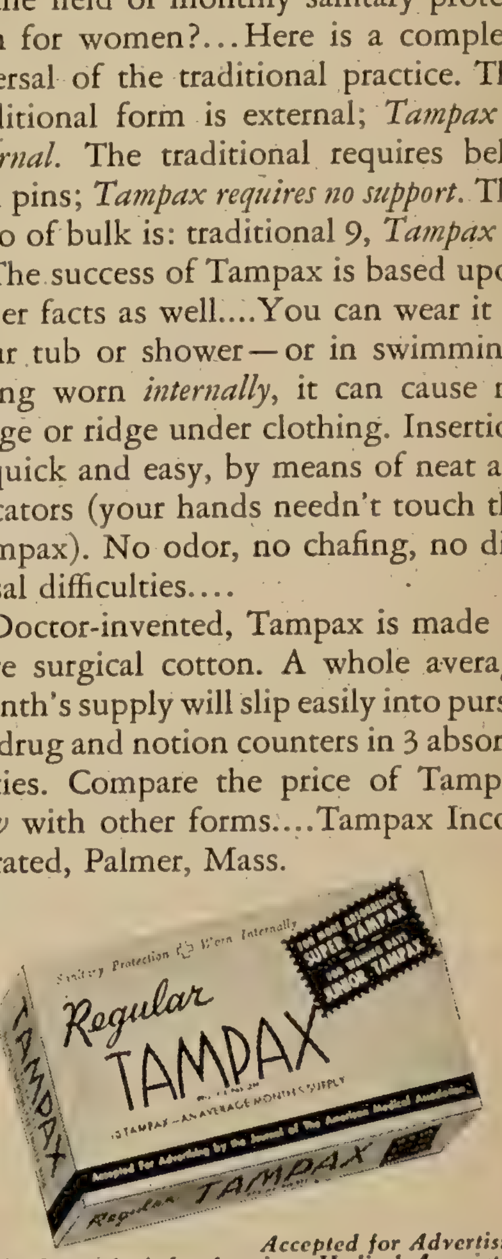

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anger went out of him. He smiled. He stooped and kissed her lightly. "You're right," he said. "We're not *that* type either, are we?"

She had a part-time job which, with the small help she received from home, kept her going. She modeled coats in a wholesale house from nine until one, and then she was free. It gave her ample time to make the rounds of the casting offices. Three times in two months her hopes were raised, then crushed. Once she was too tall. Once she wasn't quite sophisticated enough. And a third time she looked too American—the part called for a girl with a Central European look. Twice she heard of parts Eric might play, and made appointments for him for his lunch hour. But both times he was not quite right. Once he was too sophisticated. The second time he was not tall enough.

"If someone wrote a play about me," he said after the second time, "they would tell me that I wasn't the type for it."

They had had dinner at one of the cheaper restaurants they knew. They had seen a movie. They had sat together at a bar and drunk beer. Now they strolled slowly across town to the old brownstone house where she had her room.

On the stoop she raised her lips for his kiss. He shook his head. "I'm going in with you," he said.

She looked away quickly. "Darling, I can't—"

"You can let me see where you live."

"But the landlady—"

"She's not here. You told me. She's visiting in Boston."

Anne turned from him. She took one step and put her key in the lock. "It's on the second floor," she whispered.

◆

He followed her up the dimly lit stairs. She found her room key. The door opened soundlessly and they stepped inside. She touched the wall switch as he closed the door behind him. "It's tiny, isn't it?" she said, her voice thin and strained. "But it's sort of cheerful. It's really quite light and airy. And I have that big closet—"

"Anne," he said, and held out his arms. "Anne."

"Eric. Oh, my darling!"

When their kiss was ended he held her close. "We had that coming," he said softly. "We had it coming a long time."

"My darling, why does it have to be like this?"

He moved her from him, his hands firm on her shoulders. "It doesn't. It isn't going to be. Marry me, Anne. Just as soon as we can arrange it."

"But we can't! We can't afford—"

"I can get a better job in the office. It's been offered to me. I can do all right if I buckle down to it. I'll stay with it and—"

"But you don't want to stay with it! You belong in the theater."

He smiled gently. "I belong here—here with you, and everything else shut out. I came up here tonight," he went on earnestly. "I'll come again. We both know that now. So marry me, dearest. We both want it that way, don't we?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes," she said softly. "That way."

They had a week-end in Atlantic City for a honeymoon—two days in a small hotel two blocks from the Boardwalk.

When they came back they moved into the largest and brightest room in Anne's brownstone. Mrs. Geiger, the landlady, had fixed it up with new curtains, a new spread for the bed, and a new floor lamp beside the desk in the corner. Her best easy chair from her own room was by the windows in front. She wanted to make it the next best thing to their own apartment, she said.

"The next best thing will do for now," Eric said that night, after he'd kissed Anne good night, "but we won't settle for it for long."

"We'll get our break," Anne said. "We're bound to."

They went to sleep thinking about it. Every night they went to sleep with their hearts full of dreams.

And after four months the break came. It came for Anne; not for Eric. When he came down to the lobby of his office building that evening Anne was waiting for him and her eyes were shining. "I'm buying a drink," she said. "We're celebrating."

They found a corner table in a downtown cocktail lounge and she told him. Max Ryster, the agent, had sent for her that afternoon. He'd had her name and record on file for months, but he'd never done anything for her. Now, somehow, he had remembered her, and when he met her he'd seemed to like her. He'd sent her to Howard Wills, the producer, who was casting his new show. And Wills, too, had seemed to like her. They had talked for an hour, and at the end of it Wills had said he wanted her. It was a very nice little part—she played the hoyden daughter of the star, and it was the sort of thing she loved and could do best. It ran to about twenty sides, and it paid a hundred and fifty a week. She had a run-of-the-play contract and rehearsals would start in ten days.

She was breathless and her cocktail was untouched before her when she finished. Eric raised his glass. "A star is born," he said. "They'll notice you. There'll be bigger parts. Then Hollywood will want you. They'll—"

She laughed excitedly. "You're silly. It's not that important a part."

"You'll make it important," he said. "You could walk on and smile at them and make it important."

Her eyes clouded. "If there was only something in it for you! I asked Mr. Wills, but he said—"

"One break at a time is enough," he broke in. "Two would be too much of a shock."

"I want you to have your chance, darling," she said.

He waved his hand. "I'm doing all right. One substantial raise at the office in six months. And another one promised. What's wrong with that?"

◆

During rehearsals he met her every evening at the stage door. They'd have dinner and she'd tell him the day's news. The play was taking shape. It was coming to life. She was getting a lot out of her part, and the director liked her. The star was gracious and encouraging. Enthusiasm was high.

After three weeks they went to New Haven for the try-out. Eric did not go; he was waiting for the Broadway opening, when everything would be perfect. But his telegram was in the backstage mail rack, and his flowers were in her dressing room. From New Haven they moved on to Boston. And early in September they brought it in to New York.

Eric sat in the audience that night and his eyes never left her when she was on the stage. He knew she was good—he was enough of an actor to be sure. She got everything out of her part that was in it. She would go on from here.

They had a midnight supper by themselves after the show in a small side-street café. "It's a hit," Eric told her. "You could feel it in the air. You'll be working in it a full year."

She nodded eagerly. "We'll start looking for an apartment," she said. "We can afford one now."

Eric was right in part—the play was a hit. The critics acclaimed it and prophesied a long run. But he was also wrong in part—Anne was to play in it for only two months.

He had met her as usual that evening at the stage door and they had taxied home to their brownstone. She sat in the big chair by the window and smoked, and finally she said, "I had a talk with Mr. Wills today. I'm leaving the show."

He snapped off the radio and turned quickly. "Leaving?" he said sharply. "He can't let you out. You have a run-of-the-play contract. According to Equity—"

"I'm quitting, darling," she said, and laughed. "There's an act-of-God clause in the contract, isn't there?"

His hands dropped to his sides. He walked slowly to her and knelt beside her. "Anne, you—you know this for sure?" he said.

She smiled at him. "Dr. Blackburn does. It'll be in mid-July, he says." She reached and moved her hand through his hair. "You're supposed to stand up and cheer or something, aren't you? Expectant fathers are always supposed to—"

"I'll cheer when I catch my breath." He stared at her blankly. "It—it changes things, doesn't it?"

"For the better, darling." She leaned forward and held his face between her hands and kissed him. "Lots of actresses have babies and then go back on the stage. And we want a family. It's part of the reason for everything, isn't it?"

He stood up and drew her to her feet and held her close. "I'm cheering," he whispered in her ear. "I'm cheering at the top of my lungs."

◆

Dr. Blackburn was proven wrong by two months. The baby, a boy, was born in May, prematurely. He came into the world a feeble tiny bundle of life, weighing three and a half pounds.

Eric waited in the hospital corridor that day. He saw the nurse come from the room carrying the pitifully small mound of blankets in her arms. He called, "Nurse—" but she did not stop. She hurried, she almost ran, to the special incubator nursery at the end of the hall with her precious bundle. He waited until he saw his wife wheeled back to her room. And when the nurse gave him the word he went inside.

Anne's eyelids fluttered and finally opened as his lips touched her cheek. She smiled weakly. "It's Eric Junior, isn't it?" she whispered. "I was in a fog, but I heard someone say 'boy.' "

"He's fine, dearest," Eric said. "He's wonderful."

He left then to see the doctor and learn the truth. Dr. Blackburn met his anxious glance gravely. "As far as I know, there's nothing wrong," he said. His eyes stayed on Eric solemnly. "But, of course, it's a premature birth," he said.

"But that doesn't mean—"

"It means," Dr. Blackburn said, "that your baby was given life before he was ready. He's starting his struggle before he is fully equipped. Every premature baby has a fight on his hands to make it." His glance softened. "Or perhaps I should say its parents have a fight on *their* hands."

"We'll take it on," Eric said quietly. "And my wife?"

"It was a normal birth. She'll be with you in a week or ten days."

"But not the baby?"

"The baby will stay here. He will get special care and special feedings. A nurse—a specialist in this sort of work—will be near him constantly. Remember a full-term baby is born ready for life. His heart, his lungs—all his organs are ready. Your child is different. Also a nine-month baby has a certain amount of immunity to infection, which your baby lacks." He rested a hand on Eric's shoulder. "It'll be a fight," he said. "Now and for many months to come."

◆

Anne went home a week later. Another week and she was strong again and on her feet. And from then on, as soon as Eric came home from the office, they made a daily trip to the hospital.

They looked down through glass, for two minutes every day, at the pathetically tiny figure of their son. Their eyes misted as they watched him. His eyes were always tightly closed and he did not seem to breathe. If he gained nothing they were grim and silent all evening, and went grimly and silently to bed.

But the day came when they knew they were winning. Their son weighed four and a half pounds, then five. Before very long they could have him with them, Dr. Blackburn said. Before very long they could touch their son and hold him in their arms.

It was a hot sultry day in July when the phone call came through to Anne from Max Ryster. Immediately she phoned Eric at the office. But he was not in. She kept phoning all afternoon. And at five, when he came in, she rushed to him.

"Something's happened!" she cried, and kissed him. "Max Ryster called. He said he's been expecting to hear from you. It's about some part in the new Heath show. Darling, what is it?"

Eric nodded slowly. "He told me about it a few days ago. It's a pretty big part. I said I'd let him know. I wanted to talk to Dr. Blackburn first. That's where I was today."

Fear showed in her eyes. "Dr.

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Blackburn? But nothing's happened? Nothing—"

"It's all right," he told her gently. "We can take the baby soon. But there's a long way to go. He'll be very delicate at first. He'll need all sorts of extra care. It'll take more than one person to handle it, the doctor said. So I suggested something. Something I've had in mind for a long time. Dr. Blackburn said that it would be better. Very much better."

Their eyes met. "What, Eric?" she asked quietly. "What are we going to do?"

He smiled reassuringly. "Dad's always said he wanted me back in Florida. I can earn our keep and more. And the house is big enough. My Aunt Laura's home now—and she was a trained nurse for years. I thought between you and her and mother, you could manage. And if we could see him through his first winter in a mild climate—well, it's the only thing to do, isn't it? It's only three hours by plane."

"And your big part in the new Heath play, Eric?" Anne asked.

"We'll see Max Ryster in the morning," Eric said.

◆ Max Ryster heard them through, pacing the floor behind his desk, pausing now and then to study them with sharp, dark eyes.

"And so that's the way it is," Eric finished. "We'll be back, of course, in a year or two, when the kid's strong enough. We'd like to look you up then and try again."

Ryster nodded slowly. He lit a second cigarette from the stub of the first. "Sure, look me up," he said gruffly. "I'll be around. I'll do what I can. But it's a shame about now. This is a big part, Grant. It would start you off right."

"We have no choice now," Eric said.

"The baby has to get strong and well," Anne said. "We have to give him his break, you see."

Max Ryster looked sharply at Anne. He looked at Eric. Then he grinned. "Sure I see," he said. "You're nice kids. You're that type."

◆ They rode home in a cab. Eric looked at his wife and smiled. "Now we know, anyway," he said. "We're *that* type."

"I'm glad," she said quietly. "I wouldn't have it any different."

Eric chuckled. "Not if they put our names in lights three feet high," he said.

"Six feet high, darling," Anne said, and moved closer to him. ◆ ◆

THE CURATE PLAYS TO A TWELVE

Continued from page 21 • •

"Dr. Lash is going to *love* that!" was her encouraging comment.

"Doesn't Dr. Lash play golf?" asked Jones with a perceptible edge of anxiety in his voice.

"He not only doesn't play, but he gives plenty hell to those that do," I managed to interject.

"Gee, that's going to be a problem," said Mr. Jones with a comical grimace. "Is there a good municipal course here?"

"You won't have to worry about that. You are going to be an honorary member of Raleigh Hills. Dr. Lash holds that honor, but he needs his assistant to take the burden of golf off his shoulders."

"Wow, an honorary membership in a real golf club—" The ministerial eye reflected an ecstatic gleam.

◆ The above took place on Monday. It was the second week in May, and time for the spring handicap. The qualifying round was announced for Saturday or Sunday to suit the convenience of the members. At Raleigh Hills, Thursday afternoon is what we call Club Day. The Aces always have lunch together at the club on Thursday and frame up the foursomes (and the bets) at the table. Most of the business men and all the doctors knock off around twelve and tear out Base Line Pike at miles an hour so as to inhale a rapid sandwich and get to the first tee before it crowds up.

Wednesday night I phoned the Rev. Robert Ralston Jones, waiting for a moment when Esther was out of earshot.

"Is that you, Bobby Jones?" I cracked.

His hearty laugh indicated that he did not have to be told who it was.

"Bobby Jones, no less," he said. "I was hoping you would call me. I am dying to see that course and to get a little exercise."

"How about letting me pick you up about eleven thirty tomorrow morning?"

"I'll be at the church," he said, with what sounded like a note of caution in his voice. "I won't have my stuff with me."

"That's easy. I'll come by the church and then we can stop at your place."

"Supposing Dr. Lash has other plans for my afternoon?"

"Tell him you're sorry, but you made the date and you do not want to antagonize a member of the vestry who contributes liberally. And if you don't come, I'll be definitely antagonized."

The next day I phoned a couple of the Aces from the office and told them to hold onto their hats, because I was bringing Bobby Jones out to lunch. They gave me the bird, but I got deadly serious and said I wasn't kidding.

I was at the church at straight up eleven thirty, and there was my reverend guest standing in front of the parish house. He was in the front seat before I had stopped the car, his bony figure folding up like the tripod of a movie camera, and his eager face as red as ever, beaming with excitement.

"Dr. Lash had a sudden conference with the bishop, so I did not have a chance to tell him I was going. I left a note on his desk."

"What did you put in the note?"

"I just said that Mr. Alexander Sterling called for me and was taking me out to view the grounds of the Raleigh Hills Golf Club, and that if he needed me he should phone the club and I would come right back to town."

We stopped at his house while he knifed through the door to get his things. It took him all of twenty seconds and he was back, carrying that offensive little canvas bag and a parcel tied with a string. His wood club was an old brassie with a shaft that bent like a buggy whip. It had not known shellac in years and the face was indented from wear.

"I drive and play them off the fairway with that club. It's my favorite," he told me.

There were three irons and a putter, of assorted weights and ages, all of them dating back to the days of wooden shafts and ill-shapen heads. The putter was the type sold for a dollar in the early '20s.

"What kind of score can you make with these?"

"Well, my best at Jackson Park this year was eighty-four and my worst was one-oh-three. I developed a bad slice that day."

"With that wood of yours a slice is normal," I said.

From this point on out to the club the conversation never swerved away from the important business before us. Robert Ralston Jones was completely enslaved by the game. He even confessed he had hitchhiked to Detroit the summer before to watch the Open Championship.

When we reached the club, a knot of caddies was standing in the parking area waiting for us. I heard one of the youngsters say, "Bobby Jones, my eye! Who said old Sterling was bringing Bobby Jones?"

When we came into the locker room it was evident that my phone calls of the morning had been taken at their face value. The fellows were more gullible than I thought possible. The principal result of my corny little joke was to give the Rev. Mr. Jones a chance to meet the Aces with his most engaging manner. He had an answer for everything, which did him no harm at all. I asked Ed, the locker boy, to assign him a locker in Aces Row. We always dressed before lunch so as to save time.

◆ Jones stripped rapidly. There was a scale in the center of the room and he slipped down the main aisle to weigh himself. I heard the weights clanking. Then he ran back without comment and started to put on his playing clothes. A moment later I heard somebody at the scales calling to a friend in a hoarse whisper:

"Hey, Harry, come here! Take a look at this scales. I want you to see what kind of curate we bought at St. David's."

Evidently Bobby Jones heard it, because he looked at me and shook with delighted laughter.

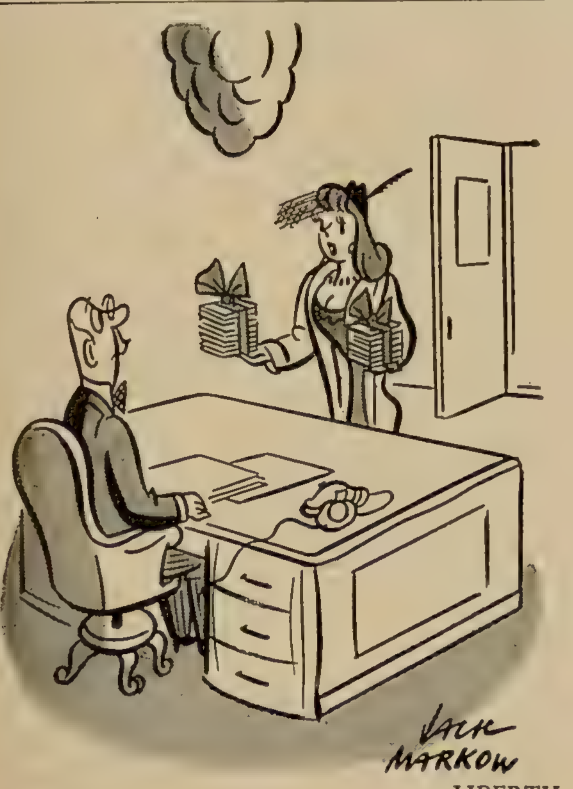
"Come on, give! How much do you weigh?" I asked.

"One hundred and fourteen pounds," he confessed.

"And *all* muscle!" I added in hoarse amazement.

He put on a plain white shirt, a pair of old black trousers that bore the shine of hard usage, and ordinary black street shoes without spikes. In comparison with the tweedy man-of-distinction standards of Raleigh Hills, his costume was going to stand out like a tramp in a grand-opera promenade. The hat was just an older edition of his current black-felt number. He pulled it out of the bundle, gave it a whack, and slapped it on.

"Can't I lend you a slip-over sweater to eat lunch in?" I asked. "We usually put on a jacket or something in the grill."



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"I'll wear my coat. Your sweater would fit me twice."

So the curate made his grand entrance into the crowded men's grill looking like a minister who had failed to get fully dressed for the pulpit.

I will not bother you with the identification and description of the assorted characters that belong at the Aces' table. We are a crowd of genial pirates, all crowding sixty or better.

The outstanding feature of the luncheon was the entrance of Andy Fenniman, our club champion, and about as popular as poison oak. Andy came in and looked all around, walked to our table and said, "What's this stuff about Bobby Jones coming out here today? I want to get his picture."

"You're right, Andy. He's here and you're looking right at him. Meet the Rev. Bobby Jones, the new curate at St. David's-on-the-Lake. You're a member of that church, so you ought to get acquainted."

Jones stood up and surveyed the rangy elegance of our scratch player. Fenniman was a man past forty who spent his life playing golf, going fishing and duck hunting. He had no friends because he wanted to win every match before leaving the first tee, and in match play he had invented a few annoying tricks that made his younger opponents beat themselves. He had a gorgeous swing, there was no use denying it. Heaven knows he had plenty of money to pay for the best instruction the country affords. All the ambitious teen-age players and the junior members who aspired to lower handicaps hated to play with him, but each cherished the hope that he would be the one to dethrone Andy Fenniman.

"I apologize for Mr. Sterling's joke, Mr. Fenniman," said the curate. "The fact is, the Robert in my name is unfamiliar to me. My folks call me Ralston, because that's my mother's maiden name. I never thought of this Bobby Jones stuff before."

"I think it's lousy humor, if you ask me!" said Andy. "Just like this crowd of dubs calling themselves the Aces!"

"They seem to be aces in popularity," said Jones with a heartiness that won approving looks.

"Wait until you know them better," said Fenniman, striding off.

◆

As we were about to tee off, the thought occurred to me that Mr. Jones ought to enter the spring handicap. Although the qualifying rounds would not be played until Saturday and Sunday, I was a member of the Tournament Committee and could alter the rules. I put a card in my pocket, told Boomer Brown that Mr. Jones would hand in a score, and then informed the curate that he must be sure to hole out every putt because I was going to post his score.

"But I have never seen the course before," he pleaded. "I'm too nervous and excited to qualify."

"You'll do better now than after you learn where all the trouble is," I told him with the veteran golfer's ancient wisdom. "Just forget all about your individual score. I'll keep it for you. You and I are partners in this foursome and I'm betting—"

"Betting?" echoed Mr. Jones. "You better not count on me. I never played on a real championship course in my life, and I don't bet anyway."

"Don't think about that either. Just relax and play for the fun of it. We get three strokes a nine on your ball. Now go ahead and take the honor."

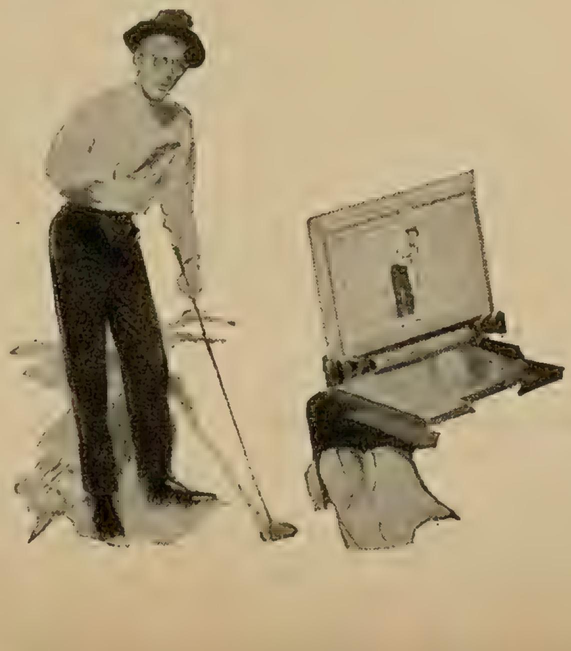
There must have been about twenty men on the putting-practice green and on the porch of the pro shop. They all stopped what they were doing and strolled over to watch the curate take his first drive. Even I was a little tense for him.

He fished a tee out of his back pocket and produced a ball that must have been left in the canvas bag when he bought it at the secondhand store. He teed up deliberately, picked out the ancient brassie, and took a few warm-up swings. His skinny wrists broke too soon on his back swing, but it was not a bad swing to look at.

There was a deadly silence as he addressed the ball. Then somebody started a movie camera, the whir of which sounded like a sawmill in the stillness.

Mr. Jones stopped and looked mildly in the direction of the photographer. Everybody else looked. It was Andy Fenniman, holding the camera to his eye and still pressing the button.

"I wish you wouldn't," said Mr. Jones. "I'm not very photogenic."



A strong protesting chorus arose from the gallery, to which Fenniman's only reply as he walked away was something about wanting to get a shot of Bobby Jones. There were some salty adjectives thrown in the direction of the offender. The incident drew most of the attention away from Jones himself. The fact that he hit that first ball at all was a tribute to his poise. He got it on top, but it went straight out about a hundred and twenty-five yards. At least that agony was over.

I had a hard time prevailing upon Mr. Jones to allow my caddie to carry double. He was accustomed to caddie for himself, and I noticed that for a little while he reached to the ground involuntarily to pick up his clubs after a shot.

◆

The curate's resemblance to Bobby Jones went no further than the name, I assure you. He was an average public-links player as far as his knowledge of the game was concerned. He believed you could take your ball away from a tree and place it in a convenient spot. In our traps he was baffled, not only because he had no club that would serve to bang a ball out, but because after I explained about not touching the sand when addressing the ball, he was facing a heretofore unsuspected problem. But Mr. Jones was not to be sold short. When he took out that dollar putter and leaned far over the green, like a fisherman searching for night crawlers, he was dangerous.

He shot the first nine in an even fifty, which would have been better if he had not gone into one of our choicest traps on the ninth hole and finished up with an eight. That put us two down. On the second nine I quietly doubled the bets.

On our famous fifteenth hole he took a par five, while the rest of us were taking sixes and sevens. That gave him a tremendous lift and he finished with four-four-four against a par of four-three-four. His total for the nine was forty-three, so with his medal score of ninety-three, I was correct in assuming he would make the championship flight of thirty-two players.

It required a little manipulating on my part on Sunday night when all the scores were in, but that is another advantage of being on the Tournament Committee. There were eight players who had handed in scores of ninety-three, and only one last place to fill the bracket. It was necessary to draw for that last place. I wrote up the eight slips for Boomer Brown to draw one name. The one he drew read "Jones." I suppressed the other seven pieces of paper. Then we made up the pairings and I saw to it that the curate would meet Andy Fenniman in the first round. I gave Mr. Jones a twelve handicap. A fourteen would have been justifiable, but I wanted no kickback.

◆

The next day, which was Monday, Esther invited the curate to dinner. That brought on a debate about whether we should serve drinks beforehand, and of course I did not win. While we sat in the den waiting for dinner to be announced, he spoke up and said, "Mr. Sterling, I have a hunch you take a drink before dinner. If so, please do not let me stop you. In fact, if you are embarrassed to drink alone, I will take one with you."

I produced the ice and the Scotch before Esther could recover. Do you blame me for bringing out a set of clubs I had laid aside the previous fall and insisting that Mr. Jones accept them as a token of my approval and esteem?

He gazed at the matched set of irons and woods, and began to handle their expensive perfection. He finally managed to say, "I will feel ever so much better if you let me buy them."

"How do you know they will suit you? Don't buy golf clubs on sight. You borrow them from me for a week. If you can use them, they will help you in your match against Andy Fenniman."

"Andy Fenniman—gee, do I play him?" His voice broke on a high note.

"What worries me," Esther said, "is how Dr. Lash will feel about all this."

"The fact is, he asked me about my Thursday-afternoon game, but wait until he hears I am going to play Mr. Fenniman! He listened to me when I told him the details, but I could tell from his face how he felt about it. When I mentioned Mr. Fenniman, he perked up and looked at me hard. I told him about the movie camera and he began to mutter under his breath."

"Did he tell you why?" I asked.

"Yes, he told me quite a tale about Mr. Fenniman and his refusal to contribute to the building fund for the parish house."

"Did he tell you why he refused?"

"Yes, he told me he wanted the large assembly room called Fenniman Hall, but offered only five thousand dollars for the honor; and when Dr. Lash said no, he said he would not give anything. If he is as rich as Dr. Lash says he is, five thousand dollars is peanuts for him."

"He runs a fifty-two-foot cruiser that cost him at least fifty grand, besides the upkeep."

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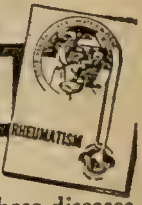

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"He's tough with everything. He's one of the hardest men to understand I know. He is a great sportsman, but a rotten sport."

"Dr. Lash said I ought to cultivate him out at Raleigh Hills and warm him up toward St. David's."

"If you beat him Saturday, he probably won't be so hot for the church."

"Say, that's true. Maybe it would be tactful to let him beat me."

"I got a better idea! Bet him twenty-five thousand for the parish house."

"That would be a one-sided bet. I don't gamble, as I told you, and if I did, my limit would be twenty-five cents, not twenty-five thousand."

◆

All this offered an excellent excuse for me to go out to the club the next noon to play a fast twosome with Mr. Jones. He figured it would be just like a long lunch hour if we left the church at eleven thirty and returned before three. He was dying to try out those clubs of mine.

The matched set of Spalding irons had a magical effect. He began to hit shots that made him exclaim with joy. Many of them were splattered to the right and left, but he was getting the ball out to undreamed-of distances. He had more trouble with the woods. I have always preferred stiff shafts and his one old brassie was as limp as a yew bow, so his wristy swing was timed all wrong for the new set. I made him stay with them for the round, however, even though he missed half his shots, and those he hit were all over the place. At that he had a ninety, due mostly to some fabulous putting. I urged him to come out again a time or two before Saturday's match, but he said it would be unfair to indulge Dr. Lash's good nature too often. He decided to take the clubs in town to use on the practice driving range.

On Thursday the Aces had a big powwow around the luncheon table, speculating on the probabilities of victory for the curate. With a handicap of twelve, he would get nine strokes against Fenniman, which did not seem to be very many against an opponent who rarely fared worse than a seventy-six and held the amateur course record with a terrific sixty-five. The fellows were practically drooling at the mouth to have Bobby Jones put out Andy Fenniman in the first round.

It was then that I propounded a scheme which would put the heavy pressure on Andy and also give Mr. Jones an incentive to win such as he had never had in his life. It would also soften up Dr. Lash and take his curse off Raleigh Hills. I urged a number of other tycoons to gather around our table and then I made my pitch.

"I suggest that we make up a syndicate of about twenty-five grand and bet Andy Fenniman that he gets beat. If we lose, we pay the money to St. David's for the new parish house. If the Rev. Bobby Jones wins, then Andy pays the twenty-five thousand to the building fund. That's what I call a nice clean gamble. I'll give you an inside tip: I took that clump of rusty picks away from Mr. Jones and gave him my spare set of clubs. He was out here on Tuesday and is haunting the driving range every night. He is no pushover, no matter how pathetic he looks. Take my word for it, this is a bet that will make history around these parts."

Andy was easier to be had than I figured, and after the bet was placed, I realized that my biggest problem might be to sell the whole idea to Mr. Jones. At first I thought I might be better off not telling him at all, but I realized that he was bound to hear it from somebody. I called him up that night, but he was out. It occurred to me that he might be over at the driving range, so after dinner I drove past the place and, sure enough, there he was, banging out balls under the arc lights. I told him the whole story, and I must admit that he was close to a state of collapse when I drove him slowly home. I don't think he slept much that night or the next night either.

◆

The weather on Saturday was lousy. It was pouring at dawn and kept up steadily until nearly noon. Then a breeze sprang up and the sun broke through, so by the time Mr. Jones and I started for Raleigh Hills, it was blue overhead but mushy underfoot. Our course does not dry out too well, which meant that Andy's tremendous drives would be an advantage and Mr. Jones' topped shots would not roll very far. He discussed this and other sinister portents on the way, and I had a rising sense of guilt. He was like a man awaiting an explosion. I had a strong set of rationalizations all ready for him, however.

"You have no cause for worry. You win if you lose! If he beats you, St. David's gets the twenty-five thousand just the same, and a lot of fellows who rarely give to good causes are given the happy chance. If you win, Fenniman is stuck. And, best of all, whether you win or lose, Dr. Lash will be forced to admit that the Raleigh Hills bunch is not so bad after all."

I even convinced myself with this sort of talk. By the time we reached the club, we both felt better.

The locker room and grill were well filled by noon, but by one o'clock, when the match was scheduled, the place looked like Fourth of July or Labor Day. It was evident that a tremendous gallery intended to follow. A twenty-five-thousand-dollar match was rare, even at our club. When Andy Fenniman arrived he saw what was cooking and came straight to me, the big impresario.

"If there is a gallery, the whole deal is off," he declared.

"How are we going to stop them? This is their club—they can go where they please. And as for calling it off, it's too late. An agreement is an agreement."

"Oh, no, it isn't. I can default the match. There was nothing in our agreement to prevent me from giving Jones the match by default."

◆

This talk took place in the locker room and Mr. Jones heard it. I knew the Aces would never refrain from following a match if it were upon the expressed wish of Andy Fenniman, but it might be a different matter if the Rev. Mr. Jones asked them to remain behind. The curate caught on immediately and said the decisive word.

"If it is all the same to you, Mr. Sterling, I would rather there was no gallery either. Mr. Fenniman and I both prefer a friendly match without a big crowd breathing on our necks."

I arranged to have Al, my caddie, carry Mr. Jones' little bag. Al is a man, not a boy. He knows as much about golf as the original Bobby Jones.

At the first tee there was nothing to keep the crowd from watching the start of the match. Andy had the honor and drove a ball about two hundred and forty yards up the middle. I saw Mr. Jones reach for his old brassie, but he changed his mind and took out my driver. His shot was badly topped and scooted along close to the ground for about a hundred yards. It was a dismal beginning. We watched them play their seconds from a distance. Mr. Jones took out his wood, and from where I stood I could see it was his old relic. His next shot looked like one of his best, so we all felt easier, but the predictions were doleful. I think we were all glad that it had been decided to let them go it alone.

Everybody went about the business of playing his own game, either tournament or otherwise, so that we had only occasional bulletins on the progress of the big money match. At the end of the first nine, with five of his precious handicap strokes used up, Mr. Jones was all even. Andy had shot thirty-eight, which is two over par, and Mr. Jones had a lovely forty-four. This news was sent to me in a scribbled note from Al, who had promised to keep me abreast of the proceedings. The word spread rapidly across the course as interested parties relayed it from one fairway to the other. Everybody was giving the tournament players the right of way.

Our two nines are placed so that one can catch occasional glimpses of the whole course from afar. We kept looking across the links, and on the thirteenth tee I caught sight of a familiar spectator standing by while the two players drove. I stopped dead and yelled, "Look!"

It was the austere figure of Dr. Lawrence Lash acting as a one-man gallery. Our foursome went into hysterics. This was our money's worth, no matter how the match went. The rector had evidently arrived late and knew nothing of the restrictions on a gallery. Certainly neither Andy nor Bobby would

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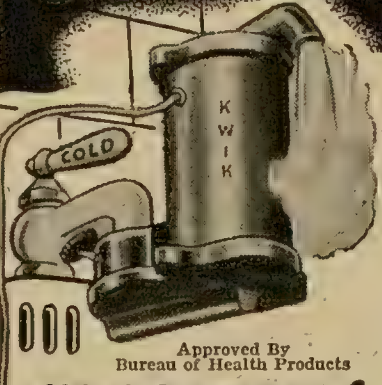

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have dared tell him to evaporate.

Al saw me watching and, when no one seemed to be looking, I signaled and made a questioning gesture. He waved his palms parallel to the ground, which is the universal signal for all square. All square at the thirteenth! That was not so bad. Mr. Jones still had three strokes left, one each on thirteen, fifteen, and sixteen.

◆

When we finished the first nine, I suggested that we go out to the rear porch of the clubhouse, where you can look down on the seventeenth green and the eighteenth tee. If the match went that far, we would be in on the finish and still be out of the way of the two players. There was no news of what had happened from thirteen through fifteen, so we waited, together with a good many others. The sixteenth hole is a dog-leg, with the green at the bottom of a long hill. We could see them coming through the woods from the fifteenth green to tee off on sixteen, which meant that the match was probably still alive. They were lost to view for a while as they played out on the sixteenth green, and then we saw them emerge onto the short seventeenth, a hundred and sixty-five yards across a small pond.

It was Mr. Jones' honor. He evidently had won a hole somewhere along the line and was still in the game. We could see Andy fumbling in his pants pocket for a package of cigarettes, and just as Mr. Jones drove, he struck a match and lit up. I knew that was a calculated gesture. Andy was known for that stunt. He carried a noisy cigarette case with a snappy lid and the old-fashioned safety matches that exploded when scratched on the box.

It did not seem to disturb the curate, for he laid an iron shot on the green about twenty feet below the pin. Andy hit his even better, and the ball struck past the stick, biting deeply and bouncing back toward the hole as though on a string. It left him a four-foot putt for a two. There was a groan of agony from the crowd.

As they came toward us, we saw that Dr. Lash was evidently enjoying himself. He was chatting with Mr. Jones and smiling with unaccustomed good nature. That was a hopeful sign. Al looked up at us and again made the all-square gesture. We nudged one another and whispered, "Hot damn!"

The curate crouched down like a yogi as he surveyed that uphill putt. He had his old putter in his hand, and as he addressed the ball it looked as though he were trying to stand on his head. He hit it terribly hard. The ball must have been on dead center, because we could see it bounce up as it hit the cup and dropped. There was no stopping the shout that burst from all of us. It was one of the bravest putts under pressure I ever saw.

Then Andy sighted his, and if he had made it, I would have doffed my hat to a hero. But of course he muffed it, so the curate was one up with one hole to go. There was no use holding that crowd back any more. We all rushed out to the eighteenth green. It is an easy par four, only two ninety-four yards. Only, the drive is difficult, calling for a long carry, straight uphill through a corridor of tall evergreens. Mr. Jones sliced badly. The ball started its long roundhouse pathway as soon as it was struck. We saw it coming and a groan went up. It disappeared into the woods, hit a tree with a loud report somewhere near the top, and after a long pause came lazily from nowhere, described a graceful arc in the direction of the flag and dropped in the fairway. It was the maddest piece of luck imaginable. If I had been Andy Fenniman I would have quit in sheer fright.

But Andy was game. His drive was flawless. It cut the center and left him an easy pitch for what would probably be a birdie. The curate came up the hill, hiding his face in mock shame.

◆

It was his shot. He took a long time over the selection of a stick and I saw him consult with Al, shake his head in the negative, and take a club of his own choosing. Al looked horrified and shrugged his shoulders as if to disclaim all responsibility for what happened. In fact, the caddie turned his back to be spared the awful outcome.

I cannot recall seeing a shot more completely missed than that one. The ball was about eighty yards from the edge of the green. The curate took a powerful swing with what looked to be about a six iron and caught the ball with a half-topping wallop that must have put a deep crease in its hide. It traveled plenty fast and seemed to pick up speed as it skated along the turf. It was bound to go over the green and into the long grass, but there was a spongy spot on the apron. The ball landed in the middle of this area, picked up a gob of earth, gave a crazy skid toward the flag, and disappeared into the cup.

The scream that greeted that shot was led by no less a person than the Rev. Lawrence Lash. It was the goofiest eagle-two I ever saw.

With boyish abandon, Mr. Jones fell flat on the turf in a mock faint.

We all started to laugh, helplessly and insanely.

Andy Fenniman's teeth were howing in a sorry attempt at a rin. He flapped his arms and yelled, 'What's the use of being a good olfer!" Then he played the shot nd actually tried to sink his also. t was a beautiful pitch and laid his all close enough to cause us all to hudder. It stopped five inches from he pin and made us applaud in spite of our personal feelings.

Dr. Lash seized Mr. Jones and shook him joyously. There was immense confusion. I had enough sense left to rush up to the curate and tell him to shake hands with his opponent. He didn't even know that much about tournament matches.

◆ Andy Fenniman came up to me, his customary frown returning.

"Where do you get that twelve-handicap stuff? He shot a thirty-nine on the second nine. He had no right in the tournament at all. He's not even a member yet, because the board didn't meet to O.K. it."

"What are you going to do, Andy? Protest the match? You're stuck for the twenty-five grand, so why not give it gracefully?"

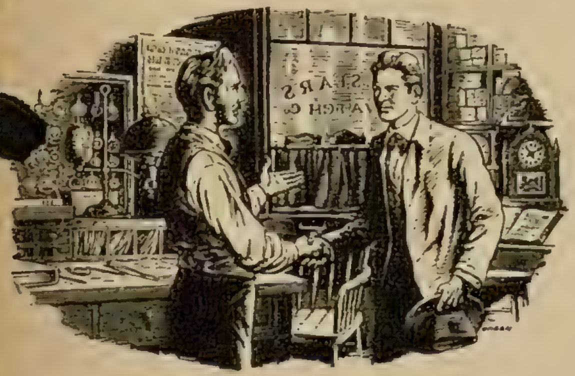
Then he pulled the pay-off line that I think ends the story just right.

"I intended to contribute the twenty-five grand, even if I won, so the church would have had fifty thousand. That crazy eighteenth hole cost St. David's your twenty-five-thousand-dollar pool."

The Aces took that one to heart! They knew Andy was a liar, but they knew also they were stuck. Maybe Andy Fenniman got the better of that match after all. St. David's got the fifty thousand and Dr. Lash took up golf. ◆ ◆

MAIL-ORDER MAGIC

Continued from page 31



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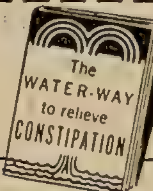

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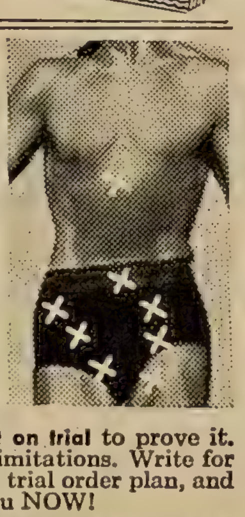

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Once Sears ran 67 ads in a single issue of a publication. He did not always pay for advertising space in cash. He made one deal for space in 2,000 weeklies and paid off in bicycles. Buyers responded in droves to ads that screamed: "HEAR YE! HEAR YE!" and "LOOK AT THIS BARGAIN!"—and, of course, "SEND NO MONEY!"

The eventual growing public wariness of advertising did not affect Sears, Roebuck. Richard Sears saw to that. The public had grown tired of advertised gadgets that didn't work, sure cures that didn't cure, sure fits that didn't fit. Sears not only kept the trend from hurting his company, but also won many new friends in the process.

His method was not complex. He merely added a single line at the bottom of each ad: "Sears, Roebuck and Company are thoroughly reliable.—EDITOR."

Also he published testimonials such as: "Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s guarantee is as good as a government bond.—*New York People's Home Journal.*"

And it was. The company guaranteed everything it sold, right down to the last buttonhole of a $4.50 suit. If the buttonhole unraveled, the customer could have a new suit or a full refund. And refunds were made as advertised—cheerfully.

◆ Newspaper advertising and the catalog, which continued to grow in its proportions, proved to be an indomitable team. The catalog was sold in the company's early years. But in 1904 Sears offered it free. "BIG CATALOG FREE!" the ads proclaimed, and everybody wanted one. It was like a gold rush, Sears getting all the gold.

In promoting the catalog Richard Sears again made use of the testimonial system, giving widespread play to comments such as one made by "The Hon. G. A. Southtown," who said: "A law should be passed compelling the use of this catalog in all public schools."

Whether or not the catalog ever officially appeared in the halls of learning is not certain, but there is no doubt that the "department store on paper" had the desired effect.

Then a new theory was born, the one that finally sent the company skyrocketing to the top. Sears and Rosenwald theorized that if they could induce manufacturers to increase their output, they could cut down wholesale costs and sell for less.

Before long, dozens of delighted manufacturers had increased their facilities, often with financial aid

EXCITING LOVE TALES
ALL 4 for Only $1.00
Reprints of Regular $2 Books at this special price

The HARD-BOILED BLONDE
GLEN WATKINS
BORN TO SIN
25¢
LOVE AT A PRICE
25¢
by Robert Norcross
TAVERN GIRL
GLEN WATKINS

THE HARD BOILED BLONDE
By Glen Watkins
Nine out of ten of the men who came to the "Golden Goose" to hear Patricia Brownell, the blonde torch singer, were eager to seduce her, and were foredoomed to failure. When she had been sixteen, she had been swept off her feet by a man who set her senses to singing. But never again.

BORN TO SIN
By H. L. Gates
If to fulfill the desires of the body is a sin, then the modern girl is born to sin. In this restless age, the curiosity of youth is not stilled by counsel but only by their own experience. Letty Chaloner is seventeen and beautiful. Her warm flesh is eager for caresses, and inquisitive. But she does not forget her ultimate quest.

LOVE AT A PRICE
By Robert Norcross
Alice Jordan's life as an art model was changed and became happier when she found a man whom she could trust and love. Being together with her Bill was bliss to Alice but marriage was impossible because she was already married.

TAVERN GIRL
By Glen Watkins
To Nina Dunn, the false gaiety and the cheap oblivion furnished by barrooms and taverns were a blessing. For then she could forget herself and her past. Ben Anderson was the first man to love Nina.

These four books are so thrilling that they were "best-sellers" at $2.00 each. Each one is packed with romance, passion and thrills. Each book is complete and bound separately. Not one word left out. Hours of exciting reading. Mailed postpaid if you send order with $1.00 or sent C.O.D. plus postage (but new higher postage rates and fees amount to 40c, so best send payment).

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TOMBSTONES
DIRECT TO YOU $9.95 up EASY Terms

Genuine Beautiful **Rockdale Monuments, Markers.** Satisfaction or MONEY BACK. Freight paid. Write for our **FREE** Catalog and compare prices.

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1882
1931

ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO.
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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

from Sears, and were producing in undreamed-of quantities for their biggest customer. The system was elementary. For instance, once, during a hunting trip, Richard Sears met a farmer who owned a cream separator.

"How much did that cost you?" Sears asked.

"Hundred and fifty."

"Too much!"

Sears returned to Chicago, loaned a cream-separator manufacturer enough money to increase his facilities, and commanded, "Make all the separators you can." A few months later Sears ledgers showed the sale of 40,000 cream separators at $50 apiece.

(Today hundreds of American manufacturers are in the big-money class as a result of the idea. Sears does business with some 8,000 factories, owns 14 of them and has minority interests in some others.)

◆ It was the auto that finally drove the firm into the retail-store business. On February 1, 1925, Sears, Roebuck opened its first store, in Chicago. Motorists were invited to drive over and shop face-to-face with the merchandise. And in connection with the auto, Sears, Roebuck, through its subsidiary Allstate Insurance Co., recently began offering private passenger automobile insurance at rates which it claims are substantially below established industry rates.

Sears cleverly weathered the depression of the early '30s and in 1935 emerged showing a net profit of over $50,000,000 for the five-year period that saw so many older enterprises topple. While it opened new retail stores with startling rapidity, the company did not for a moment lose interest in its mail-order business.

Sears' biggest spurt came after the war. When most companies elected to "wait and see what happens," Sears, piloted by dynamic 69-year-old General Robert E. Wood, present board chairman, launched one of the biggest concentrated expansion programs in retail history. Between February, 1946, and February, 1948, the company put up 21 new department stores, replaced 32 old ones, made 18 major additions, and built its eleventh mail-order plant. That program cost $130,000,000.

And to keep the sales fire burning, the company set aside $23,000,000 for retail advertising in 1948 alone.

But while the old-time Searsite now has 625 retail stores to go to, he does not forget his old friend the catalog. Nor does the company give him a chance to forget it.

Sears produces seven editions of the catalog for every 12-month period, with a combined circulation of nearly 60,000,000. The main edition, known as "The World's Greatest Salesman," has more than 1,300 illustrated pages, a fourth of them in color. It requires enough ink to fill two 60-foot swimming pools. Typographically the catalog has been improved, but the old flavor remains.

The public reliance on Sears, Roebuck has reached beyond things as basic as making purchases. Many Americans still say, "I'm a Sears customer" with the same pride that others assert "I'm an Elk."

People even call on Sears, Roebuck for the solution of personal problems. One mail-order fan wrote in, asking for a wife, going into such specifics as "I want a good cook and a clean woman." A schoolmarm wrote: "Would you be kind enough to do your share in assisting a poor forlorn teacher in her future happiness by sending this man which you advertised in your latest edition?" She referred to a catalog model. A farmer, plagued by a rival, wrote in for a potion that would make him more attractive to the girl of their mutual choice.

Customers write from foreign countries asking for translations of the catalog. People have sought counsel on how to train children, parrots, and unruly hair. Numerous customers have applied for personal loans.

Records on the disposition of these matters are not available. Therein lies, perhaps, the secret formula of the great Sears, Roebuck and Company. ◆◆

HOLLYWOOD'S CHARACTER REFERENCE

Continued from page 27

dinner in New York at which she and Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard, were the only speakers.

Early this year she was voted the person "who has done most to promote better understanding among peoples of all faiths during 1948" by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt won the award last year. Recently Irene accepted the invitation of Harold E. Stassen, president of the University of Pennsylvania and national campaign chairman of the American Heart Association, to head the national women's committee of the association. She received the American Mother Motion Picture Award for the most outstanding portrayal of a mother by an American actress during 1948. This was presented by the Ameri-

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Capable, mature salesmen are now needed for fascinating, healthful outdoor occupation. No investment needed. 150 of our men made $500 to $3,000 in one month—many just beginners. Read actual certified earnings. J. D. Wallace, $164.95 first two hours; D. A. Crowley, $224.00 first day. Incomes listed are exceptional. Openings are available—earnings paid immediately. No collections—we make deliveries. Write Today!

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Please send me your FREE catalog describing your training course in professional millinery.

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Enjoy a vacation in Florida's health-giving sunshine while you receive our marvelous scientific treatment. Thousands have found relief after other treatments have failed! Write for FREE literature E today.

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HORMONES

GENUINE TESTOSTERONE

FOR MEN . . . now available *NEW REDUCED PRICE*

Sent to you in plain wrapper by return **AIRMAIL**. Send check or money order for $5—we pay postage. Send $1 with C. O. D. orders.

30 TABLETS **$5** POST PAID

ORDER TODAY WITH CONFIDENCE FROM THE ORIGINAL

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P. O. Box 1426, Los Angeles, Calif.

can Mother's Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation for her work in I Remember Mama. That film won the Protestant Motion Picture Council's Annual Award as film of the year.

During World War II no one went on more bond tours and made more speeches than Irene Dunne. Only once was she flustered. In a Midwestern city she was scheduled to speak to a group of women at a luncheon meeting. A few minutes before she was to speak she stepped to the powder room to comb her hair. Her new hat, bought for the occasion, fell into the toilet bowl. There wasn't time to get another. It's probably the only time Irene has ever appeared at a formal luncheon without a hat.

Born and brought up in Kentucky, Irene was a Democrat until she became a Republican eight years ago. When she made a pitch for Governor Warren at the Republican Convention, it got about in Hollywood that she cherished secret political ambitions. But Irene spiked that. "I was in politics for three days [during the G.O.P. convention]," she said. "I certainly think that women should take a more active part in politics. But after those three days I don't think I should." When pressed further for reasons for not pursuing a political career, she added, "I am more sincere than pleasant."

Among her and her husband's best friends are the Jim Farleys and Congressman John Kennedy of Massachusetts, son of Joseph Kennedy, the former Ambassador to England. Other close friends are Loretta Young and her husband Tom Lewis, and Clare Boothe Luce. Irene and Mrs. Luce are close friends. Irene, whose own sense of humor has a fey quality with tincture of acid, delights in Mrs. Luce's witticisms and considers her the most brilliant woman she has ever known. She has persuaded her to write a screen play for her.

Irene lives in Holmby Hills, a top-drawer section of Los Angeles, in a French Provincial house she built ten years ago. Her adopted daughter, Mary Frances, goes to school in near-by Ojai. Her husband, Dr. Griffin, who comes from an old and well-to-do Boston family, has seen to it that Irene has invested her money wisely and well.

Irene likes things to be perfect in her home, as well as in her films, but she is not a fussy perfectionist. She is definitely the champagne type, but her favorite luncheon is hamburgers. At parties she will play the piano and sing, if coaxed. She likes to dance, especially the rumba. When she first came to Hollywood she never went to parties. They called her "the Garbo in chic clothing." One day a newsman, hoping to get a few caustic remarks, asked Irene why she never romped with the Hollywood cellophane tent set. "I don't go to parties because I don't get invited," said Irene rather sadly. "My publicity department says I don't like parties, so no one invites me." All that has been changed. The Griffins are now very much on the preferred list.

An early riser, Irene likes to putter about the garden, much to the distress of her gardener.

She is one of Hollywood's best-dressed women but does not have an extravagant wardrobe. During the daytime she is tailored to the hilt. She has a weakness for buying shoes and scarfs. At present she is sporting one of the shortest hair-dos in Hollywood. She prefers driving herself around Hollywood in a green convertible, but her friends who live in distant places wish she'd get a chauffeur. She always gets lost. Soufflés sink dismally while Irene is driving around hills in the wrong direction. She plays an excellent game of golf, but refuses to boast about it. She's allergic to horses and dogs. They give her hay fever.

◆ In her home Irene is the perfect hostess. A guest can do no wrong. If he spills coffee, she spills coffee. But at the studio Irene is a diligent worrier, bargains shrewdly, and works hard. She annoys the publicity department because she prefers to take a nap at noon rather than give interviews in a noisy commissary. She has an honest aversion to publicity, but has tried hard to overcome it. She annoys the still-picture department because she frequently destroys stills of herself she does not like. They call her Ellie the Ripper—behind her back, of course. But she is a favorite of the writing department because of her admiration and respect for good writers.

Her fan mail comes mostly from young women who have marital problems. The most fan mail she ever received was after the release of Back Street. She answers as many letters as she can in an "advice" column she conducts in a fan magazine. On her last trip to New York she had a unique experience. She was waiting for a package to be wrapped at Saks Fifth Avenue when a salesgirl came up to her and said, "You're Irene Dunne, aren't you? I thought I recognized you, Miss Dunne. I want to thank you for what you did for me. I wrote you a letter about my problem and your advice to me has completely changed my life. I am wonderfully happy." This gave Irene quite a lift.

She has few problems herself, but is deeply interested in the problems of others. Quietly, without publicity, she donates generously to many charities. A devout Catholic, she gives freely of her time and money to all faiths. As the Hollywood Reporter editorialized recently: "Miss Dunne is representative of the Hollywood in which sound citizenship and sound achievement go hand in hand." That's Irene Dunne—Hollywood's best character reference. ◆◆

Answers to What Do You Know?

on page 54

We'll Take Your Order

1. *cab;* 2. *cab;* 3. *bca;* 4. *abc;* 5. *abc;* 6. *acb.*

Letterbox Puzzle

L	E	A	R	N	E	D
W	**I**	E	L	D	E	D
B	A	**N**	K	E	R	S
P	I	N	**C**	E	R	S
S	A	L	O	**O**	N	S
S	H	O	V	E	**L**	S
B	I	T	T	E	R	**N**

Reedus Thereebus

He's ready (red E) to reveal his big idea (big eye deer).

Mr. McTarvish

McTarvish got the value of a safe-deposit box ($6.50) for the interest on $25 at 4 per cent, or $1.

Shakespeare, Watch Out

The weatherman.

Inaugurations of the Past

1-d-4; 2-j or f-6; 3-j or f-3; 4-h-7; 5-i-1; 6-b-11; 7-a or g-8; 8-a or g-10; 9-k-2; 10-e-5 or 9; 11-c-5 or 9.

That Cherry Tree Again

B is correct. It is where the tree is planted that counts in the eyes of the law.

Duo-Word Test

1. HAMLET; 2. CURFEW; 3. CARROT; 4. PALACE; 5. COTTON; 6. PUTRID; 7. HITHER; 8. FINALE; 9. FUNGUS; 10. MARGIN; 11. DAMPEN; 12. GOBLET; 13. PAWNED; 14. SEASON.

Don't Be Fooled

1. Aviary; 2. Gourmand; 3. Misogynist; 4. Lama; 5. Carat; 6. Censure; 7. Prescription; 8. Stalactite; 9. Counsel.

liberty **book condensation**

UNCLE DYNAMITE

By P. G. Wodehouse

reading time—one evening

Illustrations By Hal McIntosh

Liberty book condensation

ON the little branch line which starts at Wockley Junction and conveys passengers to Eggmarsh St. John, Ashenden Oakshott, Bishop's Ickenham and other small and somnolent hamlets of the south of England the early afternoon train had just begun its leisurely journey.

A first-class compartment had been provided for the rich and thriftless, and today it had two occupants, a large youth of open and ingenuous countenance, much sunburned, and a tall, slim, distinguished-looking man some thirty years his senior with a jaunty gray mustache and a bright and enterprising eye. His hat was on the side of his head.

The young man, who had been casting covert glances at his companion, cleared his throat and said "Er." The elderly gentleman looked up inquiringly.

"I say, excuse me. Aren't you Lord Ickenham?"

"I am."

"I was a pal of your nephew Pongo years ago, and I came over to your place for tennis sometimes. You once tipped me five bob. I don't suppose you remember me. Bill Oakshott."

"Of course I remember you, my dear fellow," said Lord Ickenham heartily and quite untruthfully. "I wish I had a tenner for every time I've said to my wife 'Whatever became of Bill Oakshott?'"

"No, really? Fine. How is Lady Ickenham?"

"Fine. I've just been seeing her off on the boat at Southampton. She is going to the West Indies."

"And Pongo?"

"Pongo," said Lord Ickenham, "is in terrific form. He came into the deuce of a lot of money the other day from a deceased godfather in America, and can now face his tailor without a tremor. He is also engaged to be married."

"Good."

"Yes," said Lord Ickenham. "Yes, he seems fairly radiant about it. I myself, I must confess, am less enthusiastic. I was hoping that he would marry another girl, a particular protégée of mine. Among other advantages which she possesses is sense enough for two, which, it seems to me, is just the amount the wife of Reginald ('Pongo') Twistleton will require. However, the great thing is to get the young blighter safely married and settled down. You remember what a pushover he always was for the gentle sex, his heart an open door with 'Welcome' on the mat."

"He'll chuck all that now."

"Let us hope so." Lord Ickenham allowed himself to become personal. "You reside in this neighborhood?"

"At Ashenden Manor."

"Married?"

"No. I live with my uncle Aylmer. Or, rather, he lives with me. Ashenden really belongs to me, but I was only about sixteen when my father died, and my uncle came barging over from Cheltenham and took charge. He dug in, and has been there ever since. You'd think from the way he goes on," said Bill, stirred to unwonted loquacity by the recollection of his wrongs, "that he owned the bally place. Well, to give you an instance, he's pinched the best room in the house for his damned African curios."

Lord Ickenham stroked his mustache. "Why not bung him out?"

◆

The truculence faded from Bill Oakshott's demeanor, leaving in its place embarrassment. He could have answered the question, but to do so would have involved revealing his silent passion for his uncle's daughter, Hermione. He rose and hauled down his suitcase from the rack. Then, as the train slowed for Ashenden Oakshott, he gave a sudden sharp cry and stood staring. The platform was dark with what practically amounted to a sea of humanity. At least forty persons must have been present. Two held aloft on poles a streamer on which some loving hand, which had not left itself quite enough room, had inscribed the words:

WELCOME HOME WIL'M

An impressive personage with a large white mustache seemed to be directing the proceedings.

"Nip under the seat," Lord Ickenham advised.

Bill followed the counsel without delay, and presently the train resumed its journey. When he crawled out, dusting his hands, he gazed gratefully at his benefactor.

"I shall never forget it, never," said Bill earnestly. "Do you realize that I should have had to make a speech, besides probably kissing all those ghastly children with the flowers?"

"I do indeed. I myself am a hell of a fellow—a first-class earl who keeps his carriage—but have infants ever offered me bouquets? What have you been doing, Bill Oakshott, to merit this reception—nay, this durbar?"

"Well, I went on an expedition up the Amazon."

"Wanted to get some girl out of your system, I supose?"

Bill blushed. "Why, yes. Something of the sort."

"In my day we used to go to the Rocky Mountains and shoot grizzlies. What made you choose Brazil?"

"I happened to see an advertisement in the Times about an expedition that was starting off for the Lower Amazon, run by a chap called Major Plank, and I thought it might be a good idea to sign on."

"I see. Well, we shall be at Bishop's Ickenham in a minute or two. Shall I take you to my place and give you a drink and send you home in the car?"

"Wouldn't that be a nuisance?"

"On the contrary. What story are you going to tell your uncle, to account for your non-appearance at the revels? He looked a dangerous specimen. What is he? A chap who kills rats with his teeth?"

"He used to be governor of one of those crown colonies."

"Then we must strain every nerve to pacify him. I know these ex-governors. Tough nuts. You didn't mention his name, by the way."

"Bostock. Sir Aylmer Bostock."

◆

"What? We were at school together. Mugsy we used to call him. He was younger than me by some three years, one of those tough, chunky, beetle-browed kids who scowl at their seniors and bully their juniors. Well, the mystery of that civic welcome is now explained. Mugsy is to stand for Parliament shortly, my paper informs me, and no doubt he thought it would give him a leg up. So that was young Mugsy, was it?"

"How long did you say it was since you had met him?"

"Forty-two years come Lammas Eve. Why?"

"I was only wondering why you hadn't run across him. Living so close, I mean."

"Well, I'll tell you, Bill Oakshott. It is my settled policy to steer pretty clear of the neighbors. My wife tries to drag me to routs and revels from time to time, but I toss my curls at her and refuse to stir. And as regards your uncle, I look back across the years at Mugsy the boy, and I see nothing that encourages me to fraternize with Mugsy the man. Not an elfin personality, Mugsy's. I'm

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LORD ICKENHAM

PONGO

SALLY PAINTER

CONSTABLE POTTER

ELSIE BEAN

LORD BOSTOCK

BILL OAKSHOTT

LADY BOSTOCK

HERMIONE BOSTOCK

OTIS PAINTER

MAJOR PLANK

afraid Pongo doesn't realize what he's up against in taking on such a father-in-law. It's his daughter Hermione that he's gone and got engaged to. Ah, here we are," said Lord Ickenham, as the train slowed down. "It's just possible that we may find Pongo at the old shack. He rang me up this morning, saying he was coming to spend the night. He is about to visit Ashenden Manor, to show the old folks what they've got."

He hopped nimbly onto the platform, prattling gaily, quite unaware that he had to all intents and purposes just struck an estimable young man behind the ear with a sock full of wet sand.

◆ The summer afternoon had mellowed into twilight and Bill Oakshott had long since taken his bruised heart off the premises, before Pongo Twistleton fetched up at the home of his ancestors. Lord Ickenham, delighted to see him, was a gay and effervescent host.

During dinner Pongo spoke of New York, whence he had recently returned from a visit connected with the winding up of his godfather's estate, and Lord Ickenham alluded to his meeting with Pongo's former crony, Bill Oakshott. Pongo remembered Bill only imperfectly—"Beefy stripling with a pink face, unless I'm thinking of someone else."

Pongo was a slender, personable young man with lemon-colored hair and an attractive face.

"How long are you proposing to inflict yourself on these Bostocks of yours?" his uncle asked.

"About a week."

"Good," said Lord Ickenham heartily. "Notify me when you return to London, and I will be with you with my hair in a braid. Bless my soul, how young I'm feeling these days! It must be the weather."

Pongo knocked the ash off his cigar and took a sip of brandy. "Now listen, Uncle Fred," he said. "All that stuff is out. You don't get me to the dog races again, or on any other frightful binge of yours. My standing with Hermione is none too secure as it is and the faintest breath of scandal would dish me properly."

"So she's that sort of girl, is she? Noble minded. A credit to British womanhood."

"Oh, rather. Yes, she's terrific. I have a photograph here," said Pongo, producing one from his breast pocket like a conjurer extracting a rabbit from a top hat.

Lord Ickenham studied it for some moments. "A striking face. She looks intelligent."

"And how. Writes novels."

"Good God!"

◆ A monstrous suspicion had germinated in Pongo's mind.

"Don't you like her?" he asked incredulously.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Lord Ickenham, feeling his way carefully. "In my opinion you will be giving away too much weight. That chin is a determined chin. Those eyes are flashing eyes. To cope with flashing eyes, you have to be a man of steel and ginger. The ideal wife for you, of course, would have been Sally Painter."

As so often happens when names from the dead past bob up, Pongo's face became masklike.

"Ever since she came to England," proceeded Lord Ickenham, "I have always hoped that you and Sally would eventually form a merger. And came a day when you apprised me that the thing was on. And then, dammit," he went on, raising his voice a little in his emotion, "came another day when you apprised me that it was off. It was all your fault, I suppose? I could get nothing out of Sally."

"You've seen her, then?"

"She came down here with Otis a couple of weeks ago and left one of those clay busts of hers in my charge. I don't know why. She said the engagement was off, which I knew already, but nothing more."

"Oh? Well," said Pongo, breathing heavily, "what happened was this: Just because I wouldn't do something she wanted me to do, she called me a lily-livered poltroon. And later that evening, ring, letters and all the fixings were returned by district messenger boy."

"What were the principal subjects of disagreement?"

"For one thing, that damned brother of hers. He makes me sick."

"Otis isn't everybody's money, I admit. He's a publisher now, Sally tells me. I suppose he will make as big a mess of that as he did of his antique shop." Lord Ickenham drew thoughtfully at his cigar. "What was it Sally wanted you to do?"

"Take some jewelry with me when I went to New York and smuggle it through customs for one of her rich American pals, a girl named Alice something. A nice chump I should have looked, being disemboweled by port officials."

Lord Ickenham sighed.

"I see. Well, I'm sorry. A wealthy

husband like you would have come in very handy for Sally. I'm afraid the girl is on the rocks. She seemed thin to me. Who the dickens buys clay busts?"

"She doesn't depend on her sculping. She's got a little bit of money an aunt in Kansas City left her."

"I know. But it's two years since she came to London to join Otis. He may have wheedled it out of her. Poor little Sally, I hope to God she's all right. What an admirable girl she is."

"Oh, rather. I'm frightfully fond of Sally. I tried to do her a bit of good just before I left for America. Hermione told me old Bostock wanted a bust of himself, to present to the village club, and I got her to put him onto Sally."

"Well, well. An impulsive girl would be touched by a thing like that. I believe, if you played your cards right, you could still marry her, Pongo."

"For your information, Uncle Fred, wild horses wouldn't make me break my engagement to Hermione. I worship that girl. There's nothing I wouldn't do for her. Well, to give you a rough idea, I told her I was a teetotaler. And why? Purely because she happened one day to express the hope that I wasn't like so many of these modern young suction pumps, always dropping in at bars and lowering a couple for the tonsils. I worship her, I tell you. Until now I have never known what love was."

◆ On the following afternoon a cab drove up to the front door of Ashenden Manor and presently Lady Bostock appeared, a woman in the late forties who looked like a horse.

"Oh, there you are, dear," she said brightly to her consort. "It's lovely to be home again. London was terribly stuffy. I thought Hermione was looking very well. She sent all sorts of messages to you and Reginald. Has he arrived yet?"

On the point of asking who the devil Reginald was, Sir Aylmer remembered. He replied that Reginald had not yet arrived.

"Hermione said he was coming today. You will be nice to him, dear, won't you? I don't want him to complain to Hermione about his unwelcome. You know what she is like."

A thoughtful silence fell. Lady Bostock broke it.

"I hope the reception went off well. Such a good idea."

It was surprising that Pongo, at that moment driving in through the main gates, did not hear Sir Aylmer's snort and think one of his tires had gone.

"Do you know what that young hound did? Didn't get out at Ashenden Oakshott. Turned up hours later in a car belonging to Lord Ickenham, stewed to the gills."

Lady Bostock made that clicking noise, like a wet finger touching hot iron, which women use as a substitute for the masculine "Well, I'll be damned!" Then she paused, listening. "Hark. There's a car driving up. It must be Reginald. You had better go down."

◆ When an ex-governor, seeking a Twistleton, arrives in the drawing room where that Twistleton ought to be and finds no Twistleton there, he does not stand twiddling his thumbs and wondering what to do. He inflates his lungs and shouts.

"REGINALD!" thundered Sir Aylmer.

It seemed to him, as the echoes died away, that he could hear the sound of movements in the collection room across the hall. He went thither, and poked his head in.

"Oh, there you are. Reginald Twistleton?"

"That's right. Twistleton, Reginald."

"H'ar' yer?" roared Sir Aylmer like a lion which has just received an ounce of small shot in the rear quarters while slaking its thirst at a water hole. "Glad to see yer, Reginald." His eye fell on the shattered remains of a whatnot executed in red mud. "Gorbl . . . ! Did you do that?"

"Er, yes," said Pongo. "Frightfully sorry."

The next moment Lady Bostock entered, moving tempestuously. She paid no attention to Pongo.

"Aylmer, the vicar called. Mr. Brotherhood has got measles. He wants us to go and see him at once."

"Who the devil's Mr. Brotherhood?"

"You know Mr. Brotherhood, the curate. That nice young man with the pimples. I was relying on him to judge the bonny babies. At the fete."

A word about this fete. It was the high spot of Ashenden Oakshott's social year, when all that was bravest and fairest in the village assembled in the manor grounds and made various kinds of whoopee.

"It's terrible. Dreadful. I can't think who I can get to take his place." Lady Bostock's eye, rolling in a fine frenzy, picked up Pongo. "Are you Reginald?"

"Yes, I'm Reginald."

"How nice to meet you at last," wailed Lady Bostock like a soul in torment. Then a sudden light came into her haggard eyes.

"Have you ever judged bonny babies, Reginald?"

"Me?" said Pongo, reeling.

Before he could speak further, an angel, in the very effective disguise of Sir Aylmer, intervened.

"I'll tell you who gets the job. William," said Sir Aylmer, rolling the word round his tongue like vintage port. "I insist. The vicar wants us to go down to the vicarage and confer with him. Right. I'll drive you in the car. Come along."

He darted through the French windows, followed by Lady Bostock, and after a few moments occupied in mopping his forehead with the handkerchief which so perfectly matched his tie and socks, Pongo followed. He needed air.

◆ Presently, feeling almost himself again, he passed through the French windows into the collection room where he was disturbed in his contemplation of the handiwork of African natives by the sound of emotional breathing in his rear. He spun around, to find himself gazing into the steely eyes of a large policeman with a ginger mustache.

"Ho!" he cried, startled.

"Ho!" said Constable Potter, like an echo in the Swiss mountains.

A third party arrived, a small, sturdy girl in the uniform of a housemaid.

"Hullo," she said. "Where did you spring from, Harold? And who's this?"

"Chap I've apprehended on enclosed premises," said Constable Potter briefly.

"Why shouldn't I be on enclosed premises when specially invited? Here, you, what's your name, my dear old housemaid—"

"Miss Bean, my fiancée," said Constable Potter, frigidly.

"Oh, really? Heartiest congratulations. Pip-pip, Miss Bean. I hope you'll be very, very happy. Well, what I was going to say was that you will be able to bear me out that I'm a guest at this joint. I've just arrived in my car to spend a few days. I'm the celebrated Twistleton, the bird who's engaged to Miss Bostock."

Constable Potter seemed reluctantly convinced.

"Well, I suppose it's all right, then. I beg your pardon, sir. How about a pot of tea in the kitchen, Elsie?"

Elsie Bean elevated her small nose. "You can go to the kitchen, if you like. Not me. Your sister's there, calling on cook."

"Ho." The conflicting claims of tea and a loved one's society were plainly warring within Constable Potter. One is sorry to report that the former prevailed.

Elsie Bean looked after his retreating blue back with a frown. "You and your sister!" she said.

Pongo cocked an inquiring eye.

"She goes on at him about how he mustn't leave the force. If I went home to Bottleton East and told my family I was going to get spliced to a copper, they'd have a fit. A nice thing for my brother Bert to hear, when he comes out in September."

"I see what you mean," Pongo said. "But what could he do, if he resigned his portfolio?"

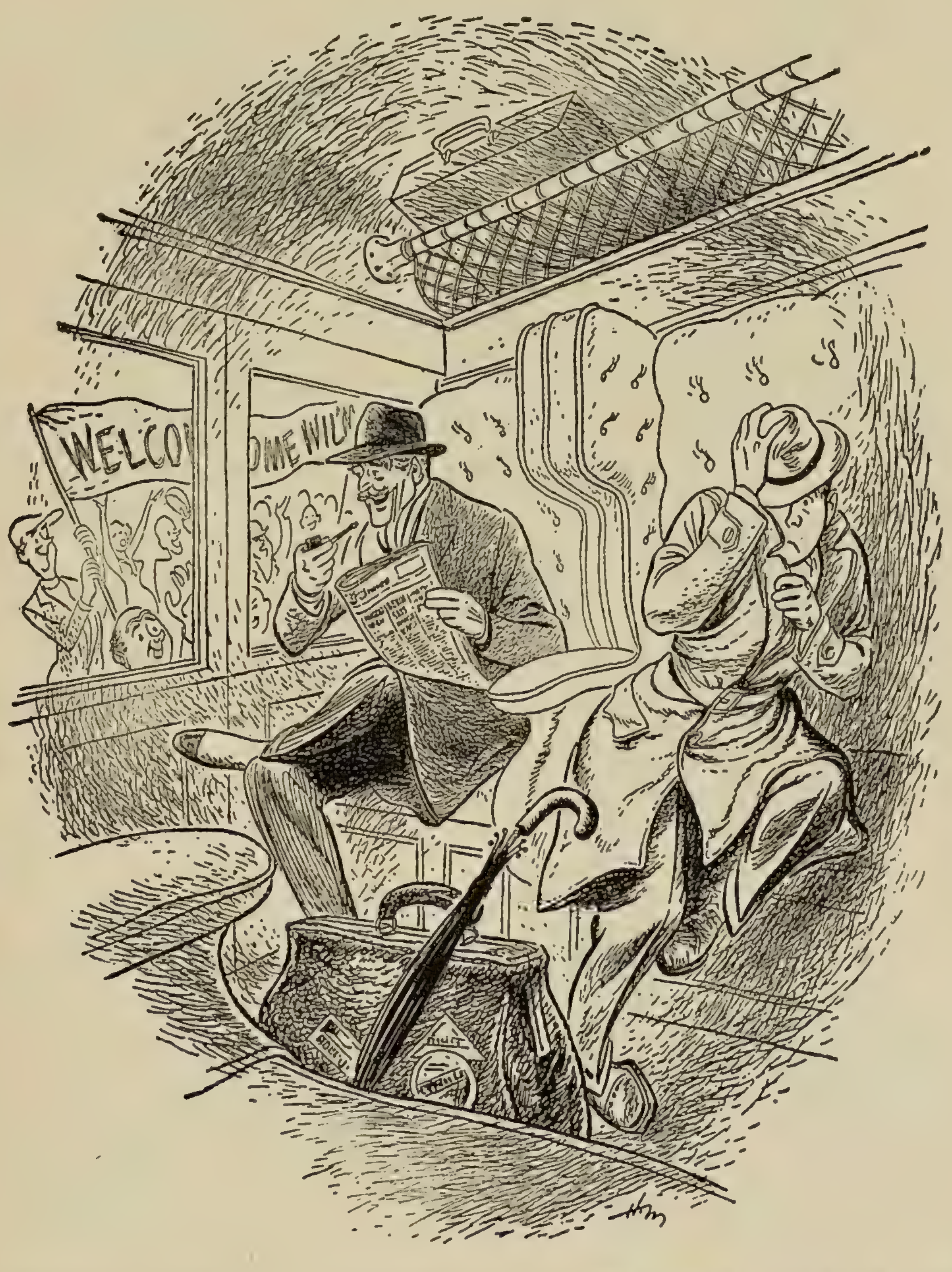
"I want him to buy a pub. He's got three hundred pounds. He won a football pool last winter. 'Now, listen, Harold,' I keep saying, but he just hums and haws and chews his mustache. Oh, well," said Elsie philosophically.

They wandered out into the hall.

"Lady Bostock," said Pongo. "She only flitted briefly through my life, but she struck me as being slightly less of a man-eater than her husband."

"Yes, she's better than what he is, but the one I like is Mr. William. He was telling me about Brazil this morning," said Elsie. "The natives shoot birds with poisoned darts."

"He was pulling your leg. They keep those for their wives' relations. If you really want to know how they shoot birds, I will tell you. They fashion a rude sling—thus," said Pongo, taking out his handkerchief and unfolding it. "They then look about them for a handy projectile, as it might be this paperweight, and stuff it into the rude sling. This done, they whirl the contraption round their heads and . . ."



Two held a streamer on which was inscribed: WELCOME HOME WIL'M.

Artistic enthusiasm had carried him too far. A rending crash, and something white in the shadows at the end of the hall was lying in fragments.

"Coo!" said Elsie Bean, awed. "You'll catch it when His Nibs gets back."

"What was it?" Pongo quavered.

"It's a sort of sawn-off statue like, that he had presented to him when he give up being governor of that dog's island out in Africa."

"Golly!" moaned Pongo, sagging at the knees. "This is a nice bit of box fruit. Advise me, young Bean. What do I do for the best, do you think?"

"Well, look," she said. "It's kind of dark in that corner. He's shortsighted, I know, and he won't wear specs because he thinks they'd make him look silly. If I was you, I'd hop into that car of yours and drive lickety-split to London and get another bust. And then you drive back and stick it up."

Drive lickety-split to London? No need to do that. He could procure the substitute a dashed sight nearer than London. At Ickenham Hall, to be precise. His mind shot back to last night's dinner table. . . . He raced for the stables.

Elsie Bean was standing on the front steps when he drove up. "I say," he said, "I'm most frightfully obliged to you for the very sporting way you've rallied round and saved me from the fate that is worse than death—viz.," explained Pongo, "getting glared at by that goggle-eyed old Jack the Ripper with the lip fungus."

He was pressing her hand, and from that to kissing her in a grateful and brotherly manner was but a short step. He took it, and Bill Oakshott, coming round the corner, was able to observe the courteous gesture from start to finish. Pongo sprang into the car with a lissome bound, waved his hand and drove off.

◆

It was at a quarter to eight that evening that Lord Ickenham, after a pleasant journey to London in his car and a bath and change at his club, arrived in Budge Street, Chelsea, to pick up Sally Painter and take her to dinner.

The cab drew up at the ornate portal of Barribault's Hotel, and they made their way to the grillroom. As they took their seats, Sally was sniffing luxuriously.

"Hungry?"

"I'm always hungry."

Lord Ickenham looked at her a little anxiously. “You’re sure you’re not hard up, Sally?”

“Not a bit. Busts are quite brisk.”

“A shame about you and Pongo, Sally. He told me the inside story.”

“About my wanting him to smuggle Alice Vansittart’s jewels into America?”

“Yes.”

“I was a fool to get mad. And it was all so unnecessary. I thought of a much better way of slipping the stuff through.”

“He’s still damned fond of you, Sally.”

“Oh, no.”

“He is, I tell you. He confessed as much in so many words. And don’t forget that he still retained enough of the old affection to send you a customer in the shape of Sir Aylmer Bostock.”

“Was it Pongo who got me that job? How like him,” said Sally softly. “I love him for that. Though unfortunately it was through my doing that bust that poor Otis’ trouble came about. Sir Aylmer had written his Reminiscences and had decided after some thought to pay for their publication. So I said to myself ‘Ha! A job for Otis.’ ”

◆

“I begin to see. Otis took it on and made a mess of it?”

“Yes. In a negligent moment he slipped in some plates which should have appeared in a book on modern art which he was doing. Sir Aylmer didn’t like any of them much, but the one he disliked particularly was the nude female with MYSELF IN THE EARLY TWENTIES under it. The first thing I knew about it was when he sent the bust back with a stiff note. And now he’s bringing an action for enormous damages. I want Pongo to use his influence with Sir Aylmer. He might persuade him to settle for some smallish amount which wouldn’t ruin Otis.”

“That would be the happy ending, of course. But life can be very complicated at times. Have you had enough to eat? Then let’s go and have our coffee in the lounge. Yes,” said Lord Ickenham, when they were seated there, “very complicated indeed.”

He related the events leading up to Pongo’s SOS of the afternoon.

“If you came to me with a hurry call for a nude Venus, I could fill the order without any trouble whatsoever,” he concluded. “My grandfather specialized in them. ‘Home isn’t home,’ he used to say, running a thoughtful hand through his whiskers, ‘without plenty of nude Venuses.’ But busts, no. So if it hadn’t been for you providentially leaving one in my care—”

She was staring with wide, horrified eyes. “Uncle Fred! You didn’t give him that one?”

“Yes. Why, what’s wrong?”

“It had Alice’s jewels in it,” she said in a toneless whisper. “I slipped them in at the top of the plaster, and Alice was going to call for the bust next week and take it to America.”

There followed a pregnant silence. Finally Lord Ickenham’s face cleared.

“You did tell me that Mugsy had returned that bust you did of him? You have it at the studio?”

“Yes.”

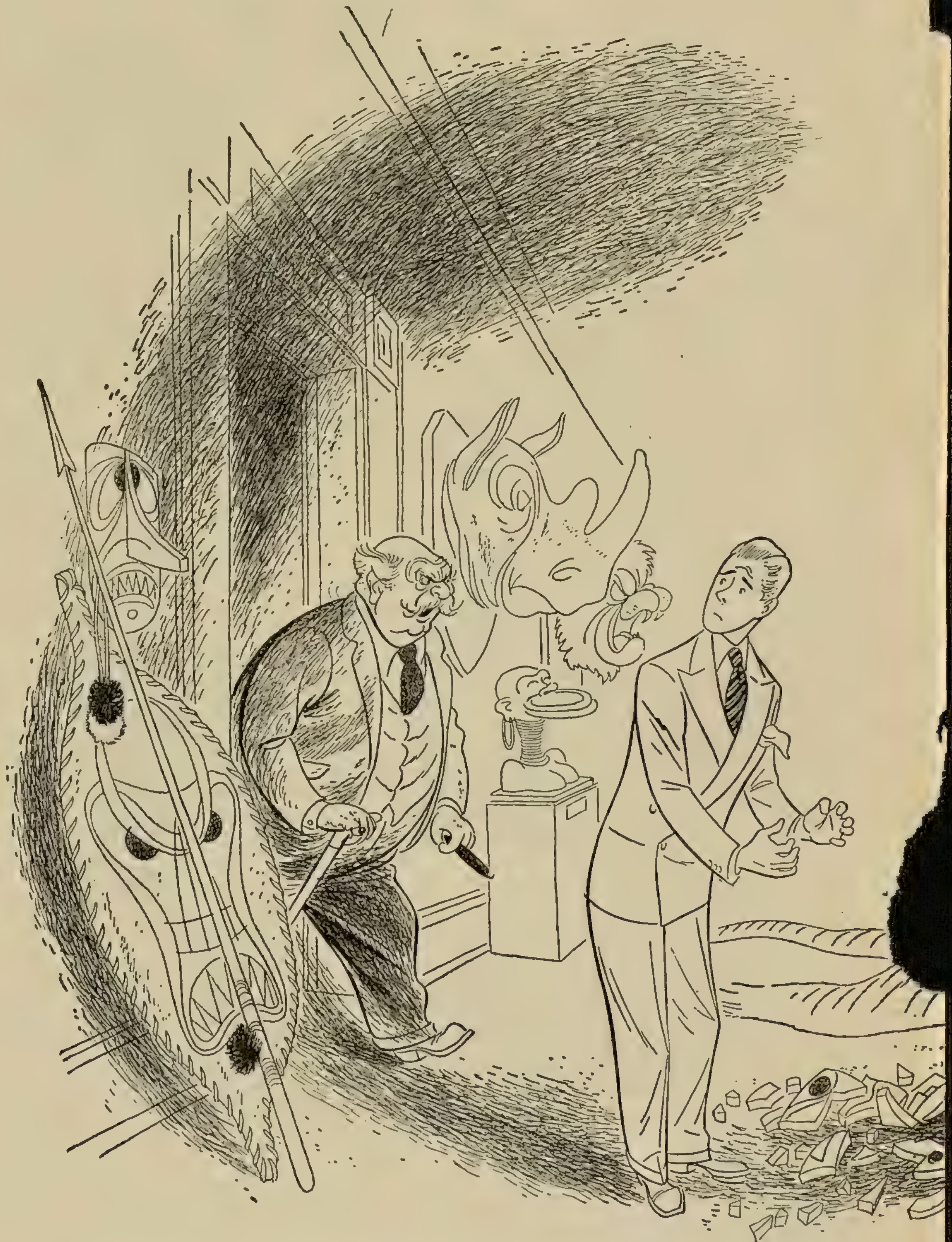
“Then all is well. We will go down to Ashenden tomorrow in the car, taking it with us, and I will substitute it for the one now in residence.”

“Potter, tell her ladyship your strange story,” said Sir Aylmer.

Constable Potter stepped forward.

“The moment I saw this chap, I had a sort of feeling that his face was kind of familiar, but I couldn’t place him. You know how it is. And, what’s more, I could have taken my oath that last time we’d met, his name hadn’t been Twistleton—”

“Or anything like it,” said Sir Aylmer, adroitly snatching the con-



His eye fell on the shattered remains of a whatnot. “Did you do that?”

versational ball from the speaker. "I must start by telling you that before Potter came to Ashenden Oakshott he used to be a member of the London police force, and this afternoon it suddenly flashed on him that where he had seen this fellow before was at some dog races down Shepherd's Bush way, when he had arrested him, together with an accomplice, and hauled him off in custody. The chap's name, so far from being Twistleton, is Edwin Smith of 11 Nasturtium Road, East Dulwich."

Lady Bostock had begun to pant like a spent horse.

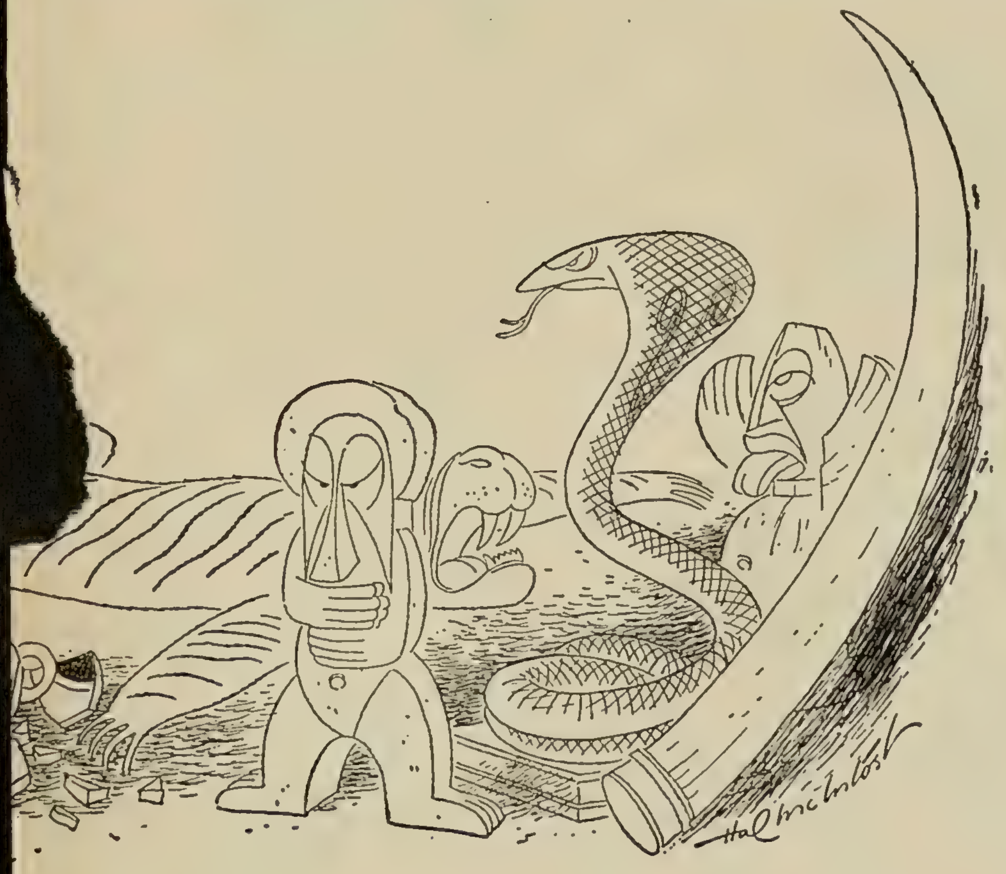
"Potter's view is that he is the advance man of a gang of burglars. I think he's right. And if you want to know what this gang is after at Ashenden Manor, it sticks out a mile. My collection of African curios."

"But he must have known that Reginald was expected here. How could he tell that he was not going to run into him?"

"My dear Emily, don't be childish. The gang's first step would, of course, be to make away with Reginald. Don't you ever read detective stories? Well, all right, Potter, that's all. We won't keep you."

"But, Aylmer, suppose this young man is really Reginald, and you turn him out of the house, we should never hear the last of it from Hermione. She said William used to know him as a boy."

"Then William's evidence will clinch the thing. Where is he? WILLIAM! WILLIAM!! WILLIAM!!!"



◆

A little later a car drew up outside the gate. At its wheel was Lord Ickenham, and beside him Sally.

"You," said Sally firmly, "are going to stay in the car—"

"Absurd."

"—while I take that bust to the house."

"I don't like it. It's tame. It degrades me to the position of a super supporting a star, and you get all the fun. Still, carry on, if you must. I shall stay here and sulk."

He lit a cigar and watched her as she walked up the drive. At the point where it curved out of sight, she turned and waved her hand.

Time marched on.

When she appeared her hands were empty.

"Well, it was funny," said Sally. "I can't help laughing, though the absolutely rock-bottom worst has happened, Uncle Fred. When I got to the house, I found the front door open. I tiptoed across the hall and shifted Bust B from its stand and put Bust A in its place and gathered up Bust B and started to come away. And just as I got to the door of the room where Sir Aylmer keeps his collection of African curios, out came Lady Bostock from the drawing room, swooping down on me and grabbing the bust and saying in a hoarse whisper that she knew exactly why I had brought it and that she was terribly sorry for me, so she would keep the bust and send me a check secretly and everything would be all right. And then she went into the collection room and locked it up in a cupboard, hurriedly, like a murderer concealing the body. And then she hustled me out."

All through the narrative, Lord Ickenham had been reviving like a watered flower.

"Here is the immediate procedure, as I see it: You will drive on to Ickenham, which will serve us as a base, and I will take my suitcase and put up at the local inn and weave my subtle schemes. Expect sensational results shortly."

She drove off, and Lord Ickenham hoisted his suitcase and set off for the village. Something large and tomato-colored loomed up before him, and he recognized Bill Oakshott.

◆

"Well, well, well!" cried the earl buoyantly. "Well, well, well, well, well! Bill Oakshott in person. And how is every little thing with you, Bill Oakshott? Fine?"

"Well, to be absolutely accurate," said Bill, "no. My uncle's gone off his onion."

Lord Ickenham pursed his lips. "What were the symptoms?"

"Well, he gibbered a good bit, and now he's driven over to your place to get a photograph of Pongo."

"Why?"

"To find out what he looks like."

"Can't he see what he looks like?"

"He doesn't believe Pongo is Pongo. He thinks he's an impostor."

Lord Ickenham shook his head. "But apart from this everything is pretty smooth?"

Bill Oakshott laughed one of those hollow, mirthless laughs. "I saw Pongo kiss the housemaid."

Lord Ickenham was perplexed.

"But why shouldn't he?"

"Why shouldn't he? Dash it, he's engaged to my cousin Hermione."

Lord Ickenham's face cleared.

"My dear chap, he does that sort of thing automatically. Where you or I would light a cigarette and throw off an epigram, Pongo kisses the housemaid. What is the next item?"

"Babies!"

Lord Ickenham groped cautiously for his meaning.

"You are about to become a father?"

"I'm about to become a blasted judge at the fete."

"What fete?" said Lord Ickenham. "Tell me the whole story in your own words."

He listened with interest while Bill did so, and shook his head.

"Were the conditions right," he

"They fashion a sling," said Pongo. "They whirl the contraption and—"

said, "I would spring to the task, for I can imagine no more delightful experience than judging a gaggle of bonny babies at a rural fete. But Mugsy would not accept my nomination. Have you no friends?"

"I've lost touch with them all, being away. The only one I could lay my hands on is Plank."

"Who is Plank? Ah, yes, I remember. The head of the expedition you went on."

"That's right. Major Brabazon-Plank."

"I was at school with a fellow named that. Is your Brabazon-Plank a pear-shaped chap, rather narrow in the shoulders and very broad in the beam?"

"Yes."

"Practically all backside?"

"Yes."

"Then it must be the same fellow. Bimbo we used to call him. And you think you could contact Bimbo?"

"I have his address in London. We came back on the boat together. But he has a horror of babies."

"Invite me to your home," said Lord Ickenham, "and in return for this hospitality I will judge these bonny babies."

"But you said you wouldn't."

"What I am proposing is that I come as Major Brabazon-Plank. The whole thing is so plausible. You run into your old chief, Plank, who happens to be passing by on a motor tour, and what more natural than that you should insist on him stopping off for a day or two at your home? We've got Mugsy cold. Plank is a hell of a celebrity, and his wishes have to be deferred to."

"Right!" cried Bill with sudden resolution. "Fine. Let's go."

"Yes, let's," said Lord Ickenham. "You can carry the suitcase."

◆ They had just reached the manor gates when the uproar of an approaching car caused Bill to turn.

Lord Ickenham stepped out into the road.

"Hello, there, Mugsy," he caroled.

Sir Aylmer brought the car to a halt and leaned forward, glaring through the windscreen.

"Major Brabazon-Plank, Uncle Aylmer," said Bill. "Major Plank ran that expedition I went on to Brazil."

Lord Ickenham was obliged to demur.

"Don't let him mislead you, Mugsy. Officially, no doubt, I was its head. But the real big noise was Bill Oakshott here. He was the life and soul of the party, giving up his water ration to the sick and ailing, conducting himself with cool aplomb among the alligators."

Sir Aylmer appeared not to have heard these eulogies. "You can't be Plank. He was a fellow with an enormous trouser seat."

"Ah, I see what is on your mind. Yes, yes. But since those days I have been using Slimmo."

◆ It was with a light and elastic step that Lord Ickenham made his way to the Bull's Head in Ashenden Oakshott's High Street. After putting through a telephone call to his house and speaking to Sally, he sat down to a tankard, and was savoring its amber contents with quiet relish, when the door of the saloon bar burst open and Bill entered.

"After you went away," Bill said tonelessly, "Uncle Aylmer drove off in the car, leaving me stuck there with the suitcase. I was just starting off with it, when Potter came along on his bike."

"Who is Potter?"

"The policeman. So I said, 'You in a hurry?' and he said, 'No, sir,' and I said, 'Then I wish you'd take this suitcase up to the house.' And I said, 'It belongs to Major Brabazon-Plank. He's coming to stay.' And Potter said, 'Major Brabazon-Plank? Coo, I know him well. He comes from my old village. Mr. William, I'll step up and shake him by the hand after I've had my tea.' So now what?"

Lord Ickenham reflected.

"Well, then, what we must do is tell him that I am your Plank's brother. We might call on him now."

Like so many police stations in English villages, it was a cheerful little cottage with a thatched roof and a nice little garden, the latter at the moment occupied by Mr. Potter's nephew Basil, aged nine months, who was taking a nap in his perambulator. Lord Ickenham, reaching the garden gate, cocked an inquiring eye at this vehicle.

"Is Potter a married man?"

"No. That's his sister's baby. She lives with him. Her husband's a steward on one of the South American boats. He's away most of the time. Of course, he comes back sometimes."

"Yes, one guesses that. Well, let us saunter in."

◆ Pongo's first move after parting from Sir Aylmer Bostock had been to go to his room and get his copy of Murder in the Fog; his second to seek a quiet spot outside the grounds and soothe himself with a good read. He found such a spot at the side of the road not far from the manor gates. He was feeling quite tranquil, when a shadow fell on the page, a well-remembered voice spoke his name, and he looked up to see his Uncle Fred.

"I might have known it," Pongo cried passionately. "You're going to start something."

"No, no."

"Then, what's up?"

As the story of Otis Painter and Sir Aylmer Bostock's Reminiscences unfolded itself, relief poured over Pongo in a healing wave.

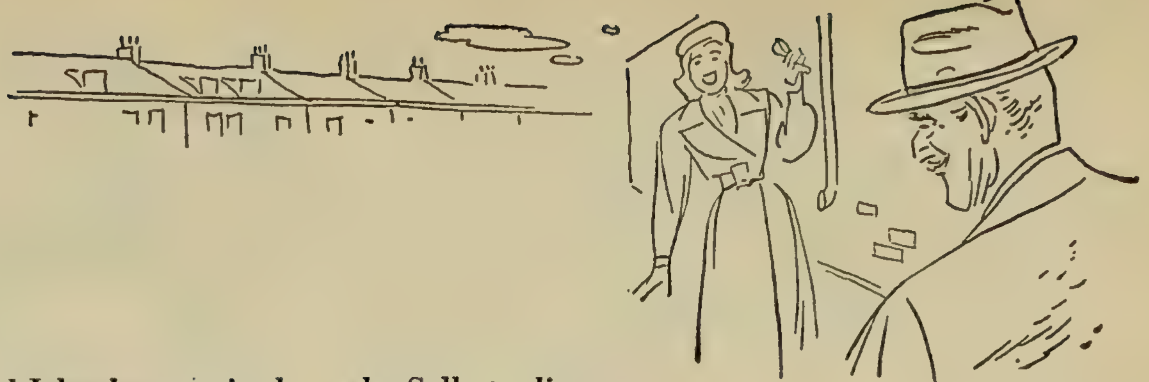
"So she wants me to plead with the old boy and get him to settle the thing out of court. Well, I'll do what I can. And is that really all you wanted to see me about?"

"I think so. Except . . . Ah, yes, I recall. Inadvertently, intending no harm, we appear to have got away with the bust in which Sally had cached her friend Alice Vansittart's bit of stuff. The Vansittart sails for New York next week."

"Oh, my gosh!"

"And another complication has occurred. My young friend, Bill Oakshott, has invited me to stay at Ashenden Manor. He wants me to judge the Bonny Babies contest. I go into residence tonight. During my visit I will be Brabazon-Plank. Major Brabazon-Plank, the well-known Brazilian explorer. Don't forget it, will you?"

Constable Potter came riding up on his bicycle, shouting "Hoy!"



Lord Ickenham arrived to take Sally to dinner.

It had not been until after Lord Ickenham's call at the police station that Constable Potter had remembered where he had seen him before.

"Brabazon-Plank, eh?" he said. "Ho! You look to me more like George Robinson of 14 Nasturtium Road, East Dulwich."

Lord Ickenham stared.

"Don't tell me you're the cop who pinched me that day at the dog races?"

"Yes, I am."

"My dear fellow, this is delightful. What are you doing in these parts?"

"What are *you* doing in these parts is more like it," Harold Potter retorted. "You and your pal Edwin Smith there."

"Do you intend to unmask us, Mr. Potter?"

"Yus."

"I wouldn't."

There was infinite kindliness in Lord Ickenham's voice as he went on to explain himself.

"No, honestly I wouldn't. Consider what will happen. I shall be ejected, my place as judge of the Bonny Babies contest taken by another judge, less prejudiced in favor of your sister's little Basil. The child will finish among the also-rans, and in this event will not your sister make inquiries? And having made them and ascertained that it was through your agency that I was disqualified, will she not have a word or two to say to you on the subject? Potter, I would think twice."

Constable Potter only needed to think once. Without speaking, he rode off.

◆

Pongo was dying of thirst. He was no weakling, but having to sit watching his host, his uncle and Bill Oakshott getting theirs like so many stags at eve—he himself, in deference to his known prejudice against alcoholic liquor, having been served with barley water—had tested his iron control almost beyond endurance.

The chimes had just sounded from the church tower. "Aren't you," they seemed to say, "overlooking the fact that that decanter is still in the drawing room? One merely throws this out as a suggestion." And four minutes later, reclining in an armchair with his feet on a small table, he had begun to experience that joy, than which there is none purer, which comes to the unwilling abstainer who has at last succeeded in assembling the materials, when from immediately behind him a voice spoke. With a wordless cry he shot toward the ceiling.

"What on earth are you doing here at this time of night?" he said.

"I came to get some whisky for Harold," Elsie Bean explained. "He's lurking in the garden. If he'd give up being a copper, he could stay in bed like other folks."

"There, there," said Pongo. "You mustn't let it get you down. Right will prevail. Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks."

He lighted hers from his own. And it was while their faces were in the close juxtaposition necessitated by this process that Bill Oakshott entered the room.

When a housemaid in curling pins and a kimono finds herself in a drawing room at one in the morning with her employer and a male guest, she should as soon as possible make a decorous exit. This is in Chapter One of all the etiquette books. So with a courteous "Well, good night, all" Elsie withdrew.

Bill Oakshott spoke. "Twistleton, by way of a friendly warning which you will do well to bear in mind, if you don't want your head pulled off at the roots and your insides ripped from your body—"

"My dear chap!"

"—with my naked hands, cut it out."

"Cut what out?"

"You know what. This Don Juan stuff. Lay off it, Twistleton. Give it a miss. Kiss fewer housemaids. Try to remember that you are engaged to be married to a sweet girl who loves you and trusts you. I suppose you're wondering what business it is of mine?"

"No, no. Any time you're passing—"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Bill, departing from a lifetime's habit of reticence. "I've loved Hermione myself for years and years."

In a sort of coma Pongo watched his companion look askance at him, stride to the table, mix himself a medium-strong whisky and soda, drain it and stride to the door. It closed, and he was alone.

Then from across the hall came an agonized cry, followed by the sound of voices. A few moments later the door of the drawing room opened, and Lord Ickenham walked in.

"Ah, Pongo," he said, making purposefully for the decanter. "Well, my boy, what's new? You seem upset about something."

Pongo uttered a curious hissing sound like the death rattle of a soda-water syphon, and told him.

"The astonishing thing to my mind," commented Lord Ickenham, "is that a man like Mugsy can have a daughter who seems to fascinate one and all. Can anyone conceive the state of mind of a man who would have his bed moved into the collection room and sleep there with a string tied to his big toe and to the handle of the door? And the other thing that bothers me a little is the thought of Sally, bless her heart. She is out there in the garden, watching and waiting—"

Pongo uttered a stricken cry. "And so is that blighted Potter out there in the garden."

He broke off. Shrilling through the quiet night, the front-door bell had begun to ring.

◆

You cannot punch front-door bells in the small hours without attracting attention, and Ashenden Manor had turned out *en masse* to greet Constable Potter.

Sir Aylmer, who after the incursion of Lord Ickenham had managed to get to sleep again, exploded like a bomb.

"POTTER! Ringing the damned bell at this hour! Waking everybody up! Ruining my night's rest! WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN BY IT?"

"Sir, I've caught a marauder."

"Then where is he? Don't tell me you let him get away?"

"It wasn't my fault, sir. The garments give when I clutched them." With the manner of counsel putting in Exhibit A, he thrust beneath his interlocutor's eyes the flimsy fragment which he was holding. "I observed a female engaged in suspicious loitering, and when I up and apprehended her she come apart in my hands."

There proceeded from the group of female members of the staff the monosyllable "OW!"

Sir Aylmer's reddening eye passed from the cook to Jane to Elsie Bean. "Emily! Send 'em to bed."

"Dishpot!" cried a clear young voice.

Sir Aylmer started. These were fighting words. "Who called me a dishpot?"

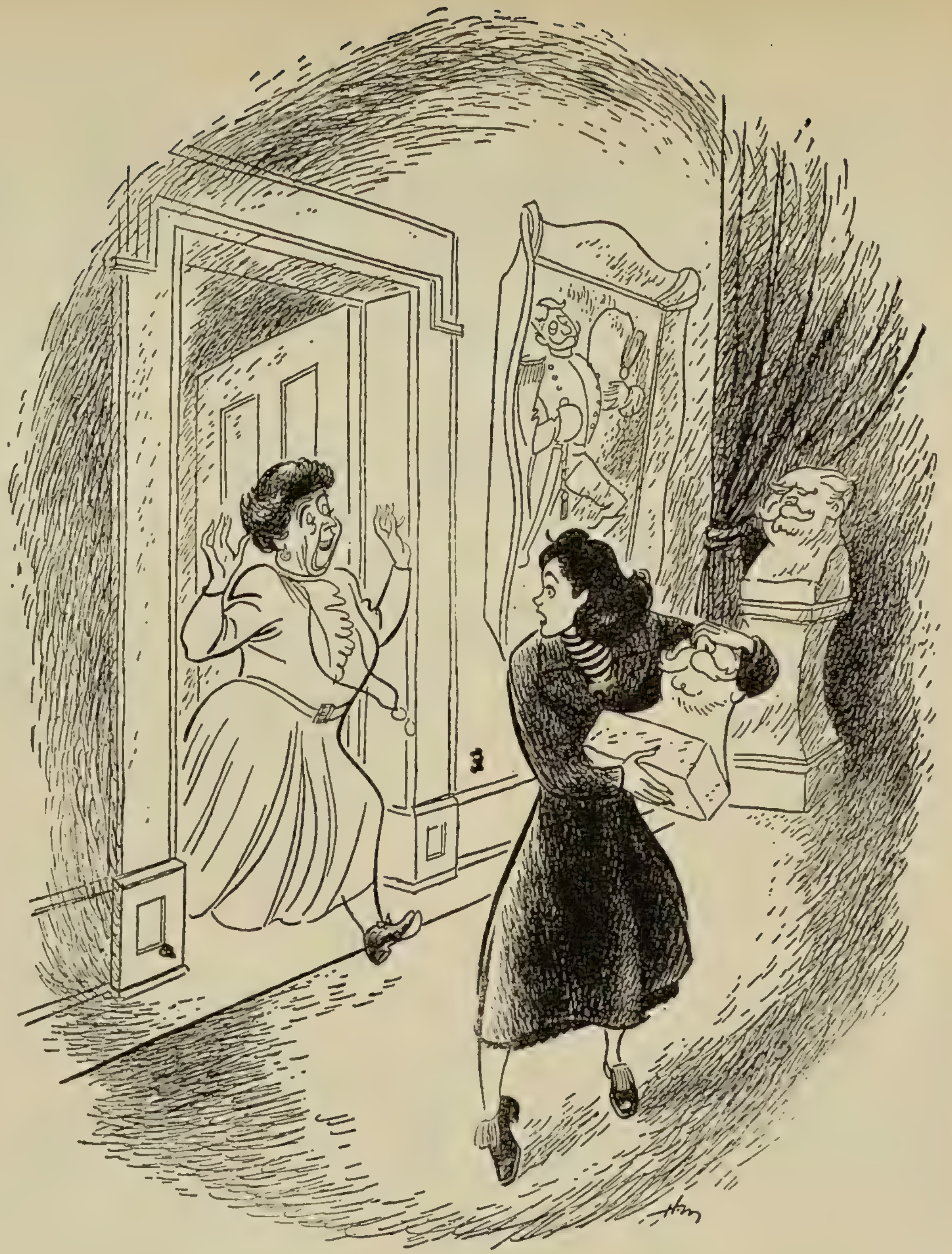
"I did," replied Elsie Bean with quiet fortitude. "An overbearing dishpot, that's what you are, and I would like to give my month's notice."

Briskly, Lady Bostock shepherded all of them through the door. Sir Aylmer drew a prolonged deep breath like a speaker at a public meeting after all of the hecklers have been ejected.

"Potter. Where was this woman?"

"In the garden, sir. Near the window of the room where you keep your thingamajigs, sir. Expecting the arrival of her accomplice."

"What are you looking at *me* for?" Pongo asked weakly.



"Just as I got to the door, out came Lady Bostock, swooping down on me."

◆

Sir Aylmer decided that the time for finesse and dissembling was past. "I'll tell you why he's looking at you, my man. Because he happens to be aware that you're a scoundrel and an impostor." He turned to Lord Ickenham. "And let me tell you that I think the time has now come to ask *you* some questions. You say you're my old schoolfellow Plank. Prove it."

Lord Ickenham beamed.

"My dear Mugsy, why didn't you say so at first? Prove it? Of course I can prove it. Do you recollect, as I do, a frail, golden-haired child arriving at the old seminary, a frail, wistful child who looked to you like something sent from heaven? You swooped on that child, and you twisted his slender arm. It suddenly uncoiled itself in one of the sweetest left hooks I have ever witnessed and plugged you in the eye. Investigation revealed that the child was the previous year's public-school bantamweight champion."

He paused. A horrible cackling sound, like a turkey with laryngitis, had interrupted the flow of his narrative. It was Constable Potter laughing.

"Past two," said Lord Ickenham, consulting his watch. "How time flies when one is agreeably occupied. Let us all go to bed."

◆

The bedroom which had been allotted to Lord Ickenham was a spacious apartment on the second floor, looking out over the park. It was thither that he conducted Pongo.

Lord Ickenham picked up a flowered dressing gown. "God knows where Sally is, but she can't have got far."

"Shall I come, too?"

"No," said Lord Ickenham. "We don't want the thing to look like one of those great race movements."

He left the room, walking like one who intends not to let a twig snap beneath his feet.

Thirty seconds later Pongo had begun a journey to the drawing room. After some time he tottered up the stairs to his room and opened the door.

"Ah, Pongo," said Lord Ickenham. "Come along in. Here's Sally. We climbed up the water pipe."

"Hullo, Pongo."

"Hullo, Sally."

That smile of Sally's . . . he had forgotten just what it could do to your system. He blinked nervously.

"I found her in the potting shed," said Lord Ickenham. "I draped her in the dressing gown, and we crept out into the night. And while we were creeping, we heard voices. One of the voices was Constable Potter's. The other was that of the housemaid, Elsie Bean.

"Presently the constable left, his manner that of a man who has had his ears pinned back. It was at this point that we emerged and contacted her. It was she who pointed out the water pipe. She said she would look in shortly and— ah, here is Miss Bean. Come in, Miss Bean. I think you know everybody. A cigarette? And now, Miss Bean, I hope you have come to indicate to us in what way we may make some slight return for all your kindness tonight."

"What I want," said Elsie Bean, "is Harold bopped on the nose."

Lord Ickenham inclined his head courteously. "The matter shall be attended to. Pongo—" Pongo started.

"I would suggest," continued Ickenham, "that you and Miss Bean have a talk about ways and means while Sally and I go down to the larder and forage."

"He's a nice old gentleman," Miss Bean said after they had gone.

"Ha!" said Pongo, and would have gone on to speak further, had there not at this moment occurred an interruption. Knuckles were rapping gently on the door.

"Pongo."

The voice of Bill Oakshott.

"Slide in there!" hissed Pongo.

He closed the cupboard door on Elsie and called "Come in." And Bill Oakshott entered.

Musing in solitude and recalling the scene in the drawing room, it had seemed to Bill that some of his remarks had taken too anatomical a trend. It was to apologize that he had come to Pongo's bedroom, and he proceeded now to do so.

"You're sure you're not offended?" he concluded.

"Not at all, not a-tall."

"I know that you love Hermione and will make her happy. You've read her novels, of course?"

Pongo could not repress a guilty start. "She's given me her latest to read while I'm here, and I can see from the first page that it's the bezuzus."

"Isn't she amazing, Pongo? Isn't it extraordinary that she can write all those wonderful books and still be a simple, healthy, out-of-doors country girl, never happier than when she is getting up at six."

Pongo cringed. "Six in the morning?"

"In the summer always."

"And in the winter?"

"Seven. Well, good night, Pongo, you'll be wanting to get to bed," said Bill and took his departure.

◆

Pongo's manner as he de-Beaned the cupboard was distrait.

His detachment displeased Elsie Bean. "What did I have to go killing myself in cupboards for? It was only Mr. William."

"Gosh! Why wouldn't he be the man to bop your Harold on the ose?"

"No, I've asked him. He said he wouldn't."

"But how on earth do you expect me to do it?" Pongo demanded peevishly. "How does one start?"

"I've been thinking about that," she said. "How would it be if you pushed him into the duck pond? When he's on his beat he goes and stands there and spits into it."

Pongo brightened a little. "Well, I will give the matter my attention. Now, pick up your feet and streak for your dugout like a flash."

But before she could reach the door, it had opened to admit Lord Ickenham and Sally.

Lord Ickenham turned to Elsie Bean. "You two have settled things, I hope?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Twistleton is going to push Harold into the duck pond."

"Capital, capital," said Lord Ickenham heartily. "Come along, Pongo. Sally must get to bed."

Halfway along the corridor Pongo paused. "Sally looked dashed pretty in that dressing gown."

"Charming. By the way, she tells me she wants a lipstick. See to that tomorrow, will you?"

"Right ho," said Pongo. "Lipstick, one. Right."

◆

The afternoon sun, slanting in through the French window of what until the previous night had been Pongo's bedroom, touched Sally's face and woke her from a doze. She stretched herself, yawning. A moment later there was a thud as a suitcase fell on the balcony onto which the French window opened.

It contained clothes, and she hastened to put on what she recognized as a white sports dress and red jacket belonging to Lady Ickenham. As she stood examining herself in the mirror Lord Ickenham entered.

Sally kissed him gratefully.

"You're an angel, Uncle Fred. Nobody saw you, I hope?"

"Not a soul. The enemy's lines were thin and poorly guarded. Your hostess went to London soon after breakfast to have a word with her daughter, and Mugsy is over at a neighboring village. My first move was to make a beeline for the collection room, only to discover that Mugsy had locked the door and gone off with the key. Yes, you look charming in that coat. Quite a vision. No wonder Pongo loves you."

"Not any more."

"More than ever. He would die for one little rose from your hair. How are conditions at your end?"

"I'm crazy about him. He's a baa-lamb."

"You see him from that angle?"

"I always have. A sweet, woolly baa-lamb that you want to stroke. He's worried to death, the poor pet. He was in here not long ago. He doesn't like this idea of pushing the policeman into the duck pond."

"Doesn't *like* it? We owe a debt of honor to Miss Bean, and it must be paid. And, dash it, what's he making such heavy weather about? It isn't as if this duck pond were miles away."

A strange look had come into Sally's face, the sort of resolute look you might have surprised on the face of Joan of Arc.

"Where is it?" she asked.

"Outside the front gate. A mere step. If the thing is to be done today, he ought to be starting. I must find him at once."

"Just a minute," said Sally. "I've studied this thing of pushing policemen into ponds, Uncle Fred, and I'm convinced that what you need, to get the best results, is a girl whose clothes the policeman tore off on the previous night."

"Good God, Sally! You don't mean—?"

"Yes, I do. My mind is made up. I'm going to pinch-hit for Pongo, and, if it interests you to know it, it is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done. Good-by, Uncle Fred. See you later."

She disappeared onto the balcony, and a scrabbling sound told Lord Ickenham that she was descending the water pipe.

◆

Making his way down stairs he reached the hall. Bill Oakshott was there, balancing a walking stick on the tip of his nose. At the sight of Lord Ickenham he brightened.

"I want to speak to you." Bill marshaled his thoughts. "I found Pongo in the drawing room, swigging away, at about one o'clock this morning. My theory is that he swigged all night, got stinko round about six A.M. and continued stinko till the incident occurred."

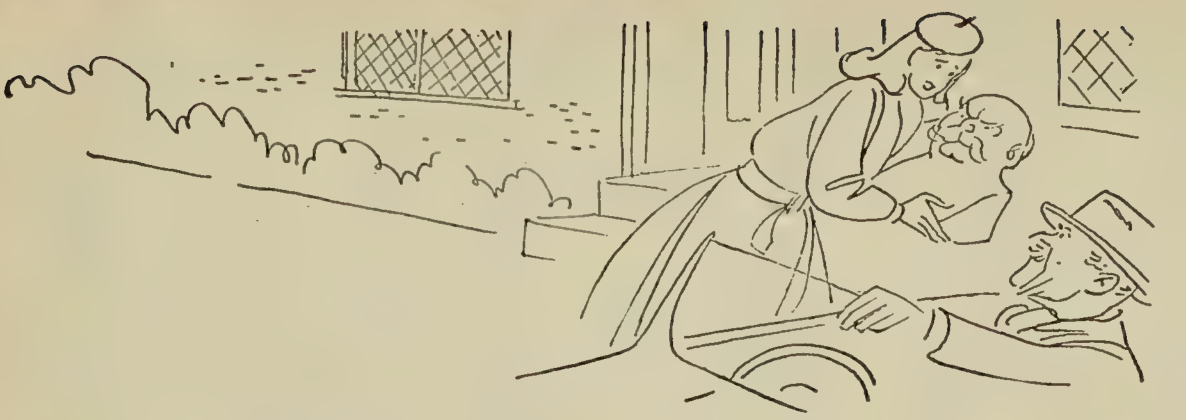
"To what incident do you allude?"

"It happened just after breakfast. My aunt was waiting for me to bring the car round, and Uncle Aylmer made some unpleasant cracks about the hat she was wearing. So she went up to her room to get another. When she went in, suddenly there came a sneeze from the wardrobe, and there was Pongo, crouching on the floor. She says he smiled weakly and said he had looked in to borrow her lipstick. He must have been as tight as an owl. Because, apart from anything else, a glance at Aunt Emily should have told him she hasn't got a lipstick. And what I've been trying to make up my mind about is, oughtn't Hermione to be warned?"

"I will have to think it over. But there is something she must be told —without delay, and by you."

"Eh?"

"And that is that you love her and would make her yours. Have no morbid scruples about swinging



"You," said Sally, "stay in the car while I take that bust."

Hermione Bostock on to your saddlebow, as far as Pongo is concerned. He's in love with another. Pour your heart out. Stride up to the girl and grab her by the wrist."

"Oh, gosh."

"Ignoring her struggles, clasp her to your bosom and shower kisses on her upturned face. You needn't say much. Just 'My Mate!' or something of that sort. You don't happen to know where Pongo is?"

"I saw him half an hour ago walking up and down on the tennis lawn."

"Poor lad, poor lad. Well, I have tidings for him. So good-by for the moment. Oh, by the way," said Lord Ickenham, reappearing like a benevolent Cheshire cat, "in grabbing the subject by the wrist, don't behave as if you were handling a delicate piece of china. Grip firmly and waggle her about a bit."

◆

Under the stress of intense thought Bill started to walk up and down. A bumping sensation and a loud roar of anguish told him that there had been a traffic accident.

He had rammed his uncle, Sir Aylmer Bostock. Behind Sir Aylmer, looking more unbelievably beautiful even than he had remembered her, stood Hermione.

Hermione was in the sunniest of moods. A few days ago a new publisher, one Otis Painter, had written her saying that he would like to have her on his list. Today he had given her luncheon at Barribault's Hotel and they had come to an agreement, after which he had driven down with her to Ashenden Manor. After dropping Otis at the Bull's Head in the High Street, she had arrived at the front door just in time to see her father driving up, and such was the force of her personality that she had settled that little matter of the proposed legal action of Bostock vs. Painter in something under two minutes and a quarter. The future of the publishing firm was secure.

"So you're back, Bill," Hermione said. "It's jolly seeing you again. How was Brazil?"

"Oh, fine."

"You're very sunburned. I suppose you had lots of adventures?"

"Oh, rather."

"Well, you must tell me all about it later. I've got to hurry off now. I have to see a friend at the inn."

Bill cleared his throat.

"Hermione."

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing," said Bill.

He found himself alone. From outside came the sound of a car getting into gear and moving off. She had gone.

◆

Pongo burst into what had formerly been his bedroom, and Sally, who was reclining on the chaise longue like an Amazon resting after an important battle, rose as he entered.

"Oh, Pongo!" she said.

"Oh, Sally!" said Pongo.

Time stood still. In the world outside, people were going about their various occupations. Constable Potter was in his cottage, changing into a dry uniform. Lord Ickenham, humming a gay stave, was striding along the road to the village. Hermione, half a mile ahead of him, was driving along the same road. Sir Aylmer was messing about with his African curios. Bill Oakshott was burying his face in his pillow.

Presently Pongo, adjusting his arm more comfortably about Sally's waist, for they were now sitting side by side on the chaise longue, began to speak remorsefully of the past. He clasped her to his bosom and showered kisses on her upturned face.

This would probably have gone on for some time, had not Elsie Bean at this moment entered with a tray.

"Why the dickens can't you blow your horn?" Pongo demanded.

The passionate scene which she had interrupted had made little impression upon Elsie. It was the sort of thing that was happening all the time in Bottleton East.

"Tea, toast and a bit-er-cake," she said. "Have you pushed Harold into the pond yet, Mr. Twistleton?"

Sally took charge of the situation.

"Of course. He said he would, didn't he?"

"Coo. Well, I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Twistleton. Have you seen Miss Hermione?"

Pongo leaped an inch or two. "She isn't here?"

"Yes, she is. I saw her drive up."

"I think I'll go and walk up and down on the tennis lawn for a while," he said. "This wants brooding over."

With a brief groan he left the room, and Elsie followed him with a critical eye.

"Nice young gentleman, Mr. Twistleton," she said. "A bit barmy, isn't he?"

"A bit," agreed Sally. "I love it."

◆

The Bull's Head was still standing in its old place in the High Street when Hermione drove up, but Otis was no longer on the premises. She was informed that he had stepped out some little time previously. Annoyed, for no girl bringing the good news from Aix to Ghent likes to find Ghent empty when she gets there, Hermione returned to her two-seater and started to drive back.

She had just reached the first milestone when something seemed to hit her between the eyes. It felt like the central idea for the first of three novels. Drawing up her two-seater at the side of the road, Hermione found an old envelope and began to write.

At about the same moment Lord Ickenham reached the Bull's Head and turned in at the door of the saloon bar. On his previous visit there he had had an outstanding social success. It is not often given to the natives of remote Hampshire hamlets to sit at the feet of a man who knows Brazil like the back of his hand, who has looked his alligator in the eye and made it wil and who can talk of his adventures fluently and well.

"There was a gentleman in here for a quick one not five minutes ago," said the barmaid, "who was telling me he had just come from Brazil. Why, here he is."

The door had opened, revealing an elderly man of square build with a pugnacious, sunburned face. Such was the excellence of the Bull's Head beer that those who went out after having a quick one nearly always came homing back.

"This is the gentleman I was speaking of. Excuse me, sir," said the barmaid, addressing the gentleman. "Major Plank, the great explorer."

"Plank?" said the pugnacious gentleman, speaking raspingly. "Are you Major Brabazon-Plank, the explorer?"

"I am."

"So am I," said the gentleman, evidently rather impressed by the odd coincidence.

"Oh, are you?" said Lord Ickenham. "Then you owe me two bob. If you have nothing but large bills, I can give you change. You took it off me forty-three years ago as we were crossing the cricket field one lovely summer evening. 'Barmy,' you said, 'would you like to lend me two bob?' And I said 'No, but I suppose I'll have to,' and the money changed hands."

"Good God! You're Barmy Twistleton."

"I was in those days, but I've come on a lot since then, Bimbo. You see before you Frederick Altamont Cornwallis, fifth Earl of Ickenham, and one of the hottest earls that ever donned a coronet."

"But why did you tell that girl you were me?"

"One has to say something to keep the conversation going."

"Barmy Twistleton. Well, I'll be damned. After all these years. I wouldn't have recognized you."

"Exactly what Mugsy Bostock said when we met. You remember Mugsy Bostock? Did you know that he lived in these parts?"

"I knew his nephew, Bill Oakshott, did. I motored down to see him."

"You aren't on your way to Ashenden Manor?"

"Yes."

◆

"Turn around and go back, Bimbo," said Lord Ickenham, patting his shoulder kindly. "You must not visit Ashenden Manor. I am already n residence there under your name. t would confuse Mugsy and give him a headache if he were confronted with a couple of us. He would get bewildered and fret."

"God knows what you may not have been up to. If I don't act like lightning, my name will be mud. Listen," said Major Plank, consulting his watch. "I shall start exposing you at five sharp. That gives you twenty-three minutes. Better look slippy."

"Dismiss all ideas of that sort from your mind, Bimbo. A fete is taking place here shortly, and among its numerous features is a contest for bonny babies. In my capacity of Major Brabazon-Plank I have undertaken to act as judge of it. You begin to see the hideous peril confronting you? Eliminate me, and you automatically step into my place."

"What are you doing in these parts?" Potter retorted.

He went out, and Major Plank, breathing heavily, reached for the tankard and finished its contents.

◆

The plot of Hermione's novel was coming out well, and she had just started to use the back of her motor license when, looking up, she perceived approaching an elderly man of distinguished appearance, who raised his hat.

"Good afternoon," he said. "Miss Bostock, I believe? My name is Brabazon-Plank. I am a guest at your father's house. Could you spare me a moment?"

"Why, of course. How odd that you should have known who I was."

"Not at all. I have had the privilege of studying a photograph of you. The one which your cousin, William Oakshott, carries always next to his heart. I should explain," said Lord Ickenham, "that I was the leader of the expedition up the Amazon of which Bill Oakshott was so prominent a member, and every time he got a touch of fever he would pull your photograph out and kiss it, murmuring in a faint voice 'I love her, I love her.' "

Hermione was staring.

"And may I venture to say," went on Lord Ickenham with a paternal smile, "how delighted I am to meet you at last and to see at a glance that you are just the girl for him. No one will rejoice more heartily than I when the bells ring out in the little village church and you come tripping down the aisle on Bill Oakshott's sinewy arm. This will happen very shortly, I suppose?"

"But I am not engaged to Bill. I am engaged to someone else. If you are staying at the house, you will have met him."

Lord Ickenham gasped.

"Not the pinhead Twistleton?"

"His name is Reginald Twistleton," she said, allowing her eyes to flash for a moment.

"Child, you mustn't dream of marrying Reginald Twistleton. Even had you not a Bill Oakshott on your waiting list, it would be madness. How could you be happy with a man who is always getting arrested at dog races?"

"What!"

"Incessantly, you might say. *And* giving a false name and address."

"You're talking nonsense."

"My dear, these are well-documented facts. You knew, by the way, that he is a dipsomaniac?"

"But Reginald is a teetotaler."

"While your eye is on him, perhaps. But only then. At other times he shifts the stuff like a vacuum cleaner. Of course," said Lord Ickenham, ever charitable, "he may simply be off his head. When I first met this young man Twistleton, I received a distinct impression that he was within a short jump of the loony bin, and that curious incident this morning, of which Bill Oakshott was telling me, has strengthened this view."

Hermione quivered.

"It took place shortly after breakfast. Lady Bostock, going to her room, heard movements within, looked in the wardrobe and found Reginald Twistleton in it, crouching on the floor. His explanation was that he had come to borrow her lipstick."

Lord Ickenham watched her drive off, well content with the way she stepped on the gas.

◆

When a man has come to his collection room to think how sweet life might have been had he had one of those meek, old-fashioned daughters who used to say "Yes, Papa!" the last thing he wants is policemen clumping in with complicated stories.

"Pushed me in, sir. Like as it might have been someone what had a grudge against me."

"Who was it?"

"A scarlet woman, sir," said Constable Potter, becoming biblical. "Well, what I mean to say, she was wearing a red jacket and a kind of red thingummy round her head, like as it might have been a scarf. I just caught sight of her for a moment as she legged it away."

"What were you doing by the duck pond?"

"Spitting and thinking, sir. I generally pause there when on my beat, and I had just paused this afternoon when the outrage occurred. I heard something behind me, like as it might have been a footstep, and the next moment something pushed me in the small of the back, like as if it might have been a hand—"

"GET OUT!" said Sir Aylmer.

Constable Potter withdrew. Crossing the terrace, he made for the bushes on the other side. He stood there smoking his pipe and spitting bitterly.

Through the branches before him he had a good view of the front of the house, and at this moment there appeared on the balcony of one of the windows on the first floor a female figure in a red jacket, wearing upon its head a red thingummy, like as it might have been a scarf. It came to the balcony rail, looked left and right, then went back into the room.

◆

Sally, her tea and buttered toast long since consumed, had begun to feel lonely.

When, some twenty minutes after he had left it, Pongo re-entered the room, there was a dazed look on his face, but in his eyes shone the light which comes into the eyes of men who have found the blue bird.

"Oh, angel, what a time you've been. I went out on the balcony just now to see if I could see you, but you weren't in sight. Need you have brooded so long?"

"I wasn't brooding," he said. "I was chatting with Hermione."

"And what happened?"

Pongo moved to the mirror and inspected himself in it. He seemed to be looking for gray hairs.

"Well, that I can hardly tell you," he said. "The whole thing's a bit of a blur. Have you ever been in a really bad motor smash? No? Then it's hard to explain. Still, the fact that emerges is that the engagement's off."

"Oh, Pongo darling! Then we can live happy ever after."

The embrace into which they fell was a close one, but not so close as to deprive Pongo of a view of the window. And Sally, nestling in his arms, was concerned to notice that he had suddenly stiffened.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Pongo gave a short gulp.

"Don't look now," he said, "but that blighter Potter has just stepped off a ladder onto the balcony."

◆

It was at about that moment that Major Plank turned his car in at the gates of Ashenden Manor. Voices were proceeding from the open French window to his right, presumably that of the drawing room, and he went thither and walked in.

"Hullo there," said Major Plank, striding in with the calm assurance of a man accustomed for years to walk uninvited into the huts of native chiefs. "Hullo, Bill."

Sir Aylmer did the honors.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked.

Many of the householders on whom the Major had dropped in in his time had said it with spears.

"Who the hell are you?" he replied unabashed. "I'm looking for Mugsy Bostock."

Sir Aylmer started.

"I am Sir Aylmer Bostock," he said.

Major Plank replied that he was dashed.

"It's that ghastly mustache that misled me," he explained. "Well, nice to see you again, Mugsy, and all that, but, cutting the guff, I came here on business. Plank's my name."

"Plank!"

"Brabazon-Plank. You may remember me at school. I've just discovered that that raving lunatic, Barmy Twistleton—Lord Ickenham he calls himself now—has been passing himself off as me under your roof, and it's got to stop. I don't know what made him do it, and I don't care."

"I can tell you what made him do it," Sir Aylmer said, allowing his eyes to play upon Bill like flame throwers. "He wished to be of assistance to my nephew here. We are holding our annual village fete shortly, and one of its features is a contest for bonny babies. My nephew was to have acted as judge."

"Barmy told me he was going to be the judge."

"That was the latest arrangement. My nephew persuaded him to take his place. What do you mean," roared Sir Aylmer, suddenly abandoning the calm, judicial method and becoming a thing of fire and fury, "what do you mean, you infernal young scallywag, by introducing impostors into my house?"

Had this scene taken place when Bill was in a normal mood, there is little doubt that he would have folded like an accordion and allowed himself to be manhandled. But Bill was not in normal mood.

"'My house'!" he said. "I like that. Where do you get that 'my house' stuff? Of all the crust! Of all the nerve! It's about time, Uncle Aylmer, that we got this thing cleared up about who this ruddy house belongs to. Let's do it now."

"Yes, let's," said Major Plank, interested. "Whose house is it?"

"Mine," thundered Bill. "Mine. Mine. Mine."

"I see," said Major Plank, getting his drift. "Yours. Then where does Mugsy come in?"

"He planted himself here when I was a mere kid, unable to do anything about it. I've had enough. You can jolly well clear out, Uncle Aylmer. You understand me? Go anywhere you like, but you're not going to stay here. Is that clear?"

"Quite clear," said Major Plank. "Very well put."

"Right," said Bill.

He strode out through the French window, and Major Plank helped himself to a muffin from the tea tray.

"Nice chap, Bill," he said. "I like a young fellow who knows his own mind. Extraordinarily good muffins, these, Mugsy. I'll have another."

Emerging through the French window, Bill passed along the terrace, walking rapidly toward the spot where the drive began. His eyes glowed. He was breathing stertorously. He was in the frame of mind when he would have liked to meet Joe Louis and pick a quarrel with him, and as he turned the corner and came into the drive, there caught his eye something which seemed to have been sent in direct answer to prayer.

Bill broke into a gallop.

◆

Otis Painter had been absent from the Bull's Head when Hermione arrived there because he had started to walk to Ashenden Manor. He wanted to find out what had een going on. Having penetrated nto territory where there was a rave risk of meeting Sir Aylmer ostock, he had concealed himself n the bushes. And presently Hernione had appeared.

◆ "Here comes the bad news," he vas saying to himself.

"It's quite all right, Mr. Painter," he said, smiling kindly upon Otis. Father has agreed to withdraw he suit."

"Gee!" said Otis, and it was at his point that he folded Hermione n his embrace and started to kiss er. His relief was so intense and his appiness so profound that he had o kiss something.

Bill Oakshott advanced on the ntwined pair. He gripped Otis by the coat collar and tore him from the clinch, and he would almost certainly have started to detach his head, had not Hermione uttered a piercing cry.

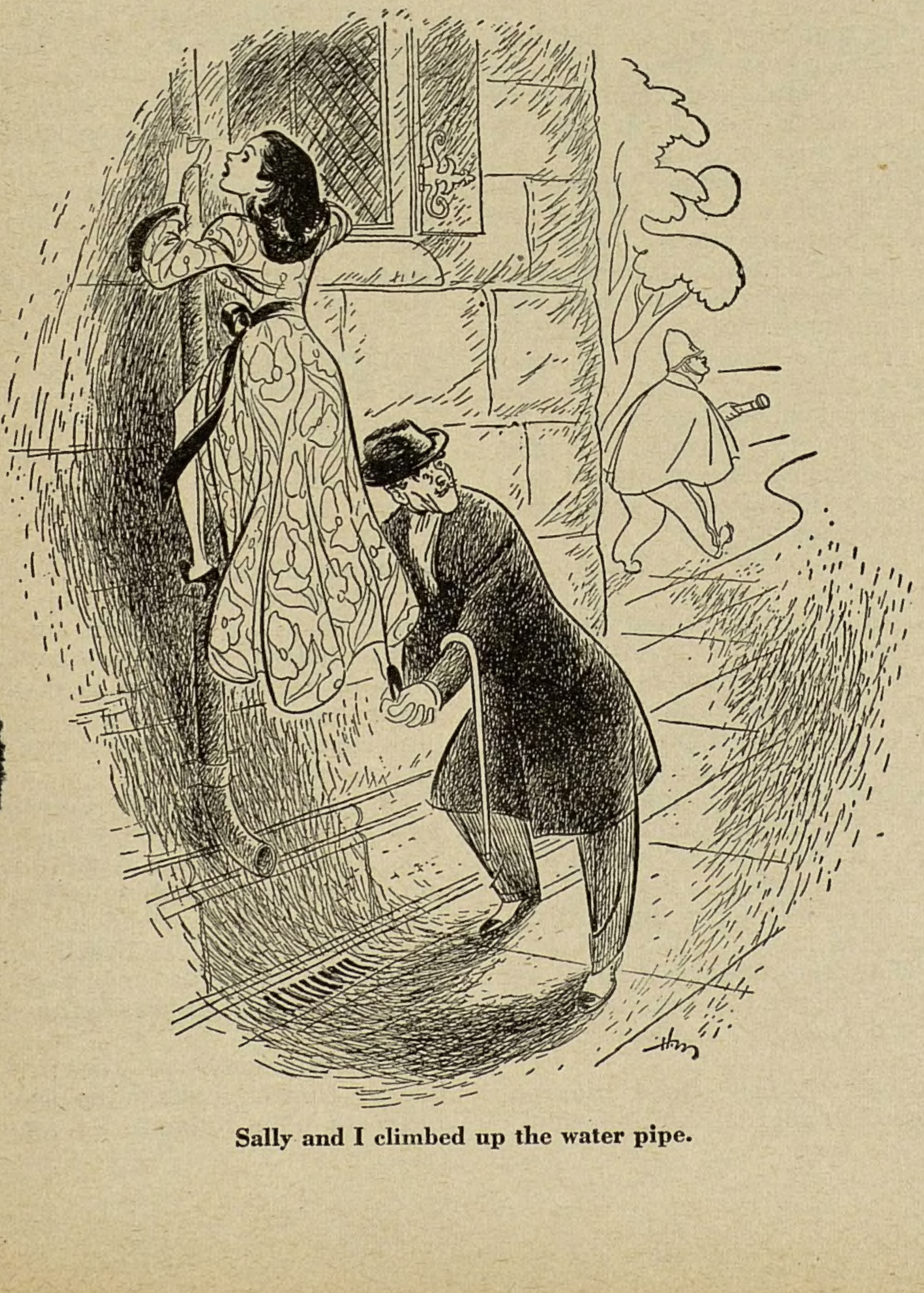
"Don't kill him, Bill! He's my publisher." And then, as she saw him hesitate, she added: "He's doing my next three books and giving me twenty per cent rising to twenty-five above three thousand."

It was enough. Practically berserk though Bill was, he could still reason. He released Otis, who tottered back against a tree and stood there panting and polishing his horn-rimmed spectacles.

Bill, too, was panting. His breath came in loud gasps as he strode up to Hermione and grabbed her. Like all very beautiful girls, Hermione Bostock had received in her time a great deal of homage from the other sex. She had become surfeited with male worship. Little wonder that, as Bill, having waggled her about, clasped her to his bosom and showered kisses on her upturned face, she felt that here was the man she had been looking for since she first read The Way of an Eagle.

"My mate!" said Bill. Then, speaking from between clenched teeth, "Hermione!"

"Yes, Bill?"



Sally and I climbed up the water pipe.

"You are going to marry me."

"Yes, Bill."

"Right," said the dominant male. He turned to Otis. "So you're going to publish her books, are you?"

"Yes," said Otis eagerly. "All of them."

"Giving her twenty per cent rising to twenty-five above three thousand?"

"Yes."

"Why not a straight twenty-five?" said Bill, and Otis agreed that that would be much better. He had been on the point, he said, of suggesting it himself.

"Fine," said Bill. "Well, come along in, both of you, and have some tea."

Hermione regretfully shook her head. "I can't, darling. I must be getting back to London. Mother has been waiting for me at my flat since one o'clock. I shall have to drive like the wind. Can I give you a lift, Mr. Painter?"

"I guess I'll go by train."

"Very well. Good-by, darling."

"Good-by," said Bill. "I'll be up in London tomorrow."

"Splendid. Come and see me to the car. I left it outside the house."

Otis remained, leaning against his tree. He felt a little faint but very happy.

◆ Bill made his way to the terrace and he had not been there many minutes when Lord Ickenham appeared, walking jauntily like a man whose forty winks in a field has refreshed him. At the sight of Bill he hurried forward with outstretched hand.

"You haven't a bit of raw steak on you, have you?" said Bill.

Lord Ickenham felt in his pockets.

"Sorry, no. I seem to have come out without any. Why? You feel peckish?"

"Elsie Bean was out here a moment ago, saying she was in the market for a bit of raw steak. Someone has given Potter a shiner, and he's fed to the tonsils. You see, he got pushed into the duck pond this afternoon, and now on top of that comes this biff in the eyes, so he feels he's had enough of being a policeman. He's chucking it up and buying a pub, Elsie tells me. She seemed rather braced about it."

Bill disappeared round the corner like a dog let off the chain. And almost immediately after his departure Major Plank came out of the house, wiping butter from his lips.

"Hullo, Barmy," he said, sighting Lord Ickenham. "You're too late for the muffins. I've finished them. And very good they were, too." He replaced his handkerchief. "You're surprised to see me here, aren't you? Well, what happened was that shortly after you left the pub, that well-nourished girl behind the bar told me the Bonny Babies contest was off. So along I came."

"Off, is it? Why?"

"Outbreak of measles. Thousands stricken."

"I see. And have you exposed me?"

"Exposed you is right. And now I suppose you'll be sliding off. You won't run into Mugsy. He's in that room over there, holding a court-martial."

"A what?"

"Court-martial. There have been all sorts of stirring goings-on here. Just as I was finishing the muffins, a policeman with a black eye barged into the drawing room with a tall, thin, light-haired young chap in one hand and a dashed pretty girl in a red jacket in the other, and said that the girl had pushed him into a duck pond and that when he was starting to apprehend her the light-haired young chap had biffed him in the eye."

Lord Ickenham gave his mustache a thoughtful twirl.

"Leave me, Bimbo," he said. "I want to ponder."

"Oh, ponder? Right ho. I'll go back and have some more strawberries," said Major Plank.

He returned to the drawing room, and Lord Ickenham, left alone, paced up and down, a concentrated look in his eye. And presently his face cleared. He crossed the terrace and went into the collection room.

◆ Only Sir Aylmer was in the collection room when he entered. He was wearing a contented smile.

"Ha," said Sir Aylmer. "It's you, is it?"

Lord Ickenham preserved his suavity.

"Ah, Mugsy," he said. "Where's Sally? Bimbo told me she and my nephew Pongo were in here with you."

Sir Aylmer started. "You know that girl?"

"She is my honorary niece."

"Oh, is she? Then it may interest you to know that I've just given her thirty days without the option, and your nephew the same. Potter's locked them up in the scullery while he has his eye bathed, and in a few minutes he'll be taking them off in custody. And now we'll discuss this matter of your coming here under a false name."

Lord Ickenham went to the door and called "Bimbo," and Major Plank came out of the drawing room chewing strawberries.

"Could you come here a moment, Bimbo? I need you as a witness. I'm going to tell you a story that will shock you."

"It isn't the one about the traveling salesman, is it? Because I've heard that."

Lord Ickenham reassured him.

◆ "There was an American girl named Vansittart who came to London and bought a number of trinkets in Bond Street, her plan being to take them back to America and wear them. In her innocent, girlish way she decided to smuggle them in. She had a friend, a young sculptress. She went to her, got her to make a clay bust and put the jewels in its head, and was then all set to take them to America in safety and comfort. But . . . this is where you want to hold onto your chair, Bimbo . . . unfortunately this young sculptress was at that time modeling a bust of Mugsy."

Major Plank was plainly bewildered. He stared at Sir Aylmer, studying his features.

"During the sittings," proceeded Lord Ickenham, "Mugsy and the young sculptress naturally chatted from time to time, and she was rash enough to show him the bust that contained the jewels and to tell him that she was leaving it at my house a few miles from here until Miss Vansittart sailed. And Mugsy . . . I hardly like to tell you this, Bimbo, but yesterday Mugsy nipped over to my house, effected an entrance and snitched the bust."

"It's an insane lie!" Sir Aylmer burst forth.

Lord Ickenham raised his eyebrows.

"Is there anything to be gained by this bravado, Mugsy? You have a nice, large foot, Bimbo. Oblige me by stepping to that cupboard over there and kicking in the door."

"Right ho," said Major Plank.

The fragile door splintered with a rending crash.

"Aha!" he said, peering in. "Bust, clay, one."

"How the devil did that get there?" gasped Sir Aylmer.

Lord Ickenham smiled sardonically.

"Really, Mugsy! Good, that, eh, Bimbo? Break that thing's head."

"Bust the bust? Right ho," said Major Plank, and did so. Lord Ickenham stooped and picked from the ruins a chamois leather bag Before Sir Aylmer's bulging eyes he untied the string and poured forth a glittering stream.

Major Plank's eyes bulged, too.

"This must have been one of your best hauls," he said, looking at Sir Aylmer with open admiration.

Lord Ickenham replaced the gems in the bag and put the bag in his pocket.

"Well, there you are," he said. "You were asking just now, Mugsy, why I had come here under a false name. It was because I hoped that if I could get into the house I might be able to settle this thing without a scandal. I knew that you were shortly to stand for Parliament and that a scandal would ruin your prospects, and I took the charitable view that you had yielded to a sudden temptation. As far as I am concerned, I am now willing to let the thing drop. Of course, this monstrous sentence which you have inflicted on my nephew and Sally Painter must be quashed. You agree to that, Mugsy?" said Lord Ickenham, raising his voice, for he saw that his host was distrait.

Sir Aylmer, though evidently finding it difficult to speak, said "Yes, certainly."

"Then let us go and notify Constable Potter immediately to strike the gyves from the young couple's wrists. We shall find them, I think you said, in the scullery."

◆ He linked his arm in Sir Aylmer's and led him out. As they started down the hall, Major Plank could hear him urging his companion in the kindest way to pull himself together, turn over a new leaf and start life afresh with a genuine determination to go straight in the future. It only needed a little will power, said Lord Ickenham, adding that he held it truth with him who sings to one clear harp in diver tones that men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves higher things.

For some moments after they ha left, Major Plank stood where he was. Gradually there came upon him a sense of something omitted, the feeling which he had so often had in the wilds of Brazil that somewhere there was man's work to be done and that it was for him to do it.

Then he remembered. The strawberries. He went back to the drawing room to finish them. ◆◆

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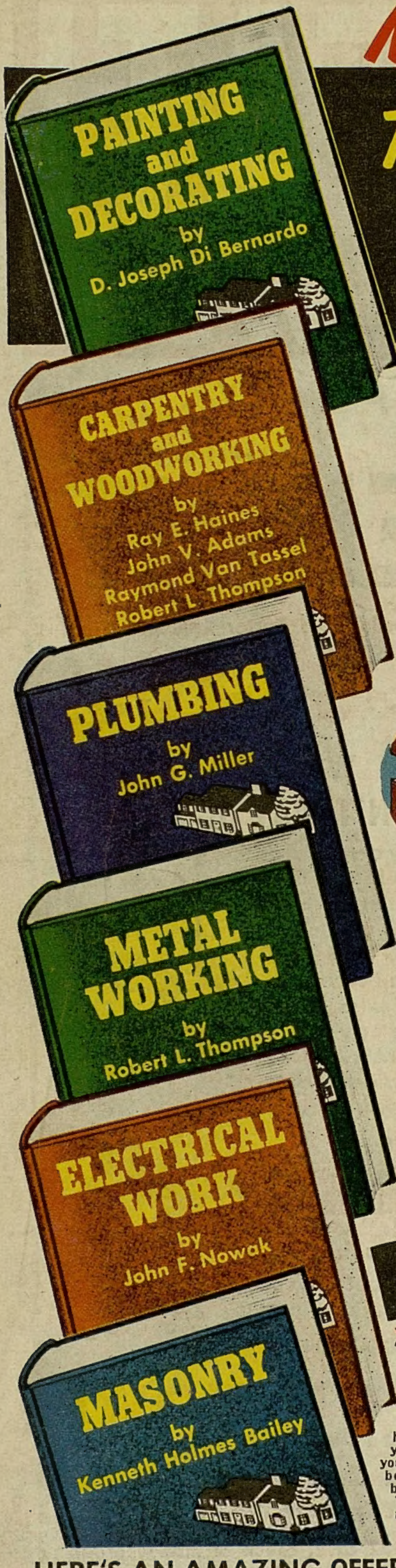

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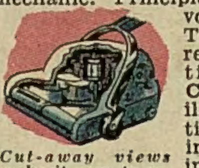

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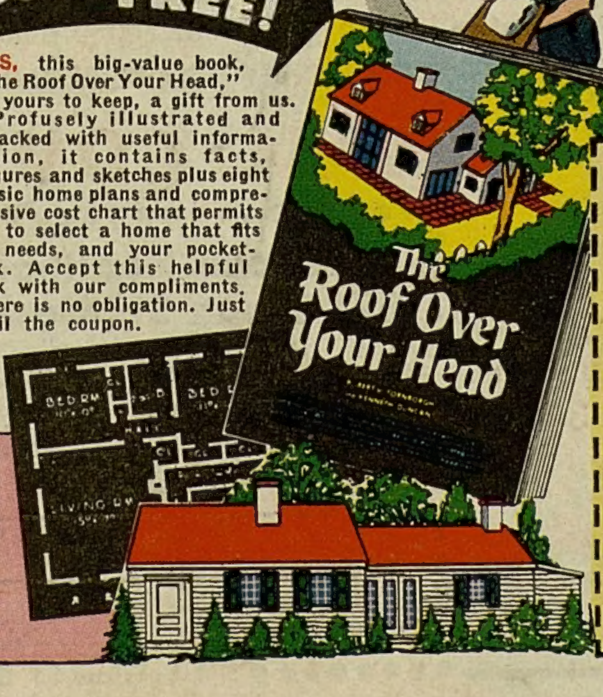
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